

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

## OUR WINTER BIRDS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

NOT often in the genial days of early and late summer, or even in the torrid heat of its middle months, do we recall winter with pleasure, or wish ourselves surrounded by its scenes; while, on the contrary, the dark hours of the long winter even-

always carry a bit of the June sunshine about with them, and dropping it from their wings, like seed, wherever they flit, seem thus to preserve the season through the ravages of winter to which all else succumbs. Some words about them may, therefore,



GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE.

ings are often enlivened with reminiscences of balmy weather, the fireplace is adorned with bouquets of dried flowers, and every indication of returning spring is eagerly welcomed. Nothing is more precious to the eye, weary of the desolation which snow and ice bring to the landscape, than the winter birds, whose bright forms alone diversify the bare and colorless world, and whose cheery notes alone break the stillness and apparent immobility of Nature. They

help to keep summer alive in our hearts through this midnight of the year.

Most persons are surprised when told of the large number of these feathered friends which begin the new year with us; for in January, in the near neighborhood of New York City, over fifty species appear, with more or less regularity. They comprise two classes: those which reside in our fields the year round, like the blue-jay; and such, like the snow-

flake, as are driven to our milder climate by the severity of the northern winter that even their arctic-bred, hardy constitutions are unable to endure. The members of the latter class visit us in varying numbers, but are especially numerous in snowy seasons. It is probably less the temperature, even of the frigid zones, which compels the birds to seek our milder latitudes, than the inability to obtain food, as the snow buries the seed-bearing weeds and sends the smaller animals to their hibernacula, and the increasing darkness of the long arctic night shuts out from view what the snow has not covered. All birds—or almost all—on their southward migration fly at night, resting during the day. We have the most abundant evidence of this; and it has occurred to me that possibly it is the deepening darkness of high latitudes which first warns them off; that the natural recurrence of night seems to them like being overtaken by the darkness which they thought they had left be-

see, even if the exhilaration of the walk does not prove enough reward. Here on this fence-rail is the track of a squirrel, and in the corner of the rail and rider is the half-eaten body of a chickadee which some butcher-bird has hung up. How the dry wood creaks as I climb over, and how resonant is that dead ash under the vigorous hammer of the little woodpecker whose red crest glows like a spark of fire against the white limb! Around this spice-bush the mice have been at work, nibbling the bark off up to the surface of the snow, and we can see the entrance to their tunnel. This path, trod bare by the cows, leads to the hilly brush-pasture where the southern sun shines all the afternoon, and thither let me follow. Sunny hill-sides, the wooded banks of creeks, the hedge-rows and brier-grown fences along the country-roads, are all favorite places for the winter birds. Here come the sparrows and finches, the winter wren and rare cardinal, skulking about the



SNOW-BUNTING.

hind, but which they must again flee; that, therefore, they keep upon the wing until each morning's light, supposing that they have thus again and again outstripped the pursuing gloom, until they reach a region of abundant food, and perhaps learn wisdom from resident birds. I will confess that I do not myself put much faith in this theory, but a curious and sustaining fact is that the northward migration, in spring, is mostly accomplished by day-journeys instead of at night.

Whatever the motive, no sooner has the crowd of autumnal migrants with rustling wings and faint voices swept through our woods—slowly during the long, mellow October days, when the earth seems to stand still, and the seasons to be in equipoise; swiftly when the first blast of November sends them skurrying onward with the deadened leaves—than their places are taken by the brave little fellows whose fame I celebrate.

Taking my way to the woods some bright, still morning in January, when the snow is crisp and the ice in the swamps firm, I shall find the sombre fields full of a life of their own well worth my while to

thickets, hopping through the dead fern-brakes, threading the mazy passages of the log-heaps and brush-piles ready to be burned in the spring, coming out upon the fence-post or wayside-trees to sing their morning roundelay, and take their daily airing in pleasant weather. In the open meadows are the grass-finches, snow-birds, and the few robins and med-larks that stay with us; in the edge of the woods the blue-jay, flicker, and butcher-bird; in the orchards and evergreens the cross-bills, the pine-grosbeaks, red-polls, and cedar-bird; the deep woods shelter the tiny nuthatches, titmice, and the little woodpeckers; the open sky affords space for the birds of prey, and the sea-shore harbors for the gulls, sea-ducks, and fish-hawk. Such are the chosen resorts of the different varieties, yet of course we shall at times meet all everywhere, and sometimes spots apparently most favorable will be totally uninhabited. In very severe weather the wildest birds often come close to the house and barn in search of out-door relief from gentle hands.

"How do the birds manage at night and in tempestuous weather?" is a question often asked me.

Time was when it was believed that many of them hibernated—especially the swallows—burying themselves in the mud like frogs, or curling up in holes in rocks like the bats; and the common phenomenon of



GOLDEN-CRESTED KINGLET.

the appearance of a few summer birds during "warm spells" in winter was assumed to prove that they had been torpid, but had been waked up by the genial warmth, as bats often are. It was not three months ago that I saw in an English newspaper a letter from a man who claimed to have found a hedge-sparrow (I think) torpid somewhere in the mud. But the search for proofs of this theory discovered that the birds supposed to hibernate migrated, while of the birds which remained in this latitude through the cold months we saw more in warm, fine weather, for the natural reason that they then forsook the sheltered hollows and cozy recesses of the woods where they had retreated during stormy days, and came out into the sunlight. The dense cedars and close branches of small spruces and other evergreens afford them close shelter, and thickets of brambles are made use of when these are not to be found; hollow trees are natural houses in which large numbers huddle, and the cave-like holes under the roots of trees growing on steep banks are favorite hospices. The grouse plunges through the snow down to the ground, where it scrapes bare a "form," or crawls under the hemlock and spruce boughs which droop to the earth with the weight of snow, and allows the white mantle to drift over it, subsisting the while on the spruce-buds; when the storm ceases it can easily dig its way out, but sometimes a rain and hard frost follow which make such a crust on the snow that it cannot break its way up through, and so starves to death. The more domestic sparrows, robins, and flickers, burrow into the hay-mow, find a warm roost in the barn near the cattle, or, attracted by the warmth of the furnace, creep under the eaves or into a chink next the chimney of the greenhouse or country dwelling. The meadow-lark and quail seek out sunny nooks in the fields and crouch down out of the blast; while the woodcock hides among the moss

and ferns of the damp woods where only the severest cold chains the springs. Along the coast many birds go to the sea-shore for a milder climate.

It nevertheless happens, in spite of their high degree of warmth and vitality—probably not exceeded by any other animal—in spite of the fact that they can draw themselves up into a perfect ball of feathers which are the best of clothing, and that they can shelter themselves from the driving storm—that birds often perish from cold in large numbers. Ordinarily, birds seem able to foretell a change of weather, and prepare. The reports of the United States Weather Bureau certainly show that, during the fall and winter, the ducks, geese, cranes, crows, and other notable species—and apparently generally—abandon their former haunts upon the approach of a cold wave or severe winter storm for more southern localities, often passing beyond the reach of the severity of such storms, taking their departure often only a few hours before these unfavorable changes. The resident species, not caring, or able, to run away to warmer latitudes, ought to know enough to hide away from the fury of the gale; and they do. But sometimes there come sudden, unpresaged changes—cold, icy gales, which charge down upon us after thawing-days, converting the air, which was almost persuading the grass to revive, into an atmosphere which cuts the skin like the impinging of innumerable particles of frost, and shrivels every object with cold, or buries it under dry and drifting snow. Then it is that the small birds, caught unprepared, suffer. At first, such as are overcome seem unusually active, running about apparently in search of food, but taking little notice of one's approach. "Should it attempt to fly," writes a recent observer, "it immediately falls on its back as if shot. The legs and toes are stretched out to their farthest extent, and are quite rigid; the eyes protrude, are insensible to the touch, and the whole body quivers slightly. It remains in this state from one to two minutes, when it recovers suddenly, and seems as active as before. If taken in the hand, it will immediately go into con-

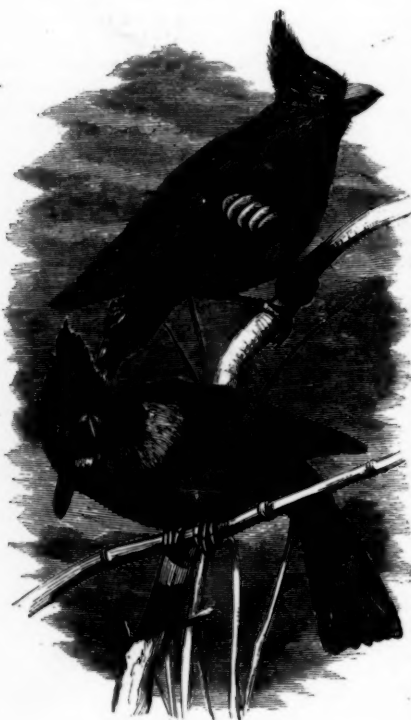


BROWN CREEPER.

vulsions, even if it has been in a warm room for several hours, and has been supplied plentifully with food. Death usually puts an end to its suffering in a day or two."

Such catastrophes are more likely to occur, however, in the spring, after the birds have begun to come North, than in the steadier weather of January, and even the song-sparrows and snow-birds, which have successfully withstood all the rigors of the lowest temperature, as often succumb as the less-inured songsters from the South.

The favorite among our winter birds, perhaps, because the most domestic, taking the place of England's robin-redbreast, is the slate-colored snow-bird, which is one of the sparrows. It comes to us with the first frosts, and stays until the wake-robin and spring-beauty have bloomed. Even then some of them do not go far to spend the summer, for they breed in the heights behind the Delaware Water-Gap, and probably in the Catskills, for I saw plenty of them there in August. The main body, nevertheless, go to Canada and Labrador. In the Rocky Mountains I have seen them many times in midsummer as far south as the latitude of Cincinnati; but there the Canada jay also breeds, although in the East its nest is never found—great altitude in the Sierras affording the same climate



CARDINAL-GROSBEAK.

which in the East is only to be attained at high latitudes. The nest of the snow-bird is placed on the ground among the moss, or under the protection of the root of a tree, and is built of grass, weed-stocks,

and various fibres. The eggs are whitish, sprinkled with pale chocolate and dark reddish-brown. Several species besides our *Junco hyemalis* are found in the West and Northwest, but they intergrade con-



YELLOW-BIRD.

fusingly, and their nidification is essentially the same. A snow-bird is a snow-bird from one end of the country to the other, and the sharp, metallic note is characteristic of the whole genus. Truer spirits of the snow—for the *Junco* is a sort of fair-weather bird after all—are the snow-buntings, or snow-flakes, or white snow-birds, or, absurdest of all, winter-geese, as the Nahant fishermen call them. Their systematic name is *Plectrophanes nivalis*, and their plumage is handsomely marked with white and chocolate-brown. Sometimes a flock of these buntings will whirl into our door-yard for a brief moment; but in general you must go to the upland fields and frozen marshes to find them, and the best time is just after a "cold snap" or a heavy snow. The Hackensack meadows at such times are full of them, and I have seen flocks of hundreds pirouetting over the ice-covered, wind-swept shores of Lake Erie, or whirling down the bleak sands of Cape Cod. What attracted them to such exposed and dreary spots I could never divine. When they first come they seem unsuspecting of any special danger from man, but are continually skurrying away from some imaginary cause of alarm. Never going far south of New York, we see but few of them even here in wild seasons, and, as the close of the winter approaches, they are among the first to hasten to their home within the arctic circle. In every other flock of snow-flakes may, perhaps, be found one or two Lapland long-spurs—another bird which builds its nest in the moss at the foot of Greenland glaciers. Its coat is white and black and chestnut, so that it is easily distinguishable from its lighter fellow, but it is very uncommon.

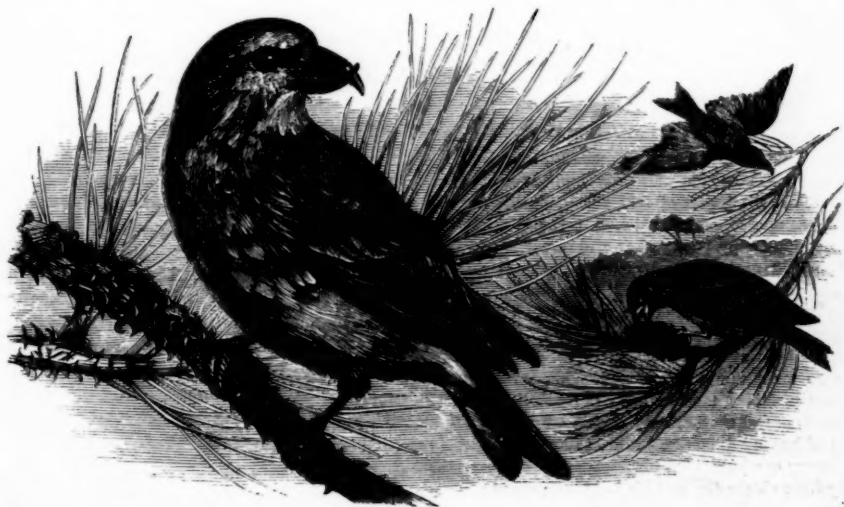
Next to the humming-bird, the smallest bird on this continent is the tiny *Regulus*—the golden-crested kinglet—on whose brow rests a coronet of gold, fiery red, and black, below which the jeweled eye is set in a soft, dusky background of olive-green. From tooth to tail he is not so long as your finger, yet this pygmy braves the fury and desolation of winter as cheerily as though soft skies arched overhead. I owe him many thanks for piping his nonchalant, contented little lecture into my ears when I have



growled at the weather and the "foolishness" which dragged me out-of-doors on certain terrible days, only to see what such absurd fellows as he were about. He is the most independent, irrepressible little chap I know of, and for the life of me I never can be down-hearted when he is by. In summer the gold-crest (like his royal brother, the ruby-crown) is a fly-catcher, expertly seizing insects on the wing; and on warm days in winter he forages in the tree-tops for such moths and beetles as are abroad; but necessarily he must subsist chiefly on the larvæ which hibernate under the rotten bark, and upon insects' eggs. Thus he is helped to many a meal by the sap-suckers and tom-tits, whose stronger bills tear open the recesses where the larvæ lie. In summer the kinglets retreat to boreal regions to rear their young; but we know very little about their domestic life. Just before they leave in the spring you

sustain him (like the pointed stick trailing behind a Pennsylvania wagon), peering into every crevice, poking his bill into all the knot-holes and scars where limbs have been shivered off, running out on each branch, here picking up half a dozen eggs which only a bird's sharp eye could find, there transfixing, with his pointed tongue, some dormant beetle laid away on his bark-shelf, or tearing open the pupa-case of some unlucky young moth, snugly dreaming of a successful *début* in May. This creeper is always to be found in our winter woods and orchards, yet is nowhere abundant; its life is a solitary one, and, although not shy, it is so restlessly active as easily to elude the eye. If, in the early spring, you have the rare fortune to hear its song, regard the privilege as precious.

Another creeping bird, almost always moving head downward, more often seen in mid-winter, be-



CROSS-BILL.

may, perhaps, have the rare treat to hear a long way off the resonant song of this minute minstrel—bold and clear, carrying you away aloft like that of the English skylark.

Another personification of

"Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair"

is the brown creeper, whose bill is curved, and long, and tender, so that he can do very little digging for himself, but follows in the track of the woodpeckers and nuthatches, and picks up the grubs which their vigorous beaks have dislodged, or searches carefully for such small insects, and their eggs, as are not well concealed. There is one now in the tree next my window, in the edge of the city, as I write. He flew from the neighboring horse-chestnut to the foot of the ailantus, and began a spiral march upward. I see him creep steadily round and round and round the trunk, with his tail pressed in against the tree to

cause then he approaches civilized life, while in summer he retires to the remote woods to rear his brood, is the familiar nuthatch, whose peculiar "kong-kong!"—the most indifferent, don't-care-a-bit utterance in the world—is heard from every other tree-trunk. Like the brown creeper, the nuthatches seek their food on the boles of trees, examining every part by a spiral survey—a sort of triangulation—and are not content till the top is reached, when they dive straight to the roots of the next tree, and begin a new exploration. There is no time wasted by these little engineers in foolish flying about or profitless research. Not allowing a cranny to go untouched, they drag out every unhappy grub it shelters before "raiding" the next hiding-place of insect-life. Their feet are broad and strong for clinging; their bills are small pickaxes, their tongues harpoons, and their brains marine clocks, just as steady one side up as another. Thus they are able to live on the injurious

borers and the like, which pass through their metamorphoses beneath the bark, and, except when everything is incased in ice, do not eat seed, or even alight on the ground. They are among the most active and serviceable of the fruit-grower's benefactors,



CEDAR-BIRD.

continuing, during the cold months, the good work dropped in October by the summer birds, and finding in his insidious enemies their favorite food. The nuthatch is the leader of that admirable little company—composed of the chickadee, the crested titmouse, the downy woodpecker, and sometimes of the red-bellied nuthatch and *spirituel* creeper—which Wilson truthfully describes as “proceeding regularly from tree to tree through the woods like a corps of pioneers; while, in a calm day, the rattling of their bills, and the rapid motions of their bodies, thrown like so many tumblers and rope-dancers into numberless positions, together with the peculiar chatter of each, are altogether very amusing, conveying the idea of hungry diligence, bustle, and activity.”

Every one knows the black-capped titmouse—our jolly little chickadee, and his jolly little chant:

“*Chick-chickadee!* Saucy note,  
Out of sound heart and merry throat,  
As if it said: ‘Good-day, good sir!’  
‘Fine afternoon, old passenger!’  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces.’”

He is the hero of the woods; there are courage and good-nature enough in that compact little body, which you may hide in your fist, to supply a whole groveful of May songsters. He has the Spartan virtue of an eagle, the cheerfulness of the thrushes, the nimbleness of the sparrow, the endurance of the sea-birds, condensed into his tiny frame, and there have been added a “peartness” and ingenuity all his own. His curiosity is immense, and his audacity equal to it; I have even had one alight upon the barrel of the gun over my shoulder as I sat quietly under his tree. The chickadees come to us with the first frost, and keen eyes may discover them all the year round in the Catskills, or among the heights of the Upper Delaware River, whither they go to nest,

the majority, nevertheless, passing to Canada for that purpose.

There is a winter wren also, but, although considerably smaller, it is frequently mistaken for the inquisitive and saucy house-wren, which fled south in October. It is a species heard rather than seen, evading observation in the dense brush, through which it moves more like a mouse than a bird. Its startling bugle-song is a wonder, and its whole history is charming, but I must pass it by.

The family of sparrows, finches, and buntings—the *Fringillidae*—supplies more of the winter woodland birds than any other single group, the list of those regularly present in January including the pine-grosbeak, the red and the white winged cross-bills, the two red-poll linnets, the pine, grass, and gold finches, the song, tree, and English sparrows, besides an occasional straggler like the purple finch, cardinal, and white-throat. The first five mentioned are polar bred, and return to their native heaths at the earliest intimation of spring. The pine-grosbeak is a big, clumsy-looking bird, with a plumage reminding you of a blossoming clover-field—a mixture of red and dull green. It has found out what its thick, strong bill was made for, and crushes the scales of the tough pine-cones as though they were paper. The pine-grosbeaks often come into the village streets, hopping about in search of almost anything to eat, and are very tame and interesting. Their note is a cheery one, and when captured they thrive well in the cage, eat apple-seeds greedily, and become very entertaining. The pine-finch, or siskin, is its miniature, and seeks much the same sort of food, but must get it from softer cones, for its bill does not seem half as stout. It is erratic in its visits, and its actions outside of the pine-trees are precisely like those of its cousin, the yellow-bird.

All winter you may notice along the field-fences and in the grassy plats beside the railway, where weeds have gone to seed, active flocks of small, plainly-attired little birds, as cheerful as can be. These are our thistle-loving gold-finches, or yellow-birds, whose simple, sweet song and billowy flight were part of the delight of last summer, but which now have exchanged their gay livery of canary yellow and black for sober undress suits of Quaker drab. The goldfinches, as such, appear with the apple-blossoms, and are seen no later than the gathering of the fruit; but their seeming disappearance in autumn, and reappearance in spring, are only changes of plumage. Nevertheless, they are not so abundant in winter as in summer, many moving a little distance southward. The cross-bills are naturally so named, for the tips of their mandibles slide by one another instead of shutting squarely together. Whether or not this peculiarity has been gradually acquired to meet the necessity of a peculiar instrument to twist open the cones and other tough pericarps, upon the contents of which they feed, or whether it is an accident perpetuated and made the best of, or whether the crossed bill was “created” in that fashion in the beginning, with a definite intention toward pine-cones, we may theorize upon to

suit our tastes; but certain it is that it answers the bird's purpose most admirably. The red cross-bill is the more common of the two, but the white-winged is not greatly different. They fly in small flocks, often coming among the gardens, where their odd appearance never fails to attract attention. In addition to pine-seeds, they feed on the seeds and buds of the cedar, birch, alder, mountain-ash, Virginia creeper, etc., and probably add apples, haws, and berries, to their bill of fare, as does the grosbeak. They are wonderfully happy creatures, fluttering in and out of the evergreens, or passing swiftly from one to another, working away at a swinging cone "teeth and toe-nail," heads or tails up—it doesn't matter—till every kernel is extracted, then with one quick impulse launching into the air and departing—perhaps for the arctic circle—before you have had time to bid them good-by.

One of the earliest and handsomest migrants from the frozen North is the little red-poll linnet, which is about the size of a stout canary. He is a dandy, changing his gay suit of black, brown, white, saffron, pink, red, and crimson, several times a year, and—at least until he is three or four years old—never dressing twice alike. He is an exceedingly melodious if not a very versatile singer, is often kept in cages and mated with the canary in England, and might be here. There would be no difficulty in catching him.

Two other of the familiar friends who make our spring meadows vocal with an incessant concert, the song-sparrow and grass-finch, remain with us through the winter also, but more than half the song-sparrows are frightened southward by the first snow-storm. A few, however, are always to be met with in the swamps and edges of the woods during January, living under cover of the briars and brush-heaps, and upon the seeds of various grasses and herbs, scratching up the leaves to get at dormant insects or their eggs, here picking up a checkerberry which the snow has not drifted over, there nibbling at the dried remains of blackberries, raspberries, and wrinkled crab-apples, squeezing the gum from a swelling bud, tearing open the seed-case of the wild-rose whose blossom they shook to pieces as they darted to their nests in early June. The brown grass-finch—easily recognized by the two white feathers shown in the tail when flying—seems scarcely ever to leave the field in which it was born. It is emphatically a bird of the meadows, where its song is heard loudest in the long summer twilights when most other birds are silent, so that John Burroughs has called it the vesper sparrow. Building its nest in a little hollow on the ground, finding its food among the grass, it seems hardly to fly over the boundary-fence from one year's end to another. How these finches are able to stand the winter in the open fields is a mystery; perhaps they go elsewhere at night, or crawl into holes; but you may meet them scudding across the uplands every month of the year, keeping company with the few meadow-larks.

All this month, in hedge-rows, wooded hollows, and thickets, beside springs of water, where very like-

ly you may flush a woodcock, will be heard the low warble of the tree-sparrows, northern cousins of the trilling chippy of our lilac-bushes, and of the pretty field-sparrow that calls out, "C-r-e-e-p, c-r-e-e-p, c-r-e-e-p, catch'm, catch'm, catch'm!" from every green pasture. They receive the name from the habit of taking to the trees when disturbed, instead of diving into the bushes and skulking away as do the other sparrows. Once in a while they come into the towns: I saw one yesterday in the horse-chestnut in front of my window, which seemed to be finding plenty to eat about the bark and scanty leaves that remained, until the English sparrows got news of his presence and drove him away in their buccaneering style. These same outrageous English sparrows are the most conspicuous, really, of all our January birds. They are spreading widely through the suburbs of the city, especially between here and Philadelphia; and I am sorry to see it, for they are uncompromising enemies to all our native birds.

It would lead me to far overstep the reasonable limits of this essay if I attempted to extend to all the winter birds even the brief sketch I have given of some of the woodland species. A mere mention must suffice.

Some birds besides those already noticed are residents with us the year round: thus a few robins, bluebirds, crows, blue-jays, cedar-birds, kingfishers, flickers, blackbirds, purple finches, wild-pigeons, quails, grouse, and woodcocks, are always likely to be found in the neighborhood of New York in January; while one or two of the arctic woodpeckers, the Canada jay, the waxwing, and some other rarities, may be met with at long intervals. Of the birds of prey, we have in greater or less numbers this month the golden and bald eagles (about the Palisades), an occasional osprey, the rough-legged, red-shouldered, and red-tailed buzzards, the marsh-harrier, and some others; and, among owls, the fierce snowy owl, which will take a grouse from its



WAXWING.

roost, or carry off a hare; the barred, great horned, long-eared, short-eared, mottled, and little saw-whet owls. Along the adjacent shores of Long Island and New Jersey are seen the various sea-ducks, "coots," and geese; the loon, and an occasional

northern sand-piper, like the splendid purple one; the herring, kittiwake, laughing, black-backed, and several other gulls; and irregularly certain wandering sea-birds whose lives are not so much affected by climatic conditions as are those of the land-birds.

Deprived of the small reptiles, the young of squirrels and other mammals, eggs, and the large night-flying moths and beetles which in summer form a good portion of their subsistence, the predacious birds become more fierce in winter than at any other time, and exercise all their cunning in the pursuit of such meadow-mice and other animals as are imprudent enough to step out of their subnivean galleries, or in the capture of weaker birds. The few late fish-hawks remain by the sea-shore, plunging in now and then for their finny prey, which the bald-eagle very often compels them to relinquish to him. The golden eagle, covering the landscape with keen and comprehensive glance as he sweeps over in vast circuits, swoops upon hares, foxes, and the like, sometimes even picking up an early lamb, or catching a grouse before it can baffle its dreaded pursuer by burying itself in the snow. The buzzard and marsh-hawk sail low over the meadows in slow and easy flight, or stand motionless above some elevated spot in the lowlands, watching intently until a mole, or shrew, or mouse, shows itself below, when they drop upon it like a shot, and carry it off before the poor victim has time to recover from its palsy of terror. Less frequently do these species seem to catch birds, and between Christmas and Easter they lead a very precarious existence. The owls, too, must "live by



SNOW-OWL

their wits," but, being nocturnal, they have the advantage of the birds, and, we may be sure, snatch many a tender one rudely from its roost in the open trees, although the dense twigs and sharp needles of the cedars and other close-boughed evergreens must offer such obstacles to the rapid passage of the owl as to allow many an intended victim to escape. The larger species, as the farmer well knows, will often in continued cold weather come into the very barn-yard and carry off his chickens, while the nocturnal habits of most of the smaller mammals not hi-

bernating in January lead them abroad when the owls are mostly flying, and on moonlight nights these prowlers get many a good meal, no doubt.

It would seem, therefore, as if the chances of death presented to the lesser winter birds by scarcity of food, rigor of climate, hawks by day and owls by night, outnumbered the chances of life offered by their alertness and enduring vitality. But there are some additional circumstances favorable to their escape from the latter fate, their resources against starvation and freezing having already been explained. One of these circumstances is the vigilance of the birds: they never are forgetful. Sometimes their curiosity leads them into danger, or an enemy like man, which they do not suspect, may approach them by being very quiet; but a hawk could never insinuate himself into a sparrow's good graces, nor could an owl win his confidence; both must trust to surprising him or overtaking him in an open race, which is about as difficult as "catching a weasel asleep." Then the hiding-places of the birds in hollow trees, crannies in walls, dense thickets, and brush-piles, during the night and in bad weather, are such as afford excellent security from their nocturnal winged enemies, although quite accessible to foxes and weasels. It is a curious fact that fourteen or fifteen of our January birds choose hollows in trees or holes in the ground for nesting-places, as though profiting by their experience of the security afforded.

Another very important circumstance favoring the preservation of small birds at this season is the fact that in the majority of cases the tints of their plumages are precisely such as best harmonize with the surroundings in which they are most often seen, and thus make them less discernible than they otherwise might be. Looking through our list of winter birds, many striking examples of this protective coloration are found—more, in proportion, than in summer, when there does not seem to be so great need of individual safety, and the "struggle for existence" is not narrowed down to such a strait and beset with so many difficulties. The kinglets, for instance, spend their time in flitting about the tops of the trees, and their plumage is found to be a dusky green, like an old leaf, while the fiery crowns which both wear are concealed, except at moments (of love-passion, I imagine) when they wish to display them. Easier to detect than the kinglets, yet plainly dressed, are the titmice and nuthatches; but these frequent widely different scenes, and, moreover, have compensating advantages beyond most other birds in the habit of living mostly in the deep woods where diurnal birds of prey are uncommon, and at night of secreting themselves in small holes where the owls cannot get at them. This is also true of the small spotted woodpeckers, which, nevertheless, are inconspicuous objects upon the dead and white trunks. The brown and white streaks of the creeper (*Certhia Americana*), however, seem to me to furnish a decided case of protective colors in plumage, since they harmonize so exactly with the rough, cracked bark along which the creeper glides, that the wee bird is



hardly to be followed by the eye at a moderate distance. Again, no coat would better help the wren to scout unobserved about the tangled thickets and through the piles of wind-drifted leaves in and out of this and that shadowy crevice than the plain brown one he wears; while the lighter tints of the goldfinch's livery are precisely those which agree with the russet weeds and grass whose harvest he diligently gathers. The group of exclusively boreal birds seems especially protected from harm by the correspondence of their coat and their surroundings. Their home is among the evergreens, where an occasional dead branch or withered stem relieves the verdancy with yellowish patches, and the thick-hanging cones dot the tree with spots of reddish-brown; their plumage is mottled with green, tints of yellow and brown, an inconspicuous red, and a little black and white—just the colors one's eye takes in at a glance as he looks at a hemlock. The practical result for our eyes (or a falcon's) is, that the pine-grosbeaks and finches, the cross-bills and purple finches, blend with the foliage and cones and dead branches until they are lost to any but the most attentive gaze. The snow-bunting rejoices in a cloak of white, and thus mingles inextricably to the eye with the feathery flakes he whirls among, while his companion, the long-spur, is almost equally ghostly. All the winter sparrows are of the brown color of the sere grass, withered leaves, and broken branches, among which they dwell, except the slaty snow-bird, and he is of a neutral tint, easily lost to view in a shadow.

This protection of adaptive colors is not enjoyed to any great extent by the robin, bluebird, meadow-lark, cardinal-grosbeak, and kingfisher—but none of these are "winter" birds here, properly speaking, but only loiterers behind the summer host, and ought really to be excluded from the comparison; nor by the crow, crow-blackbirds, blue-jay, Canada jay, and butcher-bird—but these are all large and strong, able for the most part to defend themselves; while, on the contrary, the colors of the large but timid and defenseless woodcock, quail, and grouse, are highly protective. The birds of prey themselves scarcely need such protection from one another, yet some of them regularly exchange their summer plumage for a winter dress of lighter and (in the general white of the landscape) less conspicuous tints; but this may operate to their advantage in the reverse way of allowing them to attain a closer, because unobserved, approach to their quarry. This leaves us, among the land-birds, only the bright red-poll and the waxwings as exceptions to the supposed rule that the plumages of winter birds are colored in a way directly favorable to their special preservation at that season of augmented danger. They are cases of which I have no account to give other than that—let me beg the reader charitably to believe—these are the exceptions which "favor the rule."

But against one persecutor no concealment of natural color or artful device avails, and the brains of the pretty songsters, so full of wit to avoid other enemies and provide for each day's need, are his

choice repast. This dainty tyrant wears an overcoat of bluish-ash trimmed with black and white, a vest of white marked with fine, wavy, transverse lines, white knee-breeches, and black stockings. His eyes are dark and piercing; his nose Napoleonic; his forehead high and white; his mustache as heavy and black as that of any cavalier in Spain. This Mephistopheles among birds is a ruffian, truly, yet with a polish and courage without bravado which commend him. Being an outlaw in the Avian Kingdom, he can only maintain himself by adroitness and force, but has such singular impetuosity, prudence, and fortitude, that he is not only able to keep himself and his retainers in health and wealth and happiness, but to gratify his bloodthirsty love of revenge by killing numberless innocents without mercy. Thus he has struck terror to the heart of every feathered inhabitant of the January woods. Like Caesar, he knows and joyously endures hunger and cold and thirst. Is it biting, freezing weather, and blinding snow? Little cares he; he can then the more easily surprise his benumbed prey. Is it a warm, sap-starting, inviting day? He is at the festival of the birds—a fatal intruder into many a happy circle. His favorite perch is the high rider of some lonely fence, where he quietly waits till a luckless field-mouse creeps out and he is able to pounce upon it; or an incautious sparrow or kinglet dashes past, unconscious of the watchful foe who seizes him like a flash of lightning. Having felled his quarry with a single blow, he returns to his fence-post and eats



HORNED OWL

the brains—rarely more—or perhaps does not taste a single billful, but impales the body upon a thorn, or hangs it in an angle of the fence, as a butcher suspends his quarters of beef. It used to be thought this murderer thus impaled nine captives and no more—so he was christened nine-killer; the book-men labeled him *Collurio borealis*—we know him as the butcher-bird: he is the arctic brother of the shrikes, and the boldest, bravest, noblest, and wickedest of his savage race.



## THE PRINCE CONSORT AND THE QUEEN:

FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUSTUS ALBERT EMMANUEL, of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, best known by us as Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria of England, was born August 26, 1819, and died December 14, 1861, at the age of forty-two. He might fairly have been expected to attain threescore and ten or fourscore years; for he came of a long-lived stock, possessed an apparently vigorous constitution, and lived from childhood up that active, sober, and upright life most conducive to longevity. Dying when scarcely past mid-life, he is sure of an honorable place in history as an earnest, clever, and noble man. If he fails to be hereafter recognized as one of the great men of the age, one of those who have swayed great movements and stamped their impress upon great events, it will not be the fault of Queen Victoria, who has, in a manner, consecrated the long years of her widowhood to the pious task of becoming his biographer. Some half-dozen years after his death appeared "The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," compiled by General Grey under the direction of the queen, in which the events and characteristics of his childhood, youth, and early manhood, were set forth with loving minuteness. The evident design was, to continue the work through a number of volumes. A year afterward was published, under the editorial care of Mr. Arthur Helps, the charming little volume, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," kept by the queen's own hand. The idea of continuing the work begun by General Grey was abandoned, and the responsibility of writing a formal life of the prince was undertaken, at the queen's request, by Mr. Theodore Martin, who has given it the form of a history of the life and times of the prince consort. Two volumes are now before us, bringing the work down to the beginning of 1854. A third volume, we suppose, will complete the history. The author has been fairly successful in the more ambitious part of his task, and very decidedly successful in the more interesting portion, which sets before us the personal character of the queen and her consort. "Nothing, however confidential," he says, in the prefatory chapter addressed to the queen, "has been withheld which could reflect a light upon the prince's character, or enable me to present him in his true colors before the world. . . . I have had occasion to speak much and often of your majesty, with whom his life was so inseparably interwoven that, without the reflected light thus cast upon the prince, the picture would lose many of its tenderest and most penetrating touches."

The story of the queen and her consort reads almost like a delicate fairy-tale wrought out in the strenuous age of coal and iron and steam. Born

within a few weeks of each other, and wedded before either had passed the age of twenty, their stations in life were widely remote. She was the queen of an empire upon which the sun never sets; he was the younger son of a petty duke across whose dominions one might walk in half a day: yet the threads which united their destinies were spun before either was born. They were unwittingly spun at the side of a coffin in which lay a young wife, and her babe who had never seen the light.

The 6th of November, 1817, was a sad day in England. The Princess Charlotte, sole offspring of the prince regent, wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and undisputed heiress of the British crown, lay dead a few hours after giving birth to a dead child. Much was involved in the death of this young woman of twenty years: most of all, that, in consequence of it, there was a fearful probability that before many years the British crown would by right of descent devolve upon a man who was so odious to the nation that it was doubtful if he would be permitted to ascend the throne. To understand this, we must glance at the members of the royal family.

King George III., old, blind, and insane, was as good as dead. His oldest son, the Prince of Wales, who had long ruled as prince regent, must soon come to the throne as King George IV. He was a worn-out voluptuary of five-and-fifty, separated from his wife, from whom he was eager for a divorce, and it was certain that in no case would another heir be born to him. When he should die the crown would, in course of nature, devolve upon his next brother, Frederick, Duke of York, if he were the survivor. The duke was scarcely a year younger than his brother. He had been married nearly a quarter of a century, but was childless, and, upon his death, the next in succession was William, Duke of Clarence, third son of George III.

The Duke of Clarence, born in 1765, was not an exemplary personage. He was put into the navy, made a few voyages, and was created an admiral, after which he never made more than a holiday trip to sea. At twenty-five he became enamored of a clever actress—a few years older than himself, and mother of several children—known on the stage as Mrs. Jordan. She accepted his "protection," and for nearly a quarter of a century was the acknowledged mistress of the ducal residence of Busby Park, still appearing upon the stage, for her large salary was a welcome addition to the income of twelve thousand pounds a year granted to his royal highness by a nation grateful to him for having been born. To do poor Dorothy Jordan justice, she was in every way, except in the fact of her dubious relations with the duke, an excellent woman. When her well-preserved charms faded, he grew tired of her, and set her adrift in a shabby manner, and she in time died old, poor, and forgotten. Half a score of children had been

<sup>1</sup> The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

born to them, who were acknowledged by the duke, bore the name of Fitzclarence, and were well provided for. Titled husbands were found for the daughters; the eldest son entered the army, was made a general, and in time created Earl of Munster; and places were found for the younger sons in the navy and the church. The duke was coarse, awkward, and stupid, and addicted to wine, grog, and sailors' oaths. He might marry, and possibly have an heir; but, failing this, the next in succession was Edward, Duke of Kent.

The Duke of Kent was a quiet, sickly bachelor of fifty, who had all his life been kept in obscurity, and was snubbed by his big, roistering elder brothers, Wales, York, and Clarence; but he came to be greatly liked by his niece, the poor, abused Princess Charlotte, and her clever husband, Prince Leopold. There was small likelihood that he would outlive his elder brothers, and so come to the throne. But should he marry, now that the Princess Charlotte was dead, a possible child of his might come to stand in the way—as, indeed, was to be the case—of the succession to the crown of the odious Duke of Cumberland, the fifth son of George III.

Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, was forty-six years old, and in the full vigor of manhood. He lived to the age of eighty, surviving all his twelve older and younger brothers and sisters. He had come to be the object of more odium than any other prince whose name is recorded in English history. He was reported to be addicted not only to the ordinary excesses of his race, but to those unnatural abuses at which the modesty of our English speech hardly dares to hint. Men whispered that he had not stopped short of the murder of a servant who knew too much, and might tell what he knew. How much that was believed of him was true, no man can now say; but it is certain that England was no safe residence for him, and he lived mainly on the Continent. Should the succession in time fall to him, as was most likely, a revolution seemed inevitable. The least that could happen would be that Parliament should assume that supreme authority which it had assumed a hundred and thirty years before, when it set aside the line of the Stuarts by the formal announcement: "The lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, assembled at Westminster, do resolve that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, be and be declared King and Queen of England."

But in that case upon whose head should the crown be placed? The duke had married two years before, and would probably have children. He did indeed have a son—that blind man who still styles himself King of Hanover, although his dominions were wrested from him ten years ago by the King of Prussia, and now form a state of the overshadowing German Empire. Should the crown be bestowed upon such a son? or should it be given to one of the younger brothers of the duke? Of these there were two—Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge. The Duke of Sussex, born in 1773, had at the age of twenty been married at Rome, but by a Protestant clergyman, to Lady Auguste de Ame-

land. The ceremony had been repeated in London, but the marriage had been contracted without the royal sanction, and was declared by the prerogative court to be null and void, being in violation of the royal marriage act of 12 George III. The lady was, moreover, we believe, a Catholic, and, if so, the marriage itself, by the English law, wrought an absolute forfeiture of all right to the crown. The duke, however, honorably regarded the Lady Auguste as his wife, although their children bore the name of D'Este, and were never reckoned as belonging to the blood royal. The last and youngest son of George III. was Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, forty-three years of age, and unmarried. If it should become necessary to set aside the Duke of Cumberland, we imagine that he would have been called to the throne, if, indeed, the throne itself were not swept away. If a child should be born to either of the elder dukes, Clarence or Kent, the impending peril would be averted.

Princess Charlotte was hardly in her grave before the three unmarried dukes, the youngest of whom was verging upon fifty, went or sent among the petty German courts in search of wives; and all were successful. Brief time was given to wooing and millinery preparations. On the 7th of May, 1818, four months and a day after the death of Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Cambridge was married to the Princess Augusta of Hesse. Three weeks after, the Duke of Clarence was married to the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen; and the Duke of Kent to Victoire Maria, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and sister of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and of Prince Leopold. She was born in 1786, was married in 1803 to the Prince of Leiningen, and ten years after was left a widow with two children. The Duke of Kent had indeed for some time been a not unhopeful wooer for her hand, and the death of the Princess Charlotte opened possibilities too brilliant to be refused.

Before the next spring flowers were in bloom, there was reason to hope that the end for which these sudden marriages were contracted would be attained. Early in March, 1819, the Duchess of Clarence gave birth to a stillborn daughter, but the mother passed safely through the hour of trial. Before the end of the month the Duchess of Cambridge was safely delivered of a son, the present duke; and on May 24th the Duchess of Kent bore a daughter, the present Queen Victoria.

All these events were of special interest in the little duchy of Coburg. Duke Ernest, elder brother of the Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold, had undergone much trouble. He had nominally acceded to his dukedom in 1806, upon the death of his father; but the French took possession of Coburg, placing it under charge of a military intendant. "My good mother and all of us," says Leopold, "had no means of existence but what was clandestinely given by our employés, and a little tolerated by the intendant." It was not till after the final overthrow of Napoleon that Duke Ernest fairly got possession of his duchy. There had been some talk of marrying him to a Russian archduchess, but the match was

broken off, and in 1817 he succeeded, not without difficulty, in obtaining the hand of the pretty young Princess Louise of Saxe-Gotha. Two sons were born to them—Ernest, June 21, 1818; and Albert, the future prince consort, August 26, 1819. The marriage proved an unhappy one. A separation took place in 1824, followed two years afterward by a divorce. After the separation, the mother never saw her children. She retired to Switzerland, where she died in 1832. A few weeks afterward the duke married his own niece, the daughter of his sister.

The newly-made Duchess of Kent had little reason to congratulate herself upon her reception in England. The duke was on bad terms with the regent, who, says Leopold, "was not kind to his brother: at every instant something or other of an unpleasant nature arose." The duke and duchess were not received at court, and lived mainly with the duchess's brother Leopold at Claremont. The birth of his daughter was indeed a triumph to the infirm duke. "Look at her well," he was wont to say to his friends, "for she will be Queen of England." But his elation was brief: he died when she was eight months old, "leaving," says Leopold, "his family deprived of all means of existence." Luckily was it for the future queen and her mother that Leopold could supply the deficiency, for, upon his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, a pension of fifty thousand pounds had been settled upon him for life. Well might Victoria look upon Leopold as her second father.

George III. died early in 1820, in the same week with his son, and the prince regent became king, reigning till 1830, when he passed away without a soul to regret him. The Duke of York had died three years before, and the Duke of Clarence became King William IV. A second daughter had been born to him in 1820, but she lived only a few months. The bereft mother wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "My children are dead, but yours lives, and she is mine too;" and the good Adelaide took the little Victoria to her kind and desolate heart.

The little princess was brought up in strict seclusion, and it was not till she was twelve years old that she knew, what everybody else knew, that she was the undoubted heir to the British crown. Thirty-five years after, her old governess recalled to the memory of the widowed queen the manner in which this was communicated to her and how it was received. A bill had been introduced into Parliament providing that the Duchess of Kent should be regent in case the crown should devolve upon her daughter while she was a minor.

"I then said to the Duchess of Kent," wrote the governess, "that now, for the first time, your majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her royal highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When the tutor was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After

some moments, the princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good.'"

It was a promise which has been made by many a child, but kept by very few so faithfully as by the future Queen of England.

Meanwhile the two young Coburg princes were growing up into hearty lads. They were only four and five years old when the separation between their father and mother took place. We are not told what was the reason of the separation and subsequent divorce, but we imagine it did not involve criminality on the part of the young duchess, for Leopold, ever the good genius of the family, says that he had set out for Coburg, but "arrived too late to prevent some painful events;" and when long years afterward the husband died, the remains of the divorced mother of his children were brought from Switzerland and placed by the side of his own, and those of his second wife in the magnificent mausoleum at Coburg. Still, from casual intimations in the "Early Years," we infer that the loss of their mother's training was a gain to her children. The lack of their mother's care was, we imagine, more than made up by that of their paternal grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, and their maternal step-grandmother, the Duchess of Gotha, the widowed second wife of their maternal grandfather.

The boys were so nearly of an age that they were treated quite as twins. They had the same nurse and the same tutor, pursued the same studies under the same professors, and, until their eighteenth year, were never separated for a day; and when Ernest reached his majority, a special government patent was issued declaring Albert also to be of full age. The younger brother, indeed, from early childhood appears to have been the master, and, although much the slighter of the two, to have had the best of it even in fisticuffs. In a little journal, kept in his sixth year, we find such memoranda as these: "I got up well and happy; afterward I had a fight with my brother;" and the entry the next day: "I had another fight with my brother; that was not right." The tutor who took charge of the boys for many years after the separation between their parents, says of him: "Surpassing his brother in thoughtful earnestness, in calm reflection and self-command, and evincing at the same time more prudence in action, it was only natural that his will should prevail, and when compliance with it was not voluntarily yielded, he was sometimes disposed to have recourse to compulsion."

The idea of a marriage between Albert and Victoria was formed by their grandmother, the duchess dowager, and the Duchess of Kent, while both children were in their cradles; and before the boy was three years old his nurse was wont to talk to him about the little bride who was growing up for him in England; and by the time they were twelve years old, their uncle Leopold, who had become King

of the Belgians, and was esteemed the wisest sovereign in Europe, entered warmly into the scheme, provided that, as the boy grew up, he should fulfill the rare promise of his childhood. To ascertain this, he kept as close watch as possible over the lad, but relied mainly upon the judgment of his tried friend Baron Stockmar.

Baron Christian Frederick von Stockmar, who was to play an important though indirect part in the future career of Albert and Victoria, was born at Coburg in 1787. He studied medicine, and when, in 1816, Leopold went over to marry the Princess Charlotte, accompanied him as private physician. She had died with his hand clasped in hers, and upon him devolved the task of announcing to Leopold the blow which had fallen upon him. He subsequently acted as private secretary to the prince and controller of his household, and was then brought into frequent and close connection with the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. In the complex negotiation which resulted in the establishment of Leopold as King of the Belgians, Stockmar acted as his private adviser and official representative. When Leopold was fairly settled upon the throne of Belgium, Stockmar retired to his native Coburg, whence he kept the Belgian king acquainted with all that was going on there.

Early in 1836 it became clear that William IV. was approaching his end, and that Victoria must soon accede to the throne. Intrigues were rife as to the disposition of her hand. Half a dozen candidates had been named, and Leopold saw that if the Coburg match was to be effected something must be done at once, and he asked the opinion of his faithful Stockmar, especially as to the capacity and disposition of the young prince. The cautious old baron was never addicted to few words, and his sensible reply was fearfully prolix, but upon the whole favorable:

"Albert," he wrote, "is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go on well, may, in a few years, turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified demeanor. . . . As to his mind, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are more or less partial; and, until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a right ambition, and a great force of will as well. . . . If he does not from the very outset accept the position as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfillment of which his honor and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding."

He especially urged that, as no formal proposition had yet been made, none should be made until the young people had seen each other, and been mutually pleased. This could be easily managed, for nothing was more natural than for the Duchess of Kent to invite her brother, the Duke of Coburg, with his two sons, to pay her a short visit. The invitation was given, much to the displeasure of William IV., who could not but suspect the object of it,

and who had already set his heart upon a marriage between his niece and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands.

The duke and his two sons came over in May, 1834, and remained four weeks. Albert was not quite seventeen, just the age when a boy is apt to be least interesting to a young woman a few months older, and naturally considerably more developed in character. His appearance would seem to have satisfied King William that there was no present danger of any matrimonial entanglements, and he was kind enough to the boy, invited him to a levee, which Albert thought "long and fatiguing, but very interesting;" to a "drawing-room" at noon on the royal birthday, "at which about three thousand eight hundred people passed before the king and queen and the other high dignitaries, to offer their congratulations," followed by a great dinner in the evening, and a concert, lasting till an hour after midnight, at which the tired lad found it hard to keep awake; and to several court dinners. The young people were not informed of the schemes of their elders, and not a word was said by them about the proposed match. Of this visit the boy wrote to his step-mother: "The climate of this country, the different way of living, and the late hours, do not agree with me. We have not a great deal of room in our apartment, but are nevertheless very comfortably lodged. Dear aunt is very kind to us, and does everything she can to please us; and our cousin is also very amiable." Thirty years later the widowed queen noted down her recollections of the impression made upon her at the time by her young cousin, from which it is clear enough that there was then no falling in love on her part. She writes:

"The prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterward. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with his cousin, the princess; drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached at St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the princess there on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools."

Doubtless the Duchess of Kent kept her brother Leopold informed as to how things were going on, and convinced him of the necessity of his putting in an oar. Just before the princes left England, Leopold wrote to the princess, telling her what were his wishes on the subject. Her reply was at least not discouraging. It concluded: "I have only now to beg of you to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on the subject now of so much importance to me."

The wary Leopold, now that the young people had been put on a pleasant, cousinly footing, wisely let matters take their own course for a while. In view of the cabals and intrigues of the court, it was



desirable that attention should be withdrawn from the Coburg match, which had come to be a matter of talk. For this purpose nothing was better than that the prince should be apparently quietly pursuing the ordinary course of education. For ten months the brothers were left at Brussels, under care of a governor, preparing themselves for admission into the quiet University of Bonn, where they studied for the succeeding year and a half with commendable diligence. During this time Albert shot up from a short, fat, handsome boy, to a tall, elegant, and accomplished young man, especially proficient in manly exercises and music, and well advanced in the natural sciences, political economy, and philosophy. After leaving the university it was decided that Ernest should enter the Saxon army for a time, and that Albert should make a tour in Italy, accompanied by Baron Stockmar, to watch over him and report about him to King Leopold. The old baron's report was, on the whole, favorable, but yet with some drawbacks. The prince, he said, took much after his mother both in body and mind. He had her intelligence, her fondness for drollery, and her talent for making himself appear kind and amiable. But as to his manners there was great room for improvement; and he was inclined to laziness. "Great exertion is repugnant to him, and his tendency is to spare himself both morally and physically. Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment is in many things beyond his years; but hitherto he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper. He holds, moreover, all foreign journals in abhorrence; and, while declaring that the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* is the only paper one wants, or that is worth reading, he does not even read that." After all, there are few young men of eighteen of whom a shrewd, kindly mentor of fifty would be apt to form a less unfavorable judgment. It was no very grave defect that, amid the wonders of Italy, he should manifest little interest in the dull politics of the day, and should omit the regular perusal of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; and, if there was in him a tendency to laziness, this tendency was visible only to the baron, and at all events was nobly overcome.

In the mean time William IV. had died, June 20, 1837, and Victoria, less than a month past her eighteenth birthday, became Queen of England. An occasional correspondence had been kept up between her and Prince Albert. From time to time he sent her little mementos of his vacation-trips from Bonn—a dried Alpine rose plucked on the summit of the Righi, a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting from Ferney, a little volume with views of the places which he saw on his trip, and the like; and, when she became queen, he wrote a pretty note containing his congratulations and best wishes, with the hope that she would "think sometimes of her cousins in Bonn."

Somehow during these student-years it had come

to be an understood matter that the marriage should take place at no very distant date, although the young pair took the matter very lightly. But before the queen had been six months on the throne it seemed to Leopold that there ought to be some decisive arrangement at once. To this the queen demurred, for reasons which one would think quite satisfactory. Both parties, she said, were quite too young; the prince was a minor, and everybody would say that a marriage would be premature. Moreover, he spoke English very imperfectly when he had visited her a few months before, and needed a wider experience, more practised habits of observation, and more self-reliance than he could as yet possibly have acquired. From the dignity of her new position she evidently looked back upon her cousin as a nice, clever boy, who might some day become a man. As for herself, she did not mean to marry for three or four years.

The determination of the queen was made known to Albert by King Leopold. The young prince took the matter quite philosophically, and seemed, indeed, rather glad to have the matter put off for three or four years. "I am ready," he said, "to submit to this delay, if I have some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting perhaps for three years, I should find that the queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a ridiculous position, and would to a certain extent ruin all my prospects for the future." The queen saw the justice of this, and gave to her uncle such assurances as convinced him that all would work right. But this was kept from the prince, and it was decided that Albert should make his Italian tour before seeing the queen, for by the time the tour was finished the objection based upon his youthful appearance would have disappeared. The trusty Stockmar was now in England, and in constant intercourse with the queen. Leopold wrote to him gleefully of the prince, who was not quite nineteen: "Albert is much improved. He looks so much more manly, and from his *tour-nure* one might easily take him for twenty-two or twenty-three."

After his return from Italy in the summer of 1839, the prince showed no disposition to press his suit in England, but laid out for himself quite an extended course of private study, especially in the English language and history. But the astute Leopold, who was well posted up as to the malign influences under which the queen had fallen, saw that the time was close at hand when his darling idea must be carried out or abandoned forever. The queen had at midsummer written to him to the effect that, while everything she had heard of Albert was most favorable, she still wanted a delay. But he was hopeful that if the queen should see the handsome, amiable, and clever young man with whom she was trying to play fast and loose, she would give up the game. At all events, it was worth trying; and early in October he sent Albert and his brother over to England with a half-jocular note to the queen. "My dearest Victoria," he wrote, "your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your *bienveillance*. They are good



and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at ease with you. I am sure that, if you have anything to recommend to them, they will be most happy to learn it from you."

The prince set out, apparently not caring very much which way the matter turned out. To a young friend he wrote: "The queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm determination to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair." And the queen herself records that after they had been married he told her that he "came over with the firm determination of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when the marriage was first talked about." Nothing of the kind was to happen. What did happen forms as pretty a little love-story as was ever imagined by any novelist; and here the two actors themselves are the narrators.

The two princes reached Windsor Castle long after dark, on Thursday, November 10th. They had been expected; the queen met them at the head of the great staircase, and conducted them to the apartments of her mother. The young queen could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the change which had been wrought in the fat, merry boy from whom she had parted scarcely three years before. *Miranda* on the desert island did not fall more quickly in love with *Ferdinand*, the third man whom she ever saw, than did Victoria with Albert. There was to be a formal dinner-party that evening; and, as the luggage of the princes had not arrived, they could not appear, but they came in after dinner, in spite of their morning-dresses. Friday was not past before the queen had begun to direct the most friendly demonstrations toward the prince. On Saturday she wrote to Uncle Leopold: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very *fascinating*." On Sunday she had settled the question for herself, and on Monday morning she sent for Lord Melbourne, the prime-minister, and told him that she had made up her mind to the marriage. The old statesman replied: "I am very glad of it. You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time in whatever position she may be." That same evening one of the prince's attendants was directed to intimate to him that her majesty wished to speak to him next day. He happened to have gone out hunting in the morning before the message was delivered. He was back by noon, and in half an hour went to her apartment, where he found her alone. He shall tell for himself what followed:

"The queen sent for me alone to her room, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of heartiness and love, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her over-happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked upon it as a

sacrifice: the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together."

The pair, thus oddly betrothed, lost no time in settling other matters which are usually postponed for a while; for before she slept the queen wrote to Uncle Leopold:

"My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. Lord Melbourne has acted in this business with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February."

Having taken for herself the privilege of popping the question, it was quite in order that the queen should press that an early day should be named. But one may imagine that the prince was somewhat surprised at the brief time allowed him. Instead of a four years' engagement, to which he was prepared to accede, less than as many months was proposed. He was, indeed, not a little bewildered by the exuberance of the queen's demonstrations. On the day following her avowal he wrote to Stockmar: "Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often puzzled to believe that I should be the object of so much affection. More, or more seriously, I cannot write; I am at this moment too much bewildered to do so." Victoria had been a little ahead of him in announcing the news to Stockmar, to whom on the evening of the engagement she had written: "I do feel so guilty. I do not know how to begin my letter. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best." Uncle Leopold was of course jubilant when the tidings reached him. He wrote: "I had, when I learned your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness. And just because I was convinced of it, and knew how strangely Fate often changes what one tries to bring about, as being the best thing one could fix upon, I feared that it would not happen."

The course of true love ran smoothly when it had once begun to flow. The two princes remained in England for a month, and, before it was over, the love of Albert had come to be as deep and earnest as was that of Victoria. The time passed very pleasantly. The queen was wont to breakfast in her own room, after which she received the princes there, and at two o'clock they had luncheon with her

and her mother. In the afternoon they all rode out, the ladies and gentlemen in attendance forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week. There seems to have been only one notable incident—a review of troops in the park—which is thus described by the queen in her journal:

"At ten minutes to twelve I set off in my Windsor uniform and cap, on my old charger, 'Leopold,' with my beloved Albert, looking so handsome in his green Coburg uniform, on my right. A horrid day! Cold—dreadfully blowing—and, in addition, raining hard when we had been out a few minutes. It, however, ceased when we came to the ground. I rode alone down the ranks, and then took my place, as usual, with dearest Albert on my right, and saw the troops move past. It was piercingly cold, and I had my cape on, which dearest Albert settled comfortably for me. He was so cold, being *en grande tenue*, with high boots. We cantered home again, and went in to show ourselves to poor Ernest, who had seen all from a window."

The secret was closely kept until the princes had left for home, and then the privy council was convened to hear the announcement. They assembled to the number of eighty-two. First on the list was the Duke of Cambridge, then came the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the names of dukes and marquises, earls and viscounts, barons and knights. Last on the list was the greatest name of all, "Mr. Macaulay." The queen wore a bracelet with the prince's picture: "It seemed," she wrote in her journal, "to give me courage. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. I read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when all was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the privy council, asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes."

The announcement of the approaching marriage of the queen to almost anybody would have been welcome to the British people for many reasons. Not the least of these was that it promised finally to sever the connection with Hanover, which had since George I. been a burden to England, and with its odious king, their own Duke of Cumberland, who was still next in descent to the English crown. The succession in Hanover was according to the Salic law; that is, males only succeed to or transmit the sovereignty. The English law of succession is semi-Salic; that is, males in the same degree of consanguinity take precedence of females; but females take precedence of males in a more remote degree. Accordingly, upon the death of William IV., Victoria became Queen of England, and the Duke of Cumberland King of Hanover, and the union of the crowns ceased; but if the queen should die without heirs, the King of Hanover or his successor would become the lawful King of England, and the crowns would be reunited. Although the queen could marry whom she pleased without asking leave of anybody, still Parliament had the power to fix

the status of her consort, the allowance which should be granted him, and many other things affecting his comfort and dignity. Party spirit ran high, and the opposition were eager for any opportunity to thwart and annoy the ministry. From this were to arise many things which vexed the queen, and gave the prince forewarnings that his position would not be a bed of roses.

An allowance must of course be settled upon the husband of the queen. In the few cases at all analogous to this, the sum had been fifty thousand pounds a year; and it was assumed by the queen and the ministry that this precedent would now be followed. But it was a time of great financial distress; the cry for economy was raised, and an effort was made in the House of Commons to reduce the allowance to twenty-one thousand pounds. This failed; but the most that the ministry could do was to obtain a grant of thirty thousand pounds. This greatly vexed the queen, who could not see why Parliament should deal less liberally with her husband than it had dealt with his uncle upon his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, or with Queen Adelaide upon her becoming the queen of William IV.

Still more annoying were the proceedings in the House of Peers upon the question of precedence—a matter which to us seems of trifling importance. What matters it whether one man walks before or behind another, or sits next to another, or at a little distance? It was, after a great deal of acrimony, decided by an enactment that the queen might issue letters-patent granting to the prince, except when otherwise provided by act of Parliament, "pre-eminence and place next her majesty." Several members of the royal family strenuously opposed this, especially the King of Hanover. In 1856, when the prince and the queen visited Napoleon III., and the prince was treated as a royal personage, the King of Hanover refused to go to Paris to meet them, because he would not give precedence to one whom he recognized only as a younger brother of the Duke of Coburg; and in 1845, when they were making a tour on the Rhine, the King of Prussia refused to give the prince a seat by the queen because there was present an archduke, the third son of an uncle of the Emperor of Austria, who claimed the place in virtue of the venerable law of precedence.

February 10, 1840, was to be the marriage-day, and late in January the prince, accompanied by his father and brother, set out from Gotha, by way of Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, Dunkirk, and Calais. The journey was marked by several petty annoyances. The weather was bitterly cold and the ground covered with snow, through which the eight carriages and baggage-wagons dragged heavily. At the frontier of the duchy an evergreen arch had been thrown over the road, under which were a band of musicians and singers, and a bevy of girls in thin muslin and flower-garlands shivering in the keen northeast wind. The bridge over the Rhine at Cologne was down, and they had to cross the icy river in boats under a heavy rain. At Aix-la-Chapelle the prince, while

at dinner, picked up a newspaper detailing the unpleasant proceedings in Parliament. He wrote to the queen: "You may easily imagine the very unpleasant effect produced upon me by the news of the truly most unseemly vote of the House of Commons about my annuity. In the House of Lords, too, people have made themselves unnecessarily disagreeable. All I have time to say is that, while I possess your love, they cannot make me unhappy." They reached Liège long after dark, and had to listen to a brass-band playing under the windows, followed by a serenade of peasants, which kept them awake till two hours past midnight. At Dunkirk the prince and his father came near being overturned into the ditch of the fortress. The carriage was broken, and it was half-past eleven before they reached Calais. The passage across the straits was long and tedious, and all were seasick. The duke lay helpless and groaning below, and the two princes were in a like state on each side of the cabin staircase. The tide had fallen, and they could hardly enter the harbor at Dover, but the poor prince had to pick himself up, gulp down his qualms, and look smiling and happy as he bowed to the crowds on the pier. They set out for London in the morning in the midst of a drenching rain, and reached Buckingham Palace on the evening of the 8th, where the oath of naturalization was duly administered by the lord-chancellor, and the prince became a British subject.

The marriage was celebrated in the royal chapel of the palace of St. James, with all due ceremonial, at an hour past noon. Then came a formal wedding "breakfast" at Buckingham Palace, and, as darkness was setting in, the young couple, neither of whom had seen twenty-one summers, set out for Windsor Castle, where for the first time they were to become really acquainted, for, with the exception of two periods of a month each, they had never met until two days before they solemnly pledged themselves each to take the other for all their lives for better for worse until death should them part. True, the Queen of England had fallen suddenly in love with the handsome Albert of Coburg; but so had Mary Queen of Scots with the no less handsome Henry Darnley, and all the world knew how brief was the interval between their bridal-day and the tragedy at the Kirk of the Fields. Would history now repeat itself? The day had been dark and rainy, and it was looked upon as a happy omen that, just before the *cortège* set out for Windsor, the setting sun broke out in full brightness.

During the four months which passed between the betrothal and the marriage, the prince had well considered the part which he would play in his new position. Ten years later he had occasion to write down what had been his idea of the duties which that position would impose upon him. He says:

"This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. While a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long-run, will be found to be even

stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the sovereign should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself; should shun all contention; assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers; fill up every gap which as a woman she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions; continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her—sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the government, he is, besides, the husband of the queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister."

To show how patiently, wisely, and laboriously, Prince Albert set about the execution of the plan which he had marked out for himself, and how, not without encountering innumerable obstacles, he came to be all, and more than all, he proposed to be, is the main design of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." We cannot follow him in his narrative of the political affairs of the day, but must confine ourselves to topics which elucidate the personal character of the man. We may, however, safely say that, although he held no official position until 1857, when the title of prince consort was conferred upon him, yet for the last ten years of his life he was in fact more really King of Great Britain than was any one who had worn the royal crown since Elizabeth; and, when he died, the queen was amply justified in saying, "It would now be, in fact, the beginning of a new reign."

The first difficulty, and perhaps the most trying of all, which the prince had to encounter was to take his place as "natural head of his family." Within three months of his marriage he wrote to an old university comrade: "In my home-life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, and not the master in the house." The members of the royal family nearest in blood to the queen were nowise pleased with the marriage which she had contracted, and made no secret of their chagrin that her choice had not fallen upon some scion of the royal house. Why, for instance, had she not chosen Prince George, eldest son of his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, instead of a mere younger son of the Duke of Coburg? They endeavored, and for a while apparently not without some success, to convince the queen that she, as sovereign, must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the state, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects. But she soon came to respect as well as love him, and to feel and declare that the marriage-vow to "obey," as well as to "love and honor," was as binding upon queen as upon peasant. But still he could not even manage his own household without trenching upon what had

come to be recognized as the vested rights and privileges of others. He was in the midst of vast royal establishments, into which abuses had crept from reign to reign, and behind every abuse is somebody who has an interest in keeping it up. Thus, the Baroness Lehzen had been the governess of the princess from childhood, and when the princess became queen, she had almost imperceptibly come to be housekeeper; and what housekeeper in a family was ever willing to be set aside from her occupation?

The ministry assumed the right to name the personal attendants even of the queen, and not long before there had been a "cabinet crisis" because she would not dismiss her ladies of the bedchamber. The prince could not hope to fare better. The groom of the stole, the lords in waiting, the equerries, and the grooms in waiting, who were supposed to take care of his wardrobe, wait for his orders, carry his messages, and see to his horses, were all named by the ministers. As these were all noble lords, or colonels and captains in the army, we may suppose that some political importance attached to their nominal duties, and the head of the house accepted them cheerfully enough. But he was not a little vexed that he could not be allowed to choose his own private secretary, having to accept one who was specially distasteful to him.

It was several years before the prince and queen together could make household matters in the royal palaces run smoothly. While nominally master and mistress there, they were in reality little better than lodgers in an hotel, where the landlord and servants had no reason to care whether or no the guests were made comfortable. The palace was officially under the control of three great officers of state, the lord-steward, the lord-chamberlain, and the master of the horse, while the outside was to be looked after by the office of woods and forests. These officers were changed with every change of ministry, and each had a governing voice in the regulation of the royal household. None of them were on the spot, and only the lord-steward had even a deputy to represent him, so that two-thirds of the great army of servants had nobody in particular to whom they were responsible. The functions belonging to the several sets of masterless servants had come to be so cut up that it was almost a matter of chance whether the most common duties would be performed. If a fire was wanted, it was the place of the lord-steward's servants to put the coal in the grate, but the lord-chamberlain's servants must light it. The lord-steward provided the lamps and candles; but the lord-chamberlain trimmed and lighted them. If a window required cleaning, the servants of the lord-chamberlain must wash the inside, and those of the woods and forests the outside; and it was by no means to be assumed that both sets would agree upon a time; and, "before a broken pane of glass could be set or a closet-door mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be secured, that months might pass before the repairs would be effected."

The prince began early to try to put an end to

this state of affairs, but was met by the opposition of Sir Robert Peel, who had just succeeded Lord Melbourne as prime-minister. He deprecated any change which should seem to impair the authority of the lord-steward and the lord-chamberlain, and, by making them subordinate to any new control under these officials, "less an object of ambition than they at present are to very distinguished members of the House of Peers." To which the prince could only reply: "I agree that ancient institutions and prescriptive usages in the court ought never to be touched by the queen but with the maturest reflection and caution. But, much as I am inclined to treat the household machine with a sort of reverence from its antiquity, I still remain convinced that it is clumsy in its original construction, and works so ill that, as long as its wheels are not mended, there can be neither order, regularity, comfort, security, nor outward dignity in the queen's palace." It was not until four years after that the three great officers came to an agreement to confer upon the "master of the household" absolute authority over the whole internal economy of the palace.

It was slowly and almost imperceptibly that the prince began to acquire any actual influence in the government. Six months after his marriage, he wrote to his father: "Victoria allows me to take an active part in foreign affairs, and I think I have done some good. I always commit my views to paper, and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers me, but I have the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said." The old politician—one can hardly call him a statesman—at that time evidently looked upon the prince as a clever lad who might in time come to be something; and later, when he was driven from office, took occasion to assure the queen that he "had formed the highest opinion of his royal highness's judgment, temper, and discretion." Wiser men than Melbourne—such men as Peel, Russell, and finally even Palmerston, who successively became ministers—recognized the high qualities of the prince, and welcomed his exercise of the commanding influence which they knew him to exercise over the queen. We now can see, what few men had seen even at the time when the prince so prematurely died, that it was—indirectly, indeed, but not the less actually—in no slight degree owing to him that England passed unscathed through the revolutionary years 1848 and 1849, when the so seemingly stable throne of Louis Philippe—whose councils had for eighteen years seemed to most men as though one had inquired of the oracles of God—went down like a structure of cards; and when not merely the petty German states, but even Austria and Prussia, appeared likely to be overswept by the surging deluge of democracy.

The prince, indeed, grew to the greatness of the occasions which presented themselves; but the germ of all his influence lay in the unquestioned and unquestionable purity of his own life, and the high moral tone which he and the queen gave to the English court. The wise old Stockmar wrote in 1854:



"How valuable, in and for itself, is the moral purity of the sovereign, I have had it in my power to observe for sixteen years, and to compare with what had fallen under my notice under George IV. and William IV. during the twenty-two preceding years. Let men like the late Lord Melbourne exclaim as they please, 'That damned morality is sure to ruin everything!' I, on the other hand, can testify before God that the English machine works smoothly and well only when the sovereign is upright and truthful; and that, when he has been insincere, mendacious, and wicked, it has creaked, and fouled, and jolted to within an ace of coming to a deadlock."

The prince had perceived all this from the very outset, and from the moment of his establishment as the husband of the queen his first object was not merely to maintain but to raise the character of the court. To do this he knew that his own character must be not only pure but unsuspected. He knew that the English people of all ranks and all parties were suspicious of foreigners; that his every action would be scanned and criticised, and not always in a friendly spirit; that his goings-out and his comings-in would be closely watched; and he resolved so to order his life that scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He abjured many of the most innocent pleasures. Save in his own domestic privacy, all the world might know where and how every hour of his time was spent. He paid no visits in general society. He denied himself the pleasure of walking at will through the city. Wherever he rode or drove, he was always accompanied by an equerry, and was wont to ride through all the districts of London where any improvements were going on, especially such as looked to the health or recreations of the working-classes. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked; but his horses might be seen waiting for him before the studios of artists, the museums of art or science, the institutions for benevolence or culture, but never before the doors of dissipation or mere fashion.

No English sovereign ever did half as much as did Prince Albert for the encouragement of science and the arts, the promotion of education, and the improvement of the condition of the common people. In 1841 he was made President of the Fine Arts Commission. In 1847 he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and it was at his suggestion, and not a little through his efforts, that the course of study was lifted out of its ancient ruts, and made to recognize that in the nineteenth century there is something worth studying besides mathematics and the classics. He was the real projector of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and to him, more than to any other man, is due the credit of its ultimate success. Some idea of the extent of his labors in this general direction may be gathered from the volume containing his "Public Speeches and Addresses."

Yet the prince was certainly not popular with a very large class until within the last six years of his life. At the close of 1853, when the Crimean War was just on the point of breaking out, a great clamor was raised against him. People just then began to

find out that for several years he had exercised a decided influence in the royal councils, and the cry was lifted up that he was the secret tool of foreign powers. Lord Palmerston had resigned the post of foreign minister, and it was charged that he was compelled to do so on account of the hostility of the prince, who was said to be in league with the Orleans family and the Emperors of Russia and Austria. In a long letter to Stockmar, from which we quote a few paragraphs, the prince gives an account of some of the difficulties which then environed him:

"We might fancy we were living in a mad-house. One great element is the hostility and settled bitterness of the old High Tory or Protectionist party against me on account of my friendship with the late Sir Robert Peel, and of my success with the Exhibition. . . . Another principal element is the army (the Senior United Service Club, with all its grumblers). Lord Raglan (Fitzroy Somerset) has never forgotten his not having been made commander-in-chief; and his thirty years' military secretaryship has created for him a large following, who are personally hostile to Lord Hardinge, and regard me as the cause of his promotion; and the confidential intercourse of Lord Hardinge and myself has confirmed the belief that he is only the prince's tool. The resignation of General Browne, the adjutant-general, after an unseemly wrangle with Lord Hardinge about a question as to the weight of knapsacks, was made the signal for the outbreak. Palmerston and Browne, the only independent Englishmen, were driven out by Coburg influence! The Radicals are *ex officio* ever on the watch to loosen the hold of the crown upon the army, and to play into the hands of the House of Commons; so here was an admirable *trouville* for them. Military despotism and Russian sympathies were so thoroughly congenial—jobs and secret court influences were such a popular theme—that a section of the press could wish for nothing better. But it was also welcome in the Protectionist shop, for there the Somersets were at home, and Hardinge was Peel's bosom friend. . . . On a very important substratum of the people these calumnies were certain to have an effect. When I first came over I was met by a want of knowledge as to what is really the position of that luckless personage, the queen's husband. Peel cut down my income; Wellington refused me my rank; the royal family cried out against the foreign interloper; the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at a public dinner or meeting extolled my 'wise abstinence from interfering in political matters.' Now that the fact has been brought to light, that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public fancied itself betrayed because it had been self-deceived. It has also rushed all at once into a belief in secret correspondence with foreign courts, intrigues, etc.; for all this is much more probable than that thirty millions of men in the course of fourteen years should not have discovered that an important personage had during all that time taken a part in their government. If that could be concealed, then all kinds of secret conspiracies are possible, and the Coburg conspiracy is proved to a demonstration. . . . You will scarcely credit that my being committed to the Tower was believed all over the country—nay, even that the queen had been arrested. People surrounded the Tower in thousands to see us brought to it!"



The matter was brought before Parliament in a manner which the prince was almost justified in styling "the debates on my impeachment." The result was, that his course was fully justified, and on the 1st of February the queen wrote joyfully to Stockmar: "I write to you in the fullness of joy at the triumphant refutation of all the calumnies in the two Houses of Parliament. The position of my beloved lord and master has been defined *once and for all*, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly." A week before, Prince Albert had written to Baron Stockmar respecting the probabilities of a war with Russia. He says:

"In the Eastern question the ball continues to roll down-hill. 'Things had begun make strong themselves by ill,' says Shakespeare; and the Emperor Nicholas is a case in point. We shall not be able to avoid war, and in this pass we find our neighbor and only ally in anything but a warlike mood. If he keeps of the same mind, the desire for war, which with us here has gone up to fever-

heat, will cool; but then it will be too late. The worst thing about it is, that it cannot be carried on to any effective end. Russia is a vast and ponderous mass, upon which blows upon the few spots where they can be planted will make no deep impression. If Prussia and Austria go with us, then the case is altered, and war becomes practically impossible for Russia."

With these wise and weighty words, as applicable in 1876 as in 1854, the second volume of Mr. Martin's work comes to a close. The first volume was undoubtedly somewhat of a disappointment. It seemed that the author had undertaken a work beyond his capacity. The second volume evinces that the two years which have been devoted to its preparation have been well spent. The work gains almost immeasurably in every respect, and gives fair promise that when completed in another volume it will be the best history yet produced of England during the period from 1840 to 1861.

## SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

GODS of the desert! Ye are they  
We shun from childhood's earliest breath;  
Our passing joys are but your prey,  
We are your own from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep,  
Under warm trees where love was born,  
We watch your haughty shadows creep,  
We wait to meet ye there forlorn.

We follow love with streaming eyes,  
We shudder in the speechless gloom;  
And when your awful forms arise,  
Our hearts must die to give ye room.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest,  
Carven in stone, where ancient thought  
Wrapped ye in terrors, shapes unblest;  
Dreadful, by might of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shore  
Sleeps the great desert—everywhere  
That joy hath been, and is no more,  
May be the desert of despair.

Like carven stone, our joy may sit  
Forever, while we stand and gaze,  
Till, bending all our hearts to it,  
We vanish like the autumn haze.

Gods of the desert! speak to me!  
Ye draw me to your swelling breasts;  
Through your calm eyes now first I see  
The Past and Future are my guests.

Ye awful messengers! who come  
To every spirit born of earth,  
How gently in the stricken home  
Dawns the strange beauty of your worth!

On ye I lean my lonely limbs,  
I nestle toward your breathing sides:  
Sweeter than all our earth-born hymns,  
Your voices come on winds and tides.

Yours is the heart that lives, when dead  
Is summer and the autumn cloud;  
Ye have a grace to lift the head  
Above the wave, above the shroud.

For, in your presence, there alone  
The holy spirit calls to each;  
Not to another, but to one,  
We stand to hear your soundless speech.

The mysteries of the earth are then  
Wrought into energy of days;  
Action that knows no fear of men,  
Duty that knows no devious ways.

Ye show the lovely way-side rose,  
Whose antique grace is born anew  
For our sad eyes: Grief only knows  
How tender is the sunset's hue!

Heart of the Unseen! By the hands  
Of these thine angels are we brought  
To find thy peaceful pasture-lands,  
And drink of fountains else unsought.

A. F.

AGNES ABERCASTLE.

BY M. E. W. S.

"SO, after fifteen years' separation, Bardsley leaves everything to his wife, and nothing to his son!" said Mr. Tyerman to a knot of men who were talking over the American news at their banker's, in Paris.

"It is a great tribute to her," said another.

"Yes; I suspect Bardsley had some sins to atone for, but leaving this young man dependent on his mother's generosity is rather hard on him," said still a third.

"No," said Mr. Tyerman. "It is the quality in Mrs. Bardsley's nature to appeal to."

The other men walked away, smiling.

"Perhaps Tyerman will not love her less as a rich widow," said one.

To Alfred Bardsley the disposition of his father's fortune was one of those blows which at first fell a man to the ground. He had been taught to respect and love his absent mamma; her image had been treasured by him as the most precious and beautiful in the world. But he did not know her; he had not seen her for fifteen years, and his father had been everything to him. To be sure, Mr. Bardsley had been in no sense an affectionate or a domestic man. He was a person entirely devoted to fashion and a gay life. But he seemed to love his son, and had in a careless way taken good care of him; but he died, and left him not a penny—every cent to his mother, whom Alfred had scarcely seen. It was an anxious moment when mother and son met!

When he did see her, he saw a very beautiful, small, dimpled woman, swinging a pretty foot in a pink slipper. She was not too old for him to have made love to had their relations been different; and she saw a very big fellow, who had her own delicate features made over on a larger pattern, her own chestnut hair, and clear skin. She recognized her own rosy finger-nails on his strong hand, and the arch of her own white teeth repeated in his. Alfred commanded her admiration; whether he touched her heart or not was another question.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu hated her son Edward, and always spoke of him as "that person." The Countess of Macclesfield detested her son, poor Richard Savage, and ill-treated him. It was not quite so marked a case with the beautiful, coquettish Mrs. Bardsley: she at least did one affectionate and proper thing—she gave her son a handsome allowance.

"Draw it and spend it as you please, Alfred—I shall never inquire; live with me, in town and country, and, if you marry to suit me, you shall have it all. In leaving me his fortune, your father made me a tardy reparation for great wrongs. I shall not wrong you."

Yet the combination was not a happy one. A mother and son can scarcely take up such a relationship at once, with no memories of tenderness or inti-

macy on either side. She could not, if she had wished to, alter the whole course of her life and thoughts for him; men would admire her and court her society; she had always said sharp things, she could not stop saying them. Some whimsical sense of the absurdity of her being the mother of this great fellow was always coming over her; she had a sort of idea that she ought to correct his faults; so that Alfred, who loved and admired her half the day, generally hated her the other half; they quarreled and made up, talked and laughed and sang together one day—were speechless the next.

He was profoundly selfish and very conceited, yet as honorable and truthful as a man could be; she was brilliant, witty, and clear-headed, of a light and pleasure-loving nature, which had had a remarkable swing, developing itself just as Nature had intended it to grow, so that she was far more amiable and lovely, far more generous and frank, than are such women generally, and, either from principle or from native coolness of heart, she was far above scandal. It never touched her.

But Alfred hated her adorers. The lover of the mother of a grown-up son has a disagreeable rôle to play if the son is at hand. Alfred and his mother were always having a little bout like the following, but not always quite so friendly:

"Good-morning, mamma," said Alfred, swinging his cane; "I think I shall walk to the Gentsians this morning."

"Yes, I dare say, and stay to dinner."

"That depends on whether they ask me."

"Is Emma Clinton there?" said Mrs. Bardsley.

"Yes, and Miss Tenniswood and Grace Wheatley."

"Then, of course, they will ask you, for they need some men."

"Mamma, I wish you would not speak of men as if they were such rubbish. You simply regard them as appendages to your watch-chain, humble belongings of your own lovely sex. Now, it seems to me we were born to do something—build houses, build steamboats, build bridges."

"Have you ever built any?"

"No, mamma; but I may."

"I hope you may. You are very good-looking, exceedingly well-dressed, and very conceited, yet such young men sometimes do something. Marry Miss Tenniswood; she is the cleverest girl I ever saw. She will make something of you, and you will be proud of her. Marriage is unhappy; it is slavery; but, if you gain such a companion and helpmeet as Miss Tenniswood, I shall congratulate you; and, if you are unhappy, it is your own fault."

"If you think so badly of marriage, mamma, why do you encourage Mr. Tyerman? I hear from others that you intend to marry him."

"No; I don't intend, but I am not at all sure

what I shall do. The very fact that I don't want to marry him may lead me to do it. I shall tell you in time, Alfred; meantime, carry him this note, if you are going to the Gentians."

Surely here was an aggravating mamma! But Alfred took the note meekly and walked off. He had his own little chapter of love-affair to attend to. There was Mr. Tyerman's niece, Emma Clinton, and the beautiful Tenniswood, and Grace Wheatley, all waiting for him. He had been a good deal spoiled by these girls; they all flattered him in their different ways, for he had as much fascination in his lazy, selfish way as his pretty mamma had; that was an inheritance out of which he had not been cheated.

As he walked from the fine old, rambling country-house with its avenue of oaks, which he had been accustomed to consider his own, but which was not his, he thought of Emma Clinton's gray eyes, of Miss Tenniswood's splendid figure, of Miss Wheatley's shy graces, and wondered which of them he liked best.

He knew that Grace Wheatley was deeply and tenderly in love with him, and therefore he cared the least for her. In the immediate state of his affections this young sultan wished to throw the handkerchief himself—he did not wish to catch it.

Emma Clinton was very cool, very agreeable, and as profound a coquette as ever breathed. She had a game ready, or a book ready, or a smile ready, for every phase of Alfred's chameleon taste. She was very pretty, perhaps the perfection of prettiness, and had that frank, totally unaffected manner which is attractive to young men—not hoydenish, but the next door to being "a good fellow."

But Miss Tenniswood was a great beauty—one of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, tall, graceful, overwhelming kind. Not a point was missing about Miss Tenniswood; she was brilliant, too, and full of accomplishment and knowledge of the world, a girl always admired, talked about, quoted, and, for some reason or other, willing to marry Alfred Bardsley. She had left Newport early, and was chasing young turkeys round Mr. Tyerman's retired country-place, in the most sylvan manner, with a broad hat on, and a red parasol in her hand which had an alarming effect on the turkey major. No one but Miss Tenniswood knew why she had abandoned Bellevue Avenue for the turkeys.

Then Grace Wheatley, soft and blushing, and easily confused, was very pretty in her way. Perhaps she was the most womanly of the three. She was a little too *emboupoint*, Alfred thought, and decidedly too sensitive. She would fix her great troubled, beautiful eyes on him with such an unmistakable air of adoration, that it made cold chills run down his back.

He would have liked Miss Tenniswood immensely, if he could have forgotten certain passages with Emma, and he would have liked Emma entirely (she was very sweet) if he didn't remember quite so clearly how Grace leaned out of a window once, to catch her canary, and he had seen a beautiful wealth of hair fall down long below her waist, and an arm as

white as snow reaching out of the window. When Grace was catching canaries, and not trying to catch him, she was delightful.

And then he thought how he should find them up at Mr. Tyerman's place, all pretending to be busy, and engrossed in embroidery, turkeys, canaries, and geraniums, but really waiting for him; and his heart swelled a little: he made up his mind that, to be good-looking and twenty-three, was no light matter for self-gratulation.

He paused as he reached a certain point in his walk where he could command his mother's place—a place which he had always expected would be his, but which was hers. He saw her cream-colored ponies coming down the avenue. Yes, there she was, driving her phaeton, and, even at that distance, he could see how graceful, young, and attractive, she was; and the thought of her possible marriage, and of Mr. Tyerman, filled him with disgust. He struck off into the woods, and came presently to a wild, deserted old graveyard, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet were buried. Something prompted him to go in and read the humble inscriptions.

As he read how those who had gone over to the majority, had been born, so-and-so, and had died, so-and-so, he heard a fresh, young voice singing, "Vedrai Carino." There was something so unexpected and so incomprehensible in the conjunction of Don Giovanni and this graveyard, that he paused almost as did that hero when he saw the ghost.

"Vedrai Carino!" said he. "I don't know anybody but Miss Tenniswood who could sing that. Can she be here?"

He looked behind a clump of firs, and there saw a figure in black strewing flowers on a grave. It was a young and slender figure, and the hands that held the flowers were very white.

His step had roused the attention of the girl, who was kneeling there.

She turned upon him a face which reminded him of the Cenci—it was so pale, so sad, and so unusual. She stopped singing, and looked at him as if frightened.

"Why are you here?" said she. "You have no right here."

He stepped back quickly.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "I would not intrude on your grief."

The girl got up slowly, and went to him; she took his hand and drew him slowly toward the grave.

"Who do you think lies there?" said she.

He read the name:

"AGNES ABERCASTLE,  
AGED FORTY-FIVE YEARS,  
DIED IN NEW YORK OCTOBER 1, 1870."

"Your mother, perhaps?" said the young man, tenderly.

"Yes, my mother, my only friend, the only one who believed me innocent," said the girl, kneeling again on the ground, and arranging her flowers.

And then Alfred saw by the expression of her eyes that she was insane, and the thought flashed

across him that she had strayed from the asylum at the top of the hill.

She began to sing again, this time in a wild and irregular strain, but with a brilliant finish, and with a voice of such power and quality that Alfred listened in silent admiration.

"You know how to sing?" said he.

"Yes; I know how to sing. I can make great crowds listen to me and applaud! Oh how they used to applaud! but it did no good, it did no good; it did not keep me out of prison. No, men came and peered at me, and called me thief; and my mother sickened and died, and here she lies. Do you know I cannot shed a tear, not one tear?" said she, looking at Alfred with a despair which touched his very soul.

"But have you no friends?" said he.

"Yes! I had a great many, but I have none now—none but *this one*. Sometimes she comes to see me; and, do you know, when I look out of the window up there" (and she pointed to the asylum), "I see her standing *here*, on this grave, all in white?"

And the girl gave a long, loud laugh, which rang through the inclosure.

Alfred shuddered, although the sunlight, warm and cheerful, lay on the picture before him. He tried to think of some word of consolation; his education was many-sided, and included many languages, still he could think of nothing to say. Of what use to him were Greek and Latin, what use French and German, before this distraught soul, this victim of some terrible wrong?

She looked up and caught his eye.

"You look kind," said she; "you will befriend me: go and tell them I never took the jewels; go and tell them I am innocent. You will befriend me, perhaps?" said she, piteously.

"Yes," said Alfred, "I will befriend you. Tell me your story; what is it?"

But the poor brain had not coherence enough for this. She was singing again, and had forgotten all about him.

Just then Alfred saw an elderly woman approaching—one whom he rightly supposed to be an attendant upon the asylum. He advanced a few steps and spoke to her.

"A hopeless case," said the woman, "but quite harmless. We let her come here, as it gives her pleasure; but she is incurable, poor thing!—the victim of some wrong, I fear.—Come, Agnes, come; it is dinner-time." And the woman took hold of her not unkindly.

Agnes shook her off, and clung to her mother's grave. She had the maniac instinct to hate her keeper.

"Come with me, Agnes, and sing to me," said Alfred. "I can sing a little, and I will sing to you. Sing me 'Vedrai Carino' again." And he sang a bar or two himself.

The love of her art, the sound of a clear, true voice, the sympathy and the unexpectedness, aroused the poor girl. She took the arm of her attendant,

and looked at Alfred with something like a smile; and so they walked, singing, until they reached the gate of the gloomy institution, into which she vanished.

This unexpected encounter had driven all other thoughts from Alfred's mind, and he almost tumbled over Miss Tenniswood's red parasol as he entered Mr. Tyerman's inclosure.

That great beauty sat under a spreading tree, with a Gainsborough hat shading her perfect features, and the red parasol reposing on the greensward near her.

"I am reading letters from Newport," said she. "Do you want to hear the gossip?" And she gave him her hand with much cordiality.

"Yes, I should like to hear," said Alfred, as he threw himself gallantly at her feet.

Miss Tenniswood was very handsome; he thought he had never seen her look so well. Her letters had brought her interesting news, and her cheeks had a splendid color. She read him items of engagements and receptions, and some accounts of the "unhappiness of the McBrides, and that story about the Claibornes, and the Cherimoya scandal, you know."

"Yes," said Alfred, absently, "'Vedrai Carino.'" And he began to whistle.

"What?" said Miss Tenniswood, looking astonished.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tenniswood. I am dreadfully absent-minded; and I have had such a singular adventure."

At this moment Emma and Grace appeared. Alfred sprang to his feet. Emma gave him a sidelong glance out of her gray eyes, and a calm pressure of the hand. Grace gave him a vivid blush and an awkward stare. Her hand was cold and clammy when he took it. Poor girl! she could not help it; but her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth when she tried to speak to him.

"A singular adventure! Do tell it to us," said Miss Tenniswood.

"I have seen a crazy beauty in a graveyard, who sings," said Alfred.

"And have caught a little of the infection," said Emma, gently.

Then Alfred told the three girls the whole story.

"Did you learn her name?" said Miss Tenniswood, calmly.

"Yes," said Alfred; "it was Agnes Abercastle."

"Oh, indeed! then I know all about her. She was a singer in New York, very pretty and very highly spoken of. She sang with a foreign prima-donna, who charged her with stealing her jewels one night. She was arrested with some of them in her pocket, tried for it, and sent to prison. She has gone mad, has she? I suppose the temptation to steal was too much for her. Poor girl! I remember hearing her sing."

"Perhaps she was innocent?" said Grace.

"No, very unlikely; those people never are," said Miss Tenniswood.



"It is only we who have no temptation who are innocent," said Emma.

"So you have heard her story? how very strange!" said Alfred.

"Oh, yes! it was in all the papers. Some people said the foreign prima-donna was jealous of her, and that it was a scheme to ruin her; but I think they decided that she was a thief. She disappeared, and I have never heard of her since; but it is such a queer name that I remembered it—Agnes Abercastle. Is she pretty?"

"Yes, very beautiful, I should say—in the Cenci style."

The three girls were silent, and looked depressed. It is not pleasant to have the only beau in the neighborhood confess that anybody is in the Cenci style.

"My uncle is coming this way," said Emma, as a tall, slender figure in black appeared from some distant shrubbery.

Mr. Tyerman was a pale, elderly gentleman, with an aristocratic set of features, long white teeth, and thin hair, with a very decided "*ci-devant-jeune-homme*" air. In fact, he looked exactly what he was—a rather worn-out man of fashion and pleasure. There were complimentary rumors in the neighborhood of Mr. Tyerman having been dangerous in his youth, and he was not retired from business yet—witness his flirtation with Mrs. Bardsley. However, that was an old affair, as some one said of the sudden marriage of a widow almost too soon after the departure of the late incumbent—"but, then, you know, it was an old attachment."

Mr. Tyerman had been in Paris many years, and had ever been a friend and admirer of Mrs. Bardsley. She had had too many such Platonisms for this to attract any very great attention; yet when, after her widowhood, his attentions continued in even a more marked manner, people began to remember the past.

"How are you, Alfred?" said Mr. Tyerman, in that very suave manner of his. "I hope you will stay to dinner. I was just about to send over for you; in fact, here is a note my sister wrote you this morning."

"Thanks," said Alfred, rather sulkily. "Here is a note mamma intrusted me with. I believe she wants to borrow your gardener to arrange her grapevines, or something."

Mr. Tyerman received his note with a smile, as if the "or something" might be nearer and dearer than a gardener.

When Alfred sat down to talk to Miss Tyerman, who was an elderly lady, looking just so much like her elegant brother as a rocking-horse looks like a real horse, he felt a little relieved; for he had been conscious all the morning that he was not so peremptorily agreeable to the three girls as he had been. A cloud rested over the little party, and all were glad when the half-hour bell rang.

Miss Tyerman had one engrossing passion. Family pride was her business in life; she knitted the coat of arms into the afghan, and crocheted it in

the anti-macassars; had it assiduously embossed on the silver, and put in the stained glass of the dining-room windows; she had been plain, and rich, and proud, all her life; and when her gay brother, rather elderly, rather disappointed, a little soured, came home from a life of pleasure, and proposed to spend the rest of his days with her, she was delighted, and embroidered a whole set of furniture-covers, with the dolphin rampant, which formed the crest of the Tyermans, and taking home an orphan niece, Emma Clinton, and Grace Wheatley, the daughter of a dear friend, she made the Gentians a very dignified and elegant home for the girls; and Mr. Tyerman filled it at his pleasure with the fashionable traveling public.

"I find from Mrs. Bardsley's note that we are all invited to a *fête* at the Acorns," said Mr. Tyerman, Alfred, at dinner.

Alfred blushed, for he had not been consulted as to this festivity. However, he assumed a composure which he did not feel, and said, carelessly:

"Has mamma decided on a day?"

"Yes; the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, how charming!" said all the girls in chorus; for Mrs. Bardsley was a great favorite with these young ladies. She was an authority in matters of dress, a very fashionable expert, and in town and country the woman of all others to know. She had but to raise her wand, and the best and most desirable men would flock to her *fête*; and all the nice people of the neighborhood, and the birds of glittering plumage from the watering-places, and the citizens of renown, would all be at the Acorns.

The well-regulated pulses of Miss Tenniswood gave a quicker throb as she looked at handsome Alfred, and felt that on that day he would see her in her most glorious altitude of belledom.

Emma looked tenderly at him out of her gray eyes. There were opportunities at the Acorns which had never been fully tested; retired arbors, pleached alleys, shady, bosky dells, famous for love-making. Emma meant to at least give them a trial on the day after to-morrow.

Grace alone bent her eyes on her plate, and trifled with her grapes, as if they had lost their flavor; and yet Mr. Tyerman's black Hamburgs were justly celebrated.

When Alfred went home he bore the acceptances of the whole party. Mrs. Bardsley was surrounded by a number of friends and neighbors who had come to tea—some people who had arrived from town. She did not notice the cloud on Alfred's brow as he said:

"I did not know anything about the intended *fête*; so, of course, I was in an awkward position."

"Oh, how careless of me!" said Mrs. Bardsley, serenely. "It is for your birthday, and I mean really to have mentioned it—they are all coming, of course?"

"I am of no more consequence to her than one of the servants," said the young man, bitterly.

The next morning he walked up the hill and toward the old graveyard. He heard the same voice



singing, and saw the kneeling figure in black. He waited behind the clump of firs and listened.

She was singing this ballad, in a low voice:

"Because I begged so hard,  
She has at last unbarred  
The treasure-chamber of her fastened heart,  
And Love's feet enter in,  
That waited long to win  
Their way, nor would from closed doors depart:  
His patient, faithful feet  
Find favor with my sweet."

And, like *Ophelia*, she strewed the flowers as she sung.

Alfred looked long and earnestly at her. She was neatly dressed in mourning; there was not the disarray and carelessness of the insane visible about her, except that her long and beautiful fair hair was arranged in an odd way. There was an elaborate puff over her forehead, as if she had begun to arrange it for full dress; and then it hung down over her shoulders in wavy, golden, neglected tresses. She had rather long, straight features, and wide-opened, large eyes, which must have been superb when she was well and joyous. They were heavy laden now, and too full of pain to be beautiful.

"She is the Cenci herself," thought Alfred, as he slowly approached her.

"You have come again; you have come to help," said she, looking at him calmly enough. "She told me you would come—*she*"—pointing to the grave.

"Yes," said Alfred, "I have come to help you and to hear you sing. What is that ballad you are singing?"

"A little thing I used to sing as an *encore*," said she; and she sang it again.

"Have you a piano up there?" said he, pointing to the asylum.

"No, not for me alone; there is one, but I never touch it. I wish that I had one in my own room, where I could sing alone. I want to sing to her sometimes, so I come here and sing."

Then she wandered off to the story of a crowd of men looking at her, the story of her arrest and her trouble, and burst into that dry sobbing, that tearless weeping, which was so pitiful to see.

When her attendant arrived, she looked askance at the handsome young man, and took Agnes rather abruptly by the arm.

"I am going to see Dr. Carpenter with you," said he; and he walked to the asylum with the two.

Mrs. Bardsley's *fille* was an enormous success. She always had "queen's weather;" she did things well herself, and Fate supplemented her. The lawn was covered with gay dresses; before Miss Tyerman's carriage, with the dolphin rampant, arrived (Grace and Emma, and the high-born dame herself, were in it), Miss Tenniswood was driven over by her host, whom she by no means despised as a beau.

Mr. Tyerman might have been an admirer of her mother for aught she knew; but he had the privilege of the superior sex—he could, if he wished, make love to three generations. The tall, aristocratic, rather faded man of fashion, was exceedingly

agreeable. He had seen fine women before; he knew them exceedingly well; and, as he drove his fine horses up the avenue to the Acorns, the beautiful girl at his side looked exceedingly pleased with herself or with him—it matters little which—and a shade of uneasiness crossed the brows of both mother and son, who stood ready to receive them. But Mrs. Bardsley was too old a soldier to show uneasiness, no matter how the battle was going. She had smiles and pretty speeches for both as they alighted.

Miss Tenniswood was immediately carried off by Count Wordenhaupt, the last titled wonder of the world, and Mr. Tyerman took his position near his hostess, as a sort of lover out of livery, while Alfred led Grace and Emma to the group on the lawn, where some music was stationed; Emma was captured by an old adorer, Willy Payson, and Grace was left to Alfred.

She was all in white, and looked uncommonly well; Alfred noticed that she was more composed (perhaps preoccupied) than was her wont. She was a little pale, and it became her. When Alfred asked her to dance she refused, and said she would go and sit by Miss Tyerman. But he took her for a ramble round the ground; showed her the flower-tent, the bower of Pomona, hung with grapes and peaches and pears, and all Mrs. Bardsley's beautiful arrangements.

Grace walked as if in dream; other young men began to discover how prettily she looked, and came up to ask her to dance.

Rather absently she accepted one gay and galloping adorer, and left Alfred.

"What is the matter with Grace?" asked he, of himself; "yesterday a plum ready to drop into my mouth—to-day, insolent!"

However, Emma was ready with a little nod—that air of an interrupted confidence, as if she had simply been talking to Willy Payson *pour passer le temps* until Alfred should return—that flattering and gracious manner which soothed all Alfred's ruffled spirits.

She had him in the remotest, shadiest arbor before he knew it.

"I am so interested in your poor musical maniac, do you know, I mean to try to do something for her?" said she, very confidentially.

"That would be so like you, and so good of you, Emma!" said Alfred. "Yesterday I saw Dr. Carpenter. He says she is supported at the asylum by some members of her profession who are poor and unable to do it. I ventured to ask him to allow me to do something for her, to give her a piano in her room, and to make her more comfortable. I wish you would go and see her—"

"No, I can't bear crazy people; but I will interest myself in her case in New York, and see if we cannot find that she was unjustly accused. Perhaps some revelation that she had been found innocent might help her—at least, I can try."

"Just like your woman's wit, dear Emma," said Alfred, highly delighted; "now we will have a little confidence on this point: you shall direct, and I will

work under you; who knows but that we may restore this poor girl?"

Alfred and Emma got back to the lawn-party only just in time to save Miss Tenniswood from becoming as ruffled as one of the turkeys she had been fond of chasing. She was queen of the *fête*? No! Grace was carrying off Count Wordenhaupt and everybody else (and Miss Tyerman was fanning her high rocking-horse countenance in great triumph). She was engrossing the lord of the manor? No! he was hidden in remote, honeysuckle seclusion with Emma. Miss Tenniswood's color was rising high, when Alfred appeared and, reading the story at a glance, hastened to take her to the head of the principal table, where he placed her, and, giving her the most superb bouquet, devoted himself to her "sating cares" for an hour.

Miss Tenniswood was not romantic. She wanted her conquests to be seen of men. This public demonstration was dearer to her than many honeysuckle seclusions. She knew it would be talked of, quoted, and written about; she read as with a clairvoyant eye a hundred perfumed *billets*, which would fly all over the country, saying, "Mrs. Bardsley's *fête* was a great success; Alfred Bardsley put Clara Tenniswood at the head of the table. She looked superbly in pink; and I do not doubt it is an engagement."

Alfred looked very well, doing the honors of his birthday *fête*; he was quite the typical hero for such an occasion, and he was not insensible to the honor of such a conquest. Miss Tenniswood was a woman worth winning, a bird of very brilliant plumage.

"What a running our little Grace is making to-day!" said Mrs. Bardsley to Mr. Tyerman.

"Yes; a very attractive, sweet creature," said he, "if she had a little more guile, something of Emma's *finesse*, a little of Miss Tenniswood's knowledge of the world, and less heart—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bardsley, laughing, "what a mistake to have heart!"

And then there were some whispered passages between the elderly turtle-doves.

"Grace has a beautiful face," said Mrs. Bardsley, returning to the initial subject, "and it strikes me she is playing off Count Wordenhaupt to the best advantage."

"No, Grace has no coquetry: if she *appears* to be pleased, she is pleased; I dare say Count Wordenhaupt has interested her."

Alfred heard this last remark as he came up to consult his mother on some subject, and it wounded his conceit a little.

"Grace pleased with that awkward, dirty German!" said he—"never!"

And yet, when the *fête* was over, going off in the blaze of a glorious sunset, he picked up Miss Tenniswood's glove and put it in his vest, catching a very brilliant blush and glance as he did so, and giving her a smile on which she lived for weeks. Oh, these men! these men!

And then, as if he had forgotten all these gay moments, he would start of a morning and walk to the

old graveyard, where Agnes knelt by her mother's grave. The hard-featured attendant came with her now, and sat sewing within ear-shot.

The poor girl was more calm and more interested in her music. She sang him some of his favorite airs, and often gave him a verse of the little ballad he had gotten to like:

"Because I begged so hard,  
This, then, is my reward:  
Love the wayfarer, becomes Love the guest!  
No more in streets of scorn,  
He turns away forlorn;  
His tired feet find rooms of shaded rest,  
Where all their dusty heat  
Is cooled by my sweet."

Once or twice the good doctor gave him an interview, and told him that his generosity was bringing the poor girl much comfort. She had a piano in her room now, and she sat at it many hours a day. "But she is far enough from being cured," said he.

Emma and Miss Tenniswood had gone off the morning after the *fête* for a visit to some friends. The Acorns were full of guests; Mrs. Bardsley demanded a little more of his time than usual; so, for several days he did not go to the Gentians. Some impulse made him walk on one morning by the old graveyard, to call upon Grace. He was not sure whether or no he was not a little angry with her, and then he remembered how gentle and good she was, how thoroughly she had seemed to like him, how ungrateful he had been for those blushes, which were all for him, and he remembered that moment when she was trying to catch the canary; altogether, things looked well for Grace, when, as he approached the old tree, near to which he had stumbled over Miss Tenniswood's parasol, there sat Grace, and by her side Count Wordenhaupt.

With a violent revulsion of feeling—one which found him utterly unprepared and astonished—he turned and walked away. He had no right to feel astonished or disappointed, but he did feel both.

And that day Mrs. Bardsley said to him: "I think I shall marry Mr. Tyerman. He and I have known each other very long; he understands me better than any one else. I am growing older; perhaps it is better that I should have some one to care exclusively for me. I suppose you will marry soon. I am going to give you half my fortune, so you shall not suffer, and I trust and hope you will not make a scene."

It had been hanging over him a long time, but still it came with a shock. It was the second time he had been wounded in one day.

He kissed her hand, and said, gently:

"I think I will go away for a month, dear mamma. Meantime, may you be very happy!"

"I declare," said Mrs. Bardsley, to herself, "he could not have behaved better if he had been a French son."

So, in a month's time, when he came back, he was cool and calm, and could see Mr. Tyerman sitting about in great comfort at the Acorns, the acknowledged lover of the pretty woman who owned it. Mr. Tyerman was too well bred to make Alfred

uncomfortable, and, strange to say, every one seemed happier than the bride-elect.

For she did not like to be caught—this human humming-bird; she had poised on a delicate, free wing too long; and her cage, although one of her own choosing, wearied her.

Alfred walked up to see his Cenci, of whom he had thought much lately. She was not in the graveyard, singing, and so he walked on to the asylum. But Agnes could not be seen. The doctor, however, came in to receive him, and shook hands with him very cordially.

"Agnes is so much better," said he; "your kindness about the piano was so thoughtful and wise; and the young lady has been very kind; in fact, her visits, her tact, her pretending to take lessons of Agnes, all have had a most beneficial effect."

"What young lady?" said Alfred.

"Well, I have promised not to mention her name," said Dr. Carpenter.

Then it all flashed across Alfred. Emma! How sweet, how womanly, how kind she had been! She had pretended to him that she could not visit the poor, afflicted girl, but she had really done so, and she had wooed her back to hope, life, reason.

And he, too, had been working for her; he had found that she had been accused wrongfully. He and Emma would go together some day and tell Agnes that she was no longer suspected.

And yet the idea did not give him the pleasure he had expected. The vision of Grace sitting under the tree with Count Wordenhaupt came over him like a cloud.

Two or three days he wandered about, trying to assuage his emotions. He ought to go and see Emma, and thank her; he ought to tell her that *she* was the woman he loved. What was Miss Tenniswood, with all her beauty, to this woman, who had so gentle a compassion? Why should he keep thinking of blushing Grace, who had been so sensitive, and then so cold? One day Mrs. Bardsley said, "Alfred, to-morrow we are to dine with Miss Tyerman, and do go with me, for I half repent of my bargain."

So he went to the dinner.

"I know all," said he to Emma, as he pressed her hand.

"Do you?" said she. "And you are not offended?"

"No, how could I be?" said he, absently, for Emma looked rather short and not pretty to him today, he knew not why.

Grace came in, and he felt the blood rush to his heart. Heavens! how lovely she looked; how calmly her eyes took him up, and let him go; how warm, and dimpled, and beautiful, was the little hand she gave him! "She was *not* in love with him, after all," he thought, but he knew that he was in love with her.

Conversation languished at the dinner, until Miss Tyerman said, suddenly, to Alfred:

"What is this romantic story I have heard of your interesting yourself in a musical maniac?"

"A musical maniac!" said Mrs. Bardsley, looking up with infinite relief from Mr. Tyerman's love-making.

"Shall I tell the whole story?" said Alfred, looking over at Emma.

"Yes, I do not see why not," said she.

And so he told it all, dwelling much on the kindness of the unknown young lady, and very little on what he had done himself, casting as he did so grateful glances at Emma, but which came back mournfully to rest on Grace, whose varying color began to come and go.

"That young lady," said Miss Tyerman, "who has so ably helped your poor friend is, I suspect, *Grace Wheatley*. Now tell me the name of your musical maniac."

Alfred felt for one moment as if the blood had gone very far from his heart, and would never come back. He looked at the two girls. Emma was smiling at him, Grace was looking far away.

"Agnes Abercastle," said he, in a moment, finding his voice.

"Agnes Abercastle!" said Mr. and Miss Tyerman in a breath.

"Agnes Abercastle!" said Mr. Tyerman, very pale, and looking at his sister.

Mrs. Bardsley was the first person to recover her composure; in fact, she never lost it.

"Let us go and have some coffee," said she. "And you have heard of Emma's engagement, Alfred? Willie Payson is the happy man, you know."

"Yes," said Emma, "and I am so happy.—And you are not offended, Alfred?"

Poor girl! She was thinking of honeysuckle vows, which the false male creature had forgotten.

Alfred reassured her. But where was Grace? She had disappeared, nor did he catch another glimpse of her.

The party broke up early, and, as Alfred and his mother drove home, they were both too busy with their own thoughts to speak.

Alfred could not sleep, and late in the night he walked out under the oaks. What was that bright light which he saw over the distant hill? Was the moon rising? No! it must be fire! He ran down the long avenue, and sped up a slope which lay near the house. Yes! it was a fire, and a terrible one. The insane asylum was in flames.

The active and strong young man gave a loud shout, and darted across the fields; it was a long way on, but he seemed to have wings: on and on he ran, sometimes in a valley, sometimes on the hill. He saw that help had reached them, that the water was pouring in. Then he gained another height and saw the graveyard—solitary spot! and there, dancing in the light of the flames, he saw white figures. Thank Heaven! they had, then, let the unfortunate creatures out! One wing of the immense institution was still untouched; a few minutes more, and he should be there to help; so on he sped with all his strength.

It was a scene of the wildest when he reached it, and he could get no answer from any one. The

sane were as mad as the insane. It was never clear to him what followed; he only knew that a wild shriek rent his ears, and he recognized the voice of Agnes. A moment more and he heard, as if from a voice in the heavens, the "Vedrai Carino" sung as he had heard it months before in the graveyard. Then the sombre attendant, who used to come for Agnes, seemed to take hold of his hand and conduct him along a passage full of blinding smoke.

"She has been forgotten! She is in the wing! She will be lost!" he seemed to hear. Through it all he stumbled, following the sound of that voice. He saw her at last, standing on a high grated window, looking toward the graveyard, and singing.

She saw him, and, with the voice and look which had first greeted him, she said:

"You have come to help?"

"Yes!" said he. "Agnes, you are innocent. The world knows it! Now summon all your courage and your will! I must get you out of this burning house. Come with me!"

"Innocent!" said she.—"Do you hear that, mother?—innocent!" and she clung to the grated window, and laughed her loud, maniac laugh.

"Oh!" said the nurse, wrapping a blanket around her, "she has gone quite mad again!"

"Come," said he, "come to your mother's grave." And through the blinding smoke and flame, pulling the unwilling girl, he stumbled back through the horrible confusion of the fire.

When he came to himself, he found himself in the old graveyard. Men were throwing buckets of water over him.

And stretched on the green grass, by the side of her mother's grave, lay the Cenci. He saw her long, fair hair, which the flame had spared. The poor, quiet nurse sat by her, weeping bitterly.

"The shock and the fright have killed her," said the doctor, who, with one hand done up in his handkerchief, was looking around the scene of disaster.

"You showed great heroism, Mr. Bardsley, but she was taken out of your arms dead. We feared you were dead, too, but I am glad to believe that you are not seriously injured."

"How many are killed and wounded?" said Alfred, in a stupid way, not knowing what he said.

"Thank God! none but this one. She was the only victim," said the doctor.

Then Alfred saw dimly a man come and kneel by the side of the dead girl.

It was Mr. Tyerman.

"Who was she?" said Alfred.

"She was my daughter!" said the pale man, putting his hand on her brow.

It was a long time before Alfred took another walk in the direction of the insane asylum. He had broken a small blood-vessel in his run, or in the fight with the fire his frantic effort to save Agnes had nearly cost him his life. But he was nursed back to life by his mother—his mother, who began to love with the love which had been waiting so long, and who gained in that sad experience the

knowledge of the sweetest affection which is granted to us poor mortals—the love of a son for his mother, of a mother for her son.

"Mamma, what has become of Mr. Tyerman?" said he, one day, as they sat together hand-in-hand.

Mrs. Bardsley went to her desk and took out a letter, and, giving it to Alfred, left the room. It ran thus:

"DEAR FRIEND: You were present when the shock came upon me, which has had such a terrible following up. I need not go into the story of an early love-affair and a secret marriage, of the subsequent desertion and crime. Let it be enough for me to say that I tried to make restitution, and that I thought my wife and child dead long ago. My sister's pride was so wounded by the connection, that I consented to keep it a secret, even from you. How it could possibly happen that my poor wife should be buried within two miles of my house, and that I should never hear of it, or that my daughter should have had so strange a career, and that also have escaped me, is only to be explained by that extraordinary fact in our lives that truth is stranger than fiction. The arrest of the second Agnes Abercastle occurred while I was in Europe. Nor had I heard that name for fifteen years, until Alfred spoke it at my dinner-table. And to make the whole strange tragedy more strange, Grace went every day to see the poor child, and came back to my table carefully concealing the visits, for fear that my sister would object to her romantic charity. Thank God! who sent an angel from my house to cheer and bless the last hours of a creature so unfortunate! Your son, too, was good enough to discover her innocence. I am sure that gave her a glimmer of happiness. There is nothing left but to tell Alfred that I hope he may be as happy as he deserves to be, and to say to you farewell.

"FRANCIS TYERMAN."

"He has gone to Europe, probably for life," said Mrs. Bardsley, cheerfully. "I wrote him a very kind letter," said the humming-bird, who was rather tearful, but undoubtedly glad to be free.

"Grace," said Alfred, as he walked feebly around the grounds, leaning on an arm which he found as strong as it was white and rounded, "what did you learn of poor Agnes, when you sang with her?"

"I learned a little song called 'Because I begged so hard,' said she.

"Yes, Grace; but let me quote to you the last verse.

'Because I begged so hard,  
Years with sad seasons marred  
Are lightened backward as with sudden suns:  
Yea, over life's whole skies,  
The light of her dear eyes  
Travels, like dawn and sunset shed at once,  
Mixed in one glory; meet  
All days *this* day, my sweet!'

"Grace, what has become of Count Wordenhaupt?"

"Oh! he has gone back to Germany," said Grace.



"Did he wish you to go with him?"

"I rather think he did—he said so."

"You would have done much better than to have taken me," said Alfred. "You would have had a castle, and the court, and a title, and a coronet on your handkerchief, instead of a singed monkey."

"But I have got you, and that is what I have always wanted. Poor Agnes, how she used to praise you! It was no sacrifice, Alfred, to go and talk with her and soothe her, for we always stopped singing to

talk about you, and that was better than any singing."

"And Miss Tenniswood?"

"Do you know I think she will marry Mr. Tyerman, some day? She seems very much interested in his 'romantic story,' and she always liked him!"

"Then, indeed, will 'Love the wayfarer become Love the guest,'" said Alfred—

'So come this way, my sweet!'"

## THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

### VII.

I RESOLVED to confide nothing of what I had learned to Henri. I must, however, remove his suspicions of Miette, and console him. I knew it was useless to trust him, for he was wounded to the depths of his heart, and I feared to see him, both by his conduct and the position he assumed, render a marriage impossible, in which, I thought, the happiness of his life was bound up. I returned about three o'clock, and found no one at home. My wife and son had gone to the manor of Percemont, and I went there to join them.

The plaything pleased Henri decidedly, and his mother was trying to persuade him, under the pretense of a study, to fit up a comfortable suite of apartments suitable for a bachelor. I did not agree with them. In my opinion, the manor should be left exactly as it was, the only change advisable being to clean and repair the room that the old Comtesse de Percemont had occupied. "Henri," said I, "whether he marries his cousin Emilie or not, will marry some one in two or three years. Who knows if he will go to live with his wife or remain with us? In the latter case, I suppose his wife will wish to live in the tower; great expense must then be incurred to prepare it for housekeeping and a family. All that you do at present will be of no use, and will perhaps have to be done over again; do not be in a hurry to throw away money to no purpose."

Henri yielded to my judgment. His mother blamed him for always giving up to me, and never carrying out any ideas that she suggested. "You just promised me," she said, "that you would not think of marrying before you were thirty years old."

After scolding him until she was tired, she left us alone, and I hastened to say to Henri: "I have just been to see Miette. I was sure of it! The person whose presence perplexed you so much at her house last evening was a woman."

"You are sure, father? Why, then, did she conceal her?"

"It is a nun from the convent of Riom, whom the physician has ordered to be sent into the country for a while. You know these nuns are cloistered, and must not see any one belonging to the outside

world. Whenever a visitor arrives, Miette has promised to give her warning, so that she may take herself out of the way. She has also received instructions not to reveal to any one the presence of this nun under her roof, for the rule of the order requires her to live and die in a convent. The bishop, seeing the urgency of the case, granted a dispensation of two months upon condition that the matter should be kept quiet. I intrust the secret to you, and beg you to say nothing to your mother in regard to it. Miette, very much attached to this nun, who was like a mother to her at the convent, spends her whole time in taking care of her, waiting upon her, and keeping her concealed. As usual, Miette, with the heart of an angel, acts the part of a Sister of Charity."

"What must she think of me for bringing such an accusation against her? Did you tell her what I said?"

"I was not so foolish. She would not pardon you very easily; but tears are in your eyes! Tell me frankly if Emilie is not dearer to you than you are willing to own?"

"Father," said Henri, "I feel inclined to weep and to laugh also."

"Laugh and weep as much as you like, but speak!"

"That is difficult. I cannot tell you how I feel when my own mind is not clear to myself. I know that Emilie is an angel—better still, she is a saint; for, if she has the innocence and candor attributed to celestial beings, she has also the merit of a generous and courageous soul that surmounts all trials. It is a glory to be loved by her, a supreme felicity to have her for a wife. You see, I know what she is worth; but am I good for anything? Am I worthy of such a wife? What have I done to deserve her? On the contrary, I have, not without stain, passed through an experience of life of which she has not the least idea, and from which I was compelled to drive away her image to prevent it from making me ashamed of my pleasures. And now I return to her deteriorated and sorrowful. A man should marry at eighteen, father, in the fervor of faith in himself and in the pride of holy innocence. He would then feel himself the equal of his companion, and be sure of

meriting her respect. . . . Yes, conjugal love is that austere and sacred thing concerning which it may be said, if it is not all in all, it is nothing. Well! I did not understand this until lately, and, when my senses drew me elsewhere, I did not dream that my esteem and respect for Emilie would be lessened. I have since seen my mistake. My worship has grown cold; I am convinced that I never loved her as I ought, since I could forget her. I was fearful of her and of myself: I thought her too much my superior, morally speaking, to receive me with pleasure, and to give herself to me with enthusiasm; I saw in marriage a chain of a frightful seriousness. My imagination pictured other types than that of this young girl, who is too perfect for me. I lost the taste for simplicity and love for the right path; I put too many artificial flowers in my garden of love. I cannot speak to Emilie, I dare not look at her. I shall never know how to gain her love. Do you wish me to tell you everything—to confess something absolutely shameful? Yesterday, when I believed her unfaithful, at first my blood ran cold, and then suddenly I became furious. Jealousy tormented me, and I did not close my eyes for the whole night. If she had been near me, I should have insulted, perhaps beaten her! I was madly in love with her even when believing her unfaithful. I had the greatest trouble possible to prevent myself from going to see her notwithstanding her prohibition and yours. Now you make plain to me that I have been a madman and a fool, show me Emilie's image, with its immaculate aureole, and behold me cast down and repentant, but uncertain and fearful. I cannot tell whether I love her or not!"

"That will do, that will do," I replied; "now I understand everything! These things must happen. There is a period of life when fathers with the best intentions are forced to abandon their sons to fate, very happy if they are restored in no worse condition than you are. Accept the past which you cannot change, and do not aggravate its influence by too serious reflections. You have made a voyage where you have been forced to feed on condiments, and now our fruits and milk-diet seem insipid to your taste. You are no longer a Virgilian shepherd. Have patience—these simple pleasures will return. Man is modified according to his sphere, you will appreciate more quickly than you imagine the conditions of true happiness. Forget for a little while the question of marriage. Emilie does not seem disposed to recall it to your mind. She says you are so changed that she does not feel acquainted with you any longer, and her mind, I plainly see, has no fixed plan in regard to you. You are both absolutely free to recommence the romance of your youth, or to suffer it to be effaced in the rosy clouds of the past."

I am not easily alarmed, neither am I heedless of consequences. I saw plainly that in this, as in everything else, happiness is transitory and security chimerical. I expected that the day which restored my son to me would be one of the happiest of my life. I was so glad to see him once more, and had

such happy dreams when expecting him! In spite of the faults that he freely confessed, and took little pains to conceal in his letters, he had worked hard, and was at the commencement of a career promising a brilliant future. He was intelligent, handsome, good, rich, and as reasonable as could be expected from his age and situation. We had near at hand the best girl in the country, rich also, good, beautiful as an angel, and exceptionally intellectual. They loved each other, and had been betrothed from childhood. I expected to see them meet joyfully, and talk of marriage immediately—and already a strange coolness had sprung up between them. My wife, whom I believed amenable to reason, at least on this subject, was diligently working to set them at variance. Miette, through the kindness of her heart, was involved in a questionable adventure. Jacques was carrying on an amorous intrigue which would compromise or bring trouble to his sister; and, worst of all, Henri, troubled and tormented between love and caprice, did not sleep the first night passed under the paternal roof, and was evidently suffering from an indefinable mental condition beyond my power to cure. My day of happiness was not unclouded, and, while pretending to smile at these trifling matters, I felt strongly the effects of the reaction.

## VIII.

THE evening passed very cheerfully; many relatives and friends dined with us. Henri was a general favorite, and every one congratulated me on the possession of such a son. He received several invitations, but only accepted those where I could go with him. He had been away so long, he said, that he was determined not to lose sight of me during the vacation.

We accepted for the next day an invitation to a hunting-party from one of our cousins who lived so far off that we were obliged to be absent from home two days. Jacques Ormonde promised to join the party, but he was not there. We scarcely thought of his absence, the hunting and the entertainment were so animated and enjoyable; but I noticed the evident care in avoiding us. It was very difficult for Jacques to keep a secret, therefore I inferred that he had one, and dreaded my scrutiny. We staid a day longer than we intended, and did not return until Monday afternoon.

The first thing that attracted my attention, as I bade my wife good-day, was a pretty little girl six or seven years old, full of smiles and play, who clung to her skirts and said to me in a defiant tone:

"Are you Bébelle's husband?"

"Who is Bébelle? and whose is this pretty child?"

"It is Mademoiselle Léonie de Nives," replied my wife, taking her in her arms; "she heard me called Madame Chantabel, and she finds it shorter and prettier to call me Bébelle. Oh! we are already great friends—is it not so, Ninie? We get along famously together."

"But how came you to be acquainted with her?" I demanded.

My wife explained the matter, while the child left us to play in the garden. Madame de Nives came the evening before to talk with me, and my wife had gained confidence enough to receive her to the best of her ability. The exquisite toilet and brilliant equipage of the countess had turned her head. Madame did her best to be agreeable and fascinating to the wife of the lawyer whom she wished to secure for her cause. She consented to let her horses stand in the stable for two hours. She walked in the garden, and even ascended the great tower of which Madame Chantabel was proud to do the honors. She admired the locality, the garden, the house, the birds, and promised a pair of real Dutch canaries for the aviary. She deigned to accept a collation of fruit and cake that was served for her; declared that no grapes or pears at Nives bore any comparison with ours; even asked the recipe for the cake. She went away, saying she should return the next day.

She did return, as she said, with her daughter, expecting to find me at home, as I had promised to be; but I was never in season. This poor countess had waited for me more than an hour; then, having business at Riom, she had conferred upon my house the distinguished honor of leaving her little girl there, in my wife's arms, and she was now expected every minute. "I hope, M. Chantabel," said my wife, as she finished the story, "that you will have your clothes brushed, for they are covered with dust, and change your cravat, for it is very much soiled." I remarked that she was richly dressed to receive her new friend.

A little while after, Madame de Nives arrived, and my wife hastened to meet her, leading the little one by the hand. The countess announced to me that she was on her way to Paris; some one had written her that her step-daughter had been seen entering an hotel in the Faubourg St.-Germain, leaning on the arm of a young man very tall and very blond. "The person who gives me this information," she added, "thinks that Marie is still there; at any rate I shall know where she went after leaving this hotel, which is not otherwise designated. People are so afraid of being compromised, or finding themselves implicated in some scandal! I must go myself to find out the truth. I shall act energetically, take Marie by surprise, oblige her to make a statement of her misconduct, and bring her back to replace her triumphantly in the convent."

"You speak boldly! Then can you hope for a reconciliation, for concessions on her part? I have told you, and I repeat it, that misconduct does not involve deprivation of civil rights."

"When I possess her secret, I will bring her to you, M. Chantabel, and you shall lay down the conditions of my silence."

If I had been sure that, before taking refuge with Emilie, Mademoiselle de Nives, after escaping from the convent, had not been seen in Paris with Jacques, either for her own pleasure or for advice in regard to her position, I should have hastened the departure of the countess. The time she would lose

in her useless search for Mademoiselle Marie would be just so much gained for the inhabitants of Vignollette; but, if this journey took place without Emilie's knowledge, Madame de Nives could trace out the fugitive, and, with the aid of the police, discover the truth. I advised once more patience and prudence. Madame de Nives was, however, determined to have her own way, and took leave of me, saying that, to surprise Marie in open criminality was her surest means of safety. Whatever she might say, I saw plainly that she had taken other advice than mine, and had easily found persons disposed to gratify her passion and enter into her views. Her cause became more and more disagreeable to me, and I felt strongly impelled to have nothing to do with it.

I accompanied her only as far as the garden. Another client was waiting for me, and I was occupied with him until dinner-time. What was my surprise when, upon entering the dining-room, I saw the young Léonie de Nives seated in a high chair, that had done service in Henri's childhood, and my wife in the act of tying a napkin around her neck!

Madame de Nives had confided to Madame Chantabel, on the previous evening, all that she had intrusted to me as a profound secret. Women have a marvelous facility in becoming intimate, when hatred on one side and curiosity on the other find the savory aliment of a scandal to confide and to listen to. Madame Chantabel was, then, thoroughly versed in all the details of the case, and my astonishment amused her very much. As she could not enter into any explanation before the child, she simply said to Henri and me that "her mamma would return in the evening."

"I asked her to stay and dine with us," said my wife, "but, as she intends to start for Paris this evening or to-morrow morning, she has too much to do at Riom, and begged me to keep her little one until she came for her."

Madame de Nives did not return in the evening. My wife did not appear to be much astonished, and had a little bed arranged near her own for her young guest. After undressing Mademoiselle Ninie, and sitting by her until she went to sleep, she came back to explain the mystery.

Madame de Nives had been obliged to take the five-o'clock train for Riom; she was now on her way to Paris. I ought to know that not a moment should be lost in such an important affair as that which now engrossed her attention. Madame de Nives had dreaded the tears of her little daughter, whom she could not take with her, and had accepted her offer to keep her until evening. Her nurse would have come with the carriage to take her to Nives, but she had shown much anxiety on account of this nurse, having discovered on that very day that she was carrying on an intrigue at Riom. "The servants of this poor lady," my wife said, "were not as faithful as they should be. Domestic arrangements had not been prosperous in her château since her husband's death. The old servants took the side of the elder daughter. She was obliged to turn them out of the house, but they left behind their evil

influence and their wicked insinuations; it was useless to take these servants to Paris: at the least discontent they became insolent, and talked to Ninie about her sister Marie, driven away and shut up in a convent on her account. All this irritated the child, and during the last absence of the countess many things were said to the little girl that made her unhappy and disobedient when her mother returned. It appears, also, that Madame de Nives's neighbors are not on good terms with her. She has neither relatives nor friends; she is truly an object of pity. While listening to her grievances, which aroused my sympathy, the idea came into my head of proposing to take care of the little one. 'If the nurse has behaved improperly, you cannot trust the child to her any longer. Give her to me; you know who I am and with what indulgence I brought up my son and the other two dear ones I lost. You say that you will be absent but a week at the most. What is it for us to take care of a child for a week? It will be a pleasure to me. Trust me to dismiss your bad nurse when she comes back, and to find another for whom I will be responsible as for myself.' She was inclined to accept my offer, but dared not on your account; she said:

"My child is noisy, and will annoy M. Chantabel."

"Nonsense!" I replied; "you do not know him! He is a patriarch! He is good as bread, and adores children." At last I urged her so much that she left me her darling, who is a love of a child. The poor woman was so touched that she wept and embraced me when she bade me good-by."

"Is it possible, wife, you have been embraced by a countess! That is the reason why I find on your face a more noble expression than usual."

"You are making fun of me! it is insufferable! It is of no use to try any longer to talk reasonably with you, M. Chantabel; you are—"

"Insufferable, you said."

"No; you are the best of men, you cannot blame me for having received a poor child who needs to be taken care of and watched over during her mother's absence."

"God keep me from it!—so much the more as you pay me compliments that I will not give back with reproaches. The child does not make me angry: a child never annoys me. Keep her as long as you please; but let me tell you that your countess is a regular knave."

"How disrespectfully you speak of the Countess de Nives! What manners you have sometimes, M. Chantabel!"

"Yes, I have the bad manners and the bad taste to think that a reasonable mother does not trust her child, even for a week, to a person whom she has known only since last evening, and that, if she has among all her former connections neither a devoted relative, nor a sincere friend, nor a faithful servant, it must be her own fault."

"You are right. I would not have trusted Henri to strangers in this way; but I am not unknown to Madame de Nives. She has heard me spoken of

often enough to know that I have always been a good mother and an irreproachable wife."

"I shall not say anything to the contrary; but this sudden confidence astonishes me none the less."

"There are exceptional circumstances; and you ought to know that the future of the child depends upon the result of her mother's visit to Paris."

"She told you, then—"

"Everything."

"She did wrong."

"I promised to keep the secret."

"God grant that you may keep your word! for I warn you that, if your new friend brings reproach upon the reputation of her step-daughter, she is ruined."

"Oh, no! This step-daughter is a wretched being who—"

"You do not know her! Keep the epithets that will be appropriate for the time when we find out whether she is a victim or a fiend."

#### IX.

THE next day, Mademoiselle Ninie's nurse not having appeared, my wife found an excellent servant-girl to take her place, whose parents lived near, and with whom we were well acquainted. The little girl seemed to be very happy with us.

I was curious to know her feelings in regard to her half-sister. One morning I saw her alone in the garden; my wife, busy with her work, was sitting at one of the lower windows, and watching the little girl at her play. I went into the garden, took the child by the hand, and led her to see some rabbits in a little inclosure where they were kept. When she had admired them for some time, I took her on my knee, and began to talk to her.

"You must have, at Nives," I said, "much more beautiful rabbits than these?"

"No, there are no rabbits at all. There are only hens, dogs, and cats; but mamma is not willing to let me play with them for fear that I shall soil or tear my clothes, and this makes me angry, for I am very fond of animals. Mamma scolds at me for loving them, because she is stingy."

"Stingy! What does that word mean?"

"Ah, bless me! I don't know. The servants call her so, because she is always scolding them."

"That is a bad word. You must never repeat words that you do not know the meaning of. I am sure your mamma loves you very much, and that she is very good to you."

"She is not good at all. She whips me and strikes me, and I never have a good time, excepting when she has gone away."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have a grown-up sister who is very good. I should like to live with her always."

"Always! Do you not see her often?"

"No; she is in prison in a convent. I saw her—I mean I saw her portrait. I think I never saw her."

"Then how do you know that she is good?"



"My nurse and the old gardener's wife told me that she was put in prison on that account."

"What! put in prison because she is good?"

"So it seems. Therefore, when mamma tells me to be good, I answer: 'No; you would make me go to prison in the same way!' I am very glad she brought me to your house. I hope you will let me stay here always."

Then, without waiting for my reply, Mademoiselle Ninie, whom I had hard work to hold, ran after the rabbits faster than ever. I saw a child already the victim of misfortune, and a wanderer from the right path. I no longer doubted that her mother was both avaricious and wicked. It was even possible that she saw in her daughter only a pretext for contesting Marie's inheritance with greater avidity. She had not even the resource of hypocrisy, the power of making dupes; for she was thoroughly detested; and her servants had disturbed, if not irretrievably injured, the moral sense of poor Ninie.

I looked with painful emotion upon this bewitching child, clothed in all the physical beauty of her happy age, and thought that there was already a gnawing worm in the heart of this rose. I watched her closely to discover the ruling impulses of her character: they were good and tender. She ran after the rabbits in order to caress them, and when she had succeeded in catching one, she covered it with kisses, and tried to swaddle it in her handkerchief, to make a baby of it. As the animal was unmanageable, and threatened to scratch her pretty face, I took him away gently, without opposition on her part, and gave her a tame dove, which made her wild with delight. At first she squeezed it very closely, but when I made her understand that she must let it go free in order to have the pleasure of seeing it come back and follow her of its own accord, she listened to me willingly, and handled it gently; but there was an ardor in her caresses that revealed a soul full of unrequited love and repressed sensibility.

The next day, St.-Hyacinth's-day, was my birthday, and also the festival-day of our village. Two or three dozen cousins and nephews arrived with their wives and children to pass the holiday with us. They went to participate in the rural *fête*, while my wife, up with the dawn, prepared a Homeric feast. I was absorbed as usual with a crowd of clients—prosperous peasants or humble citizens—who took advantage of the *fête* to consult me, and deprived me of the pleasure of being present at the festival.

I endured the long and confused explanations of these worthy persons until the first bell rang for dinner. Then I resolutely put them out-of-doors, not without a struggle on the stairway against their references and repetitions. When I passed into the drawing-room, after shutting the door in their faces, I met with an agreeable surprise. Emilie Ormonde was waiting for me, with a large bouquet of magnificent roses in her hand. The dear child threw herself into my arms, wishing me a pleasant birthday, with happiness, good-fortune, and health.

"This," I said, pressing her to my heart, "is a

great enjoyment which I did not expect. Have you been here long, my dear niece?"

"I have just arrived, uncle, and I am going away immediately. You must excuse me from dining with you as on other years; but you know why I cannot. Marie is imprudent; she is tired of being shut up. The poor child has been a prisoner so long! Would you believe that this morning she took it into her head to disguise herself as a peasant to come to the *fête*? She said no one knew her face, and she wanted to accompany me as a servant. The only way I could dissuade her from her purpose was by promising to be gone but an hour. I could not let the day pass without bringing you the Vignollette roses, nor without telling you to-day, as always, that you and Jacques are the two persons whom I love the best in the world."

"And your aunt?"

"I have not seen her. I will pay my respects to her as I go out."

"How will you explain the reason why you do not stay?"

"She will not care to have me stay, uncle."

"And if I let you go, shall you imagine that I do not love you any longer?"

"Oh! it is different with you! And then you know I have a child to take care of."

"An unreasonable child, I am sure of it! Do you know that her step-mother was here two days ago?"

"Yes; I knew also that she left her little daughter with you."

"Who told you so?"

"Old Nicole's daughter, who came yesterday to bring back some baskets you had lent us. She saw the child, and they told her that the mother had gone to Paris. Is it true?"

"It is true, and Mademoiselle Marie runs a great risk of being discovered, if, after escaping from the convent, she were seen in Paris before coming to your house."

"She was there, uncle; I know it now. She was obliged to purchase under-clothing and dresses, and especially to seek counsel in her affairs, concerning which she had always been kept in entire ignorance."

"She was in Paris—alone?"

"No, with her nurse, the one who helped her to escape. This woman is devoted to her, and yet I am afraid of her; she does not understand the necessity of being prudent; she suspects nothing, and, when she comes to see Marie, I do not dare to leave her alone in the house with her."

"But where is Jacques all this time?"

"He must be at the dance, and doubtless he will come and dine with you."

"That is right! Go, then, if you must. I hope that you will make ample amends to me when you are no more the guardian slave of your beautiful friend. Have you seen Henri?"

"No; I have seen and wish to see no one but you. Adieu until we meet again, dear uncle!"

The second bell rang for dinner as my niece

went away through the farm-yard, where she had left her cariole in charge of a domestic. Henri, who came through the garden, did not see her. The crowd of nephews, cousins, second-cousins, and grand-nephews, arrived also, and at last Jacques Ormonde, red as a peony from having danced until the last minute. The dinner was not very tedious for a family repast in the country; it was well known that I did not like to sit long at table. It was served promptly, and did not allow the guests to go to sleep while they were eating. As soon as it was finished, feeling the need of breathing the outdoor air, after the confinement my clients had imposed upon me in the morning, I proposed to go and take coffee at Father Rosier's, who kept a rustic establishment in the village. We could see the dances and diversions from his garden. My proposition was enthusiastically welcomed by my young nieces and cousins. We set off laughing, shouting, frisking about, and singing. The village was only half a mile from the house, taking the paths through my meadow-lands.

Our boisterous arrival made all the young people come out of the wine-shops. They were getting ready to light the signal-light, for it was dark. They called the fiddlers scattered around in the ale-houses. The young folks who came with me cared little for taking coffee; they wished to dance. The *personnel* of the *fête* brightened up very much. The dance, abandoned for a time, was reorganized, as is usually the case when hunger is appeased and the evening begins.

During this quarter of an hour of impatient expectation and joyful disorder, I chanced to be alone for a few minutes on Father Rosier's terrace. This terrace was a little garden on the declivity of a hill planted with hazel-nut trees, and carried from the lowest point of the rock about six feet perpendicular above the level of the place appropriated for dancing. It was much the prettiest place for getting a view of the whole effect of the *fête*. Three blue lanterns concealed in the foliage produced the appearance of moonlight, and made it easy for different persons to recognize each other. The illumination had, however, not commenced, and I was waiting in the darkness until my turn came to be served, when I perceived some one approaching with a stealthy step who touched me lightly on the shoulder.

"Don't say a word, uncle; it is I, Emilie."

"What are you doing here, dear child? I thought you had gone home?"

"I have been home—and come back, uncle. Are we alone here?"

"Yes, just this moment; but speak low."

"Yes, certainly! I must tell you that I did not find Marie at Vignolette. Nicole told me that Charliette came in my absence, and that they went out together."

"Well! you think they are here?"

"Yes, I think so; and I am looking for them."

"In this way, entirely alone among these peasants filled with wine, many of whom are not ac-

quainted with you, for they come here from all parts of the country?"

"I am not afraid of anything, uncle. There are enough who are acquainted with me to protect me in case of need. Besides, Jacques will be here, and I thought you would take care of me."

"Then do not leave me, and let your madcap friend follow her own adventures. It is not right that, to save a person who does not wish to be saved, you should expose yourself to insult. Remain with me. I will not allow you to take care of Mademoiselle Marie. Jacques is there to take care of her in your place and in his own way."

"Jacques does not know her, uncle! I assure you—"

I interrupted Miette by making a sign for her to observe a couple moving stealthily along the rock below us in the thick shade that the hazel-nut trees threw upon the lower ground-plot. I recognized Jacques's voice. We remained motionless, listening, and heard the following dialogue:

"No; I will not go back yet. I want to dance the *bourrée* with you. It is dark; and, besides, no one knows me."

"They will soon light up, and every one will notice you."

"Why?"

"You ask the reason? Do you believe there is another peasant-girl here as fair, as slender, and as pretty as you are?"

"You are flattering me? I will tell Miette."

"You need not boast of my acquaintance!"

"I know it is not worth speaking of."

"Cruel creature! Come, call Charliette, and go home with her."

"It is you who are cruel! How can you refuse me this little enjoyment?"

"My uncle is here, and you know that he is the advocate of your step-mother."

"That makes no difference to me; he will be mine if I wish. When he knows me, he will be on my side. You said so yourself. Come, Jacques, here are the bagpipes coming. I must dance."

"It is absolute madness!"

"Oh, to dance the *bourrée* as in my childhood! To have been ten years in a dungeon, to escape from the icy coldness of death, to feel myself alive, and to dance the *bourrée*! Jacques, my good Jacques, I have set my heart upon it!"

The noisy music of the bagpipes interrupted the conversation or prevented us from hearing it. The beacon was at last lighted, and Father Rosier's garden was also illuminated. I saw all my guests; those who were not dancing were taking the coffee I had ordered, while the young men scattered over the square were inviting their partners for the dance.

I moved a few steps out of the way with Emilie, in such a manner as to prolong my  *tête-à-tête*  with her, without ceasing to observe what was taking place upon the green. When the beacon-light blazed up, we saw very distinctly the great Jacques bounding in the dance and lifting in his arms a slender and pretty peasant-girl very gracefully attired.

"It is indeed she!" said Emilie, in consternation; "it is Marie, disguised!"

"You begin to think that she is a little acquainted with your brother?"

"I was mistaken, uncle—ah! very much mistaken! He has done wrong."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"Wait until her fancy is gratified, approach her, speak to her gently as to a domestic in my service, and take her home before she has attracted too much attention."

"Wait until I look at her."

"Do you think she is pretty, uncle?"

"Yes, indeed; very pretty, and she dances admirably."

"Look at her critically, uncle; you will see that she is a child, utterly unconscious of what she is doing. I am certain that she has not the least idea of making trouble for me or any one else. It is possible that she has become acquainted with Jacques without my knowledge; that he has helped her to escape, accompanied her to Paris, as you think, brought her even to my door, and seen her secretly since; that they love each other, are betrothed, and have deceived me to avoid the obstacle of my conscientious scruples."

"It is certain now."

"Very well, uncle, it matters little; Marie is still pure, and more ignorant than I am; for I know from what danger a girl twenty-two years old must be kept, while she—is always like a child of twelve! She learned nothing in the convent of those things she needs most to know at the present time. I find her exactly where I left her at the convent of Riom, loving movement, noise, freedom, and dancing, but not suspecting that she can become blameworthy, and incapable of permitting any impropriety in Jacques."

"However, my dear Miette, when Mademoiselle de Nives was at the convent of Riom, and only fourteen or fifteen years old, she had a lover who wrote her letters badly spelled, and this lover was Jacques."

"No, uncle, this lover—must I tell you?—he was entirely innocent."

"Tell me everything."

"Well, this lover was your son—it was Henri."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I saw the letters, and recognized the writing. Henri was then in college, the grounds of which were only separated by a wall from the convent; the students threw balls over the walls, and concealed letters in them, declarations of love, of course, in prose or verse, with full signatures, and addressed at random to Louise, Charlotte, Marie. Henri was delighted with this sport, and excelled in writing in the style of a shoemaker, with a corresponding orthography. He signed his name *Jaquet*, and addressed his burlesque love-letters to Marie, who made fun of them. He knew her given name, for he often heard it called out in our garden; but did not take the trouble to find out whether she were pretty or not, for neither at this time nor since

has he ever seen her face. She told me the whole story."

"You are sure that he never saw her? I have my doubts—look, Miette, look!"

The *bourrée* was finished; they were going to commence it again, and, at the moment when Jacques was about to lead out his partner, Henri, addressing her, invited her for the next dance. She accepted, regardless of Jacques's visible disapprobation. She took my son's arm, and danced with him, manifesting as much enjoyment as when dancing with my nephew.

"Indeed! what does this prove?" said the good Emilie, without any appearance of vexation. "Henri has noticed this pretty girl, and said to himself that, since Jacques has danced with her, he could also invite her. Permit me, uncle, to go near her, for she begins to make a sensation, and every one will be asking her to dance. I must take her away. Charlotte is here—I see her; but she spoils her, and will allow her to remain long enough to attract too much attention."

"Go, then; but all this annoys me excessively. This girl is possessed of the devil! She will cause you a thousand cares, will certainly injure your reputation. Meantime, she dances with Henri, while, excepting for her presence under your roof, he would have renewed the tender and serious pledge of your mutual affection, and to-day he would have opened the ball with his *fiancée*, instead of dancing with a fair unknown, whose beautiful eyes may perhaps arouse his passionate admiration, but will not be able to gain a permanent hold upon his heart."

"Who knows?" said Miette, with a profound expression of sorrowful resignation.

"Who knows?" I exclaimed. "I know that I will not suffer the least coquetry between your *fiancé* and your brother's betrothed!"

"Uncle, do not injure her!" quickly replied the generous girl. "Whatever happens, I have promised to devote myself to her service, both as a sister and a mother. I will keep my word."

An unexpected incident interrupted us. Jacques Ormonde, seeing Mademoiselle de Nives wild with excitement, and regardless of consequences, contrived a plan for interrupting the ball. He climbed up to the beacon-light, as if he were going to light his cigar, and put it out, apparently without intention, plunging the assembly into darkness. As he descended, he pretended to laugh loudly at the accident, and was lost in the slight tumult it produced. There were a few moments of astonishment and disorder. Some continued to dance, feigning to mistake their partners; others were honestly looking for theirs. Some modest girls, frightened, sought the protection of their parents; others, more bold, laughed and shouted as loud as they could. I descended from the terrace with Miette; at the moment when the light was rekindled, we saw Jacques, wandering, disappointed, looking around among the different groups; Henri and Mademoiselle de Nives had disappeared, either with or without Charlotte.

I saw then that Miette still loved Henri, for

great tears glistened for a minute on her cheeks. She tried to conceal them, and, turning toward me, "We must," she said, "prevent Jacques from making any further search. He cannot conceal his feelings, and his anxiety will be noticed."

"Never fear," I replied, "Jacques knows very well how to keep his own counsel; you cannot doubt it any longer. He will take good care, if he is jealous, not to pick a quarrel with Henri, for this would betray and acknowledge everything. If Mademoiselle de Nives has chosen Henri for her attendant, and he takes her back to Vignollette, you must not let them see that you are uneasy or jealous."

"Certainly not, uncle, I am neither; but—"

"But here is Jacques, who sees you, and is coming toward us. It is not the time for explanations: appear to be ignorant of everything. Presently I will make him confess."

"I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you," said Jacques to Emilie; "you told me you were not coming to the *fête*."

"I have just come," replied Miette. "I had something to say to my uncle. I knew that he would be here this evening."

"And you have seen—only him?" said Jacques, almost distracted.

"Only him? Indeed, I have seen a great many people."

"I thought you were looking for some one?"

"I was looking for no one but my uncle, and you see plainly that I have found him. What is the matter with you, and why do you look so troubled?"

Jacques saw that he had betrayed himself, and hastened to reply with a forced air of gayety:

"I am not troubled about anything! I am looking for Henri, that he may be my *vis-à-vis* in the dance—with you, if you wish."

"Thanks, I am going away. My carole is waiting for me yonder under the pines. I beg you to tell my old Pierre to put the bridle on the mare. I will follow you."

"Why do you go immediately?" I asked my niece, as soon as Jacques had started off. "Henri is here, without doubt, and, if you desire, will dance with you."

"Uncle, Henri has gone with Marie; they are on their way to Vignollette."

"It is possible—everything is possible; but, upon reflection, it is very improbable; you said they did not know each other? Do you now think your *protégé* so foolish and imprudent as to have made Henri her confidant?"

"I know nothing about the matter, my dear uncle; I do not understand her any longer!"

"She is coquettish and frivolous, that is plain; however—"

"They were talking with much earnestness during the *douarde*, and yesterday Marie wrote a letter which she intrusted to the letter-carrier with great secrecy."

"You suppose—what?"

"She has a great desire to see you and ask your advice. I was obliged to tell her of your refusal. She then questioned me more than she had ever done before about Henri, his character, and the influence he possessed over you. I should not be surprised if she had commissioned him to ask you for an interview."

"If she wrote to him yesterday, he would have spoken to me to-day. I believe you are mistaken; whatever it is, we shall see very soon. If she has taken him for an intermediate agent, he will tell me this evening. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Return home quietly, at a slow pace. As Marie is probably going home on foot, I want to give her time to return to Vignollette, take off her disguise, and go to bed without telling me anything, if she pleases. You understand, uncle? If she confesses her inconsiderate act, I shall have a right to scold at her and ask her questions. If she wants to conceal it from me, I cannot reproach her without making her angry and humiliating her very much. Remember she is under my roof, and has no other asylum; if I offend her, she will leave me, and where then would she go? To Charlotte's, whom I believe capable of any crime? No, she must not quit me, for she would compromise herself, and give her step-mother the means of destroying her reputation!"

"In this, as in everything, you are as wise as you are generous, my dear Emilie. Say nothing to her, if she is silly enough to wish to deceive you; but I will speak to Jacques! Never mind! he will not dream that you heard his conversation with the damsel."

We arrived just at this time under the pines where, for want of room in the inn, a number of horses were tied to the trees. Jacques had not troubled himself much in delivering his sister's message to the old servant. He was searching in all directions, looking always for Mademoiselle de Nives, and finding it very difficult to obtain information in any other way than by his eyes, which were of little use to him in the thick shade of the pine-grove. Obligated to come at my call, he helped me in seeing Emilie safely started for home.

Then, taking his arm, I led him to an unfrequented path, and said:

"Let us see, young man, what you intend to do, and what will be the end of this fine intrigue."

In three words I convinced him that I knew everything, and that it was perfectly useless to deny it.

He drew a long breath, and replied:

"O uncle! you confound me; but you release me from torture, and, excepting for the penalty of being severely scolded, I am delighted at the opportunity of telling you the truth. Here is the story of my love-affair with Mademoiselle de Nives."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## THE MEN WHO FASCINATE WOMEN.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE special attraction of some men for most women is deeply hidden. It is not discoverable by observation or by reason, and its source is, in many cases, as mysterious to those who exercise it as to those who feel it. The general opinion that men draw and delight the other sex mainly through their good looks, notwithstanding it has a basis of fact, cannot be safely adopted. We hear a great deal of handsome fellows, historic and contemporaneous, who have broken feminine peace and rifled feminine hearts. We are intimately acquainted with what Alcibiades, Mohammed, Crichton, and Marlborough, have achieved in that way, not to name the beaux of our set or the gallants of the town; but we are apt to overlook other qualities that have contributed to their success. Women like to talk wildly about handsome men, as if handsomeness were the sole thing desirable; and yet, while they rave over lustrous eyes, flowing locks, and magnificent figures, they find themselves fascinated by plain and even homely men, whom, from description, they would feel sure they could never abide.

Who has not known women in the habit of glowing over abstract Apollos, to decline upon and be absorbed by concrete Vulcans? But, then, the Vulcans may not be Vulcans to them. Love idealizes, especially in the feminine heart; endows the object loved with all the hues of imagination—with every property of the becoming. Love is born of unreason, and continued in mystery. Where it descends, it adheres, whether it alight on beauty or deformity, on the top of the verdant hill or in the parched valley. Externals have little to do with it: it has a lawless law of its own, and moves in courses so eccentric that their direction can never be traced. Women are drawn where they are drawn: the fact is recognized; but what makes it a fact eludes analysis. Masculine comeliness repels them not; indeed, it often wins them, at least invites them. To hold them, to compel them, some mental magic, some spiritual sorcery, is needed which is wholly independent of color and of form. A fair exterior is truly a letter of recommendation, which, however, internal conditions must bear out to save disappointment and reaction. A handsome face and fine figure compose so small a part of fascination that they can be omitted in the relations of the sexes without serious disadvantage. Good and desirable in themselves, their possession incurs a responsibility which must be met with higher and worthier gifts. She who, having been attracted by them, finds that they advertise what they do not keep, is apt to undergo a revulsion of feeling that scarcely stops short of contempt. What right, she thinks, has a man to appear other than he is? Labeled with allurements, he is inwardly empty, intellectually barren, and still flouts deception in one's very face.

The men that women talk of amiably, referring

to their good looks, pleasant ways, kindly manners, are not the men who make strong appeals to their sympathies, captivate their imaginations, or thrill their blood. These create so deep an impression, so arouse privacy of emotion, that praise is sparing, and general comment hushed. When you hear a woman of any fineness or force speak of a man's mere handsomeness, you may be sure he has only caught her eye; that her heart is for somebody else. Her speech is a poor compliment when it is satisfied with surfaces. She is, in truth, likely to be fondest of him about whom she is silent. The consciousness of her preference renders her sensitive of outward approval—what she would be glad to say she dares not say at all.

Who are the real favorites with women, as a rule? The men of attractive or plain exterior; those who shine and revel in photographs, or those who are averse to them? In your own circle, are the splendid-looking fellows the dangerous ones? Have you any fair friends who have suffered sentimentally from regular features, flowing whiskers, or exact proportions? Are the emotional tragedies evoked from animated fashion-plates and walking tailors'-blocks? Give a man of fine person and presence fervor, sensibility, and character to match, and you have equipped him with undue odds in the soft war of the sexes. But, then, you have been more bounteous than Nature, who usually bestows with half-opened hands. She rarely confers at the same time on her sons—generous as she may be to her daughters—the charm of body and the charm of mind. When she does, she often revenges herself for her profusion by implanting a weakness that turns her gifts awry. How many handsome fellows who have had possibilities of merit have been spoiled by their handsomeness! How many more have been without such possibilities, and never missed them, because absorbed in the contemplation and admiration of their physical perfections!

No healthful mind can or does despise beauty in any shape; but between beauty and brains there is only one choice. And it does seem generally, in spite of many exceptions, that the two are at variance in our sex, so much does one encroach upon the other—not necessarily, but commonly. Beauty, of course, is here understood conventionally, as it is applied to women—including delicacy of feature, softness of complexion, harmony of color, exactness of proportion. There are hundreds of fine-looking, actually handsome men who offend æsthetic canons—who, judged by the ordinary standard, are plain, perhaps ugly, and who never acquire the reputation, popularly at least, of being handsome. A man may be admirable in *physique*; he may have a face artists would love to paint, a figure sculptors would delight to model, and yet be as strong, broad, and efficient, as if he turned mirrors to disfavor.

Beauty cannot be harmful to a man by whom it is regarded as an accident. Considered as an essential, it enervates and undermines him. Numbers of the world's heroes have been physically magnificent; but they have determined to be magnificent in performance as well. But he who is ever conscious of personal attractions, and shows his consciousness, tacitly admits that they are the best of him, and becomes emasculated. His shallow vanity makes him womanish, and no womanish man can awake a grand passion in the breast of a womanly woman. Self-delight with the body and all that belongs to it, a certain self-stimulation of sensuousness, a sovereign satisfaction with form and feature, set off to the best advantage, are distinctly feminine traits, and the man who shares these cannot expect to share anything else woman has to give. She naturally looks to him for what she has not and cannot get from herself; and, finding her pleasant and piquant vanities refracted as weaknesses and follies in him, she turns from them and from him in contempt.

When a woman has once been charmed by a man—for this seems to be the effect often produced upon her—she loses her power to judge of him rationally. She remembers but vaguely how he appeared to her before her heart had taken fire. Since then he has been transformed; he has taken on the hues of her fancy; he is woven into the woof of her life. However plain he may be, she does not think him plain, and he is not so to her, since the glamour of passion is on her eyes. If he were handsome as Hyacinthus, he would show to her no better than were he commonly endowed; so that his looks would avail him nothing. But resembling Hyacinthus, other things being equal, he would be less apt to charm her than if of ordinary mould. In the Greek fable, it will be remembered, the beautiful Spartan youth was beloved of Apollo and Zephyrus, and that the latter caused his death, through jealousy, by blowing against his head the discus of the god; so that the attachment was unnatural even in the apologue. In reality, such beauty as is ascribed to Hyacinthus would be likely to be unaccompanied by the masculine qualities that appeal to and master women.

Doubtless one reason that noticeably handsome men make fewer conquests than plain or homely men is, that they depend too much on their appearance, neglecting what is of infinitely greater value. The homely man is aware that he must make the most of his resources; that he must bestir himself; that he must keep at a certain high level. If he is desirous to please, he is always on his metal; he exercises all his talents and his arts; he is concerned to prove, in his own case, the superiority of mind over matter. He has, also, an advantage in his very plainness, which serves as a sort of ambush for his winningness, increasing and certifying it by the absence of expectation. Much of what goes by the name of love is a surprise of the heart, and women's hearts are easily surprised where they are not forewarned. A woman is inclined to be on her guard, meeting a man of attractive exterior and vivid self-consciousness. She instinctively defends her-

self; her opposition is aroused, her prejudice excited, her self-love rendered assertive. His efforts to please miscarry; his gallantry is misinterpreted; his kind offices are misunderstood. The things he has counted in his favor are counted against him; his attempts to advance result in his retrogression; his boasted good looks insure his discomfiture.

He to whom comeliness has been denied evokes something of woman's sympathy by that fact alone, if he have address, and know how to use his tongue. She believes that she can put him on better terms with himself; that she has nothing to fear from him; that she can afford to be unreserved; and, when she feels that she can be unreserved, she has surrendered half her weapons. Before she is well aware, he has gained her confidence. While she imagines that she pities him—for what reason she could not tell for her soul—he, having grown to be her spiritual liege, is looking down on her with that lofty tenderness which marks his sex. His plainness has been his help, and to it he owes the beginning of a success which the possession of physical gifts might have prevented. She does not suspect until too late that Nature, in withholding beauty of form, has bestowed upon him such an ability to interest as more than makes amends. She may say mentally at first, "How ugly he is!" but the chances are that she will not repeat it; for, listening to his talk, she believes she would not change him if she could. Ugliness in men often seems to be a mask concealing mysterious fascinations which, opportunity favoring, few women find themselves able to resist.

The illustrious men in history who have been subduers of women, who have kindled in their hearts inextinguishable passions, have been, as a rule, rather plain than handsome.

Julius Caesar, for instance, as great a victor over the other sex as over his own—triumphing eventually over both by force of arms—was far from beautiful, as we learn from Suetonius and the marbles that are still preserved. His features were not quite regular, nor well proportioned. His complexion was naturally sickly and pale, when not bronzed by exposure. He was tall, but very spare; he had a distemper in the head, Plutarch tells us, and was subject to epilepsy. In his later years, also, he was entirely bald, which made him the more desirous to wear a crown of laurel. One of the most winning, eloquent, and irresistible of men, he owed his power to his masterly mind, not to an attractive person.

As women are unquestionably drawn to owners of renown and occupants of high places, it may be thought that they went to Caesar for what he had achieved rather than for what he was. But accredited facts seem to disprove this. When he was a mere stripling, before he had gained any place or fame in Rome, girls of his age sighed for him, and mature women longed for his love. He felt what he was born to by the extraordinary influence he exercised over women ere men had recognized his gifts. Sylla said of him, while in his early teens, "They know little who do not see many Mariuses in that boy." Even previous to that, women had found in

him many lovers. Afterward, in Bithynia, Spain, Gaul, wherever he went, in truth, the fairest of the feminine natives, though they knew not his name nor rank, appeared to hunger for his society. They flew to him as the moth flies to the flame—by an instinct of self-destruction. He was by no means a vain, selfish, sensual libertine: he was sensitive, susceptible, affectionate, passionate; loving too much rather than not enough; conquered by as well as conquering women, as the familiar example of Cleopatra so fully illustrates. It seems to be the moral not less than the physical law that bodies attract in proportion as they are attracted. Men who draw women are likewise drawn by them. Strong passion, positive love, seldom exists by halves; no fire burns long without feeding.

Fascinating as Cæsar was, he could not keep his third wife, Pompeia, from a desperate and dangerous flirtation with Publius Clodius. But Pompeia was not very fond of him; for she must have known that he had married her for political reasons, and that domestic loyalty was not one of his virtues. Very likely she caused Clodius to be introduced into her house during the festival of Gynæcea, with the deliberate intent to revenge herself for her husband's infidelities, although she had no fear that her gallant would be discovered. When her lord put her away without appearing as a witness against the profligate patrician, and made to his inquiring friend the well-known reply, "I am unwilling that my wife should be even so much as suspected," he showed that his pride was hurt more than his affection. If such a man as Cæsar had really loved Pompeia, and been true to her, she would have been—as he would have had her—wholly above suspicion. When he fell at last beneath the swords of the conspirators, many of the patricians rejoiced; but their wives and all the women of Rome were heart-broken at the tragedy. Like Brutus, they loved Cæsar and they loved Rome; but, unlike Brutus, they loved Cæsar more than Rome.

Sir Philip Sidney, the accepted pink of Elizabethan chivalry, whom the women of his day adored and whose memory women have since doubly adored through their idealization of him, was, contrary to general belief, plain to a degree of ugliness. No man has received so many encomia who has done so little. His merit has been exaggerated in every way: his face and figure have been made harmonious with his transcendent reputation. All time rings with his trumpeted perfections. We believe there were heroes before Agamemnon; but we seem to doubt that there were gentlemen before Sidney. He had noble qualities, and many of them, though he was not without defects. His manners were more polished, his social graces more numerous, than those of his countrymen (he had the means of improving and multiplying them by travel and by sojourn at the French court), and he possessed a rare literary talent, enabling him to impress himself vividly and favorably upon his time. His strong but unattractive and hypocritical queen coddled him—calling him "My Philip," as much from malice toward her

sister Mary's bigoted and gloomy husband as from desire to compliment her courtier.

Great sympathy has been expressed with Sidney for his loss of Lady Rich, to whom he had been betrothed, but who was married to another. As the lady turned out, he was very fortunate in not getting her; but whether her deviations were the result of her wedding a man she did not love, or of natural moral obliquity, cannot be determined. She was beautiful, according to all accounts, and so conscious of her beauty that she would not be niggard of it. Sidney wooed her most energetically under the name of "Stella" long after her marriage, and not at all, as his panegyrists claim, in Platonic fashion. It is impossible to read his amatory poems addressed to her, even allowing for the freedom of the age, without being convinced that he employed all the arts of passionate and poetic expression to sully the woman he assumed to worship. For a model of chivalry, as in most things he certainly was, his extremely erotic, sometimes licentious, effusions are not exactly what would be expected of him. His indecorous wooing was sufficiently venial in the sixteenth century, though it might relieve his future eulogists from embarrassment were it fairly and squarely admitted that Sidney had, after all, his human weaknesses. There may be those, especially among women, who would rather concede his immorality than his absence of personal beauty, for he was such a charming man. Yes, he was; but men have been charming without handsomeness or impeccability. The noble close of Sidney's life, and the memorable incident of the bottle of water and the dying soldier, have set his history in a radiant frame. His was a truly knightly soul at base; he generally practised his precepts; his spoken gallantries were not screens for gross license. He gained the favor of fair women without yielding wholly to the temptation of their fairness. He fascinated by his mind, not by his person, and his victories were free from fleshly taint.

Pietro Aretino, celebrated as a writer in the sixteenth century, who was as devoid of comeliness as of decency, was a wholesale heart-breaker. An illegitimate child, all his pleasures and most of his pursuits were illegitimate. Corrupt even for Italy and his epoch, he was so clever with his pen, so ready with his tongue, that he won princes and princesses to his support and his arms. His biographies, produced by Berni, Dujardin, and Mazzuchelli, are extraordinary comments on the manners and customs of Southern Europe three hundred years ago. He seemed to have nothing to recommend him but talent, and that he prostituted whenever and wherever occasion offered. Compelled to leave his native city, Arezzo, by reason of his writing a sonnet against indulgences, he went to Perugia, and supported himself by selling books—almost the only honest calling he is known to have had. Such plain business irked him; he walked to Rome, and got employment in the service of Leo X., and of his successor Clement VII. Certain licentious writings compelled him to retire; and, set once more to wandering, he arrived in Florence, and attached himself to Giovanni de'

Medici, who, two years after, died in his arms from a wound received in battle. The author himself had been stabbed, meanwhile, by a rival in an ardent attachment to a bewitching cook, and became so incensed at the pope for his unwillingness to punish the would-be assassin that he swore he would never forgive him. Aretino was indiscriminate in his gallantries until the frolic of his blood was somewhat tamed—saucepans being as alluring to him as coronets and pedigrees.

After the death of his patron, he fixed on Venice as his home, where he resolved to be independent—boasting that, with a bottle of ink and a supply of paper, he could make a thousand gold scudi a year, equivalent to seventeen thousand dollars in our money. He made his boast good, too; for he had an extraordinary facility and versatility, composing sentimental, satirical, historic, sacred, profane, poetic, and licentious works, which had an immediate and abundant sale. The doge, Andrea Gritti, became his friend; the pope was reconciled to him, and promised him his sister in marriage. Charles V. honored him, and he had high hopes of a cardinal's hat. All went well with him. He painted and carved with skill; he fared sumptuously; the noblest beauties of Venice melted at his glance. Still, he was a coarse scoundrel. He was a glutton, a sensualist, a blackguard, and not unfrequently he was waylaid and beaten, and several times nearly murdered, for his transgressions, literary and moral. He was designated as the scourge of princes. Why some of them did not have him put out of the way in that era of easy poison and poniards passes comprehension.

Having been told one day of some shameful conduct by his sisters—the members of the Aretino family were very much alike—he was so greatly amused that he threw himself back into his chair with immoderate laughter, fell over, and broke his precious neck. He left many mistresses, who wept over his death, but dried their tears betimes, to smile and sin again. Aretino's charm for women must have been his immitigable viciousness.

Paul Scarron, the comic poet, renowned in his day, and hardly remembered now, dazzled the imagination and controlled the sensibilities of some of the finest women of France during the reign of Louis XIII. and XIV. Nature had been miserly to him as respects his person, before disease had made him a wretched cripple. But even after that he had no trouble in obtaining for wife the young and lovely Françoise d'Aubigné, who, as Madame de Maintenon, subsequently subjugated the most fastidious and fickle of French kings. The wit said, when he was five-and-thirty: "Though hideously deformed, not a line of grace left in me, the most charming women earth has yet seen are rendered happy by my smile. Bless yourself, friend Scarron, it is your genius that transforms you." To his bride he exclaimed: "I shall make you immortal, Françoise! You shall go down to posterity as the wife of Scarron!" Alas for egotism and prediction! Who collects to-day that Madame de Maintenon was ever Madame Scarron?

What a devil of a fellow was Baron Friedrich von der Trenck in regard to the sentimental sisterhood; and yet he was cheated of attractive features, and owed all his emotional successes, as he once wrote, to his uncompromising ugliness! There are many records, besides his own interesting memoirs, of how, when he sought to win women, they were incontinently won.

Trenck's passion for the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great, involved him in life-long troubles. His precocious talents and soldierly accomplishments had warmly recommended him to the king, who, resolved on his advancement, treated him like a friend and a son. At sixteen he was admitted into the royal body-guard, and at eighteen was selected to drill the Silesian cavalry. A brilliant future was opened to him when, on the occasion of the festivities of the marriage of the Princess Ulrich, an older sister of Frederick, with the Prince Royal of Sweden, he met in Amelia one of his many fates. They fell heels-over-head in love with one another at first sight, and took no counsel save from their inclinations. Their rashness escaped observation, and in the campaign of the year following (1744) the young man gained a still stronger hold upon the affections of his sovereign by his dashing valor. The king appointed him his adjutant; but, returning to Berlin, Trenck was so little circumspect in his interviews with the princess that her brother could not remain in ignorance of them. He endeavored by indirect admonitions to draw the officer away from the danger he was bringing upon himself; but the latter was too deeply in love, and too impetuous in disposition, to heed any warnings. The consequence was, that he was arrested, and kept in confinement several weeks, the pretext being lateness on parade.

During the next campaign he again distinguished himself; but the king having discovered that he was in private correspondence with his ferocious and turbulent cousin, Baron Franz, in the service of Maria Theresa, caused him to be cashiered, and thrown, without trial, into the fortress of Galatz, whence he escaped after a year's imprisonment and repeated audacious and desperate attempts.

Trenck knew that his punishment was due less to his kinsman than his monarch's kinswoman, and admitted to his mistress that it was very difficult, in the nature of things, to remain a favorite with the king, and be at the same time the lover of the king's sister. Still, he persisted in his obstinacy, impelled by his romantic attachment and his equally romantic recklessness, although he was hopelessly cut off from personal communication with the princess. Shut out from Prussia, he wandered about; had divers adventures; consoled himself after the usual masculine fashion for his separation from Amelia; and finally, going to Dantzic on the death of his mother, he was seized in the middle of the night by three hussars, acting under Frederick's orders, and conducted to the citadel of Magdeburg. Notwithstanding the most daring and wonderful efforts to escape, in which he very nearly succeeded several times, he remained there



about nine years and a half, loaded with irons and undergoing terrible suffering. The faithful princess, even more wretched than himself, from the knowledge that she had brought such woes upon him, labored with and besought her brother, without ceasing, to effect her lover's release, and finally carried her purpose. After new commitments to prison, and marvelous escapes, after sundry duels, gallant exploits in the service of Mars and Venus, and unhappy experiences as a journalist (he drank the cup of wormwood to the very dregs), the death of the king enabled him to return to his native country, from which he had been exiled forty-two years. Amelia seemed to have been clinging to her lonely life merely until she could see him again. She died a few days after meeting him, with his aged kisses on her lips—first given in the ardor of his headlong youth.

He whom Goethe called the greatest literary man that has ever lived, the most surprising production of the Author of Nature—Voltaire—was in no wise framed like Paris, albeit he had many Helens. Brilliant as a diamond in the sunshine, uncontestedly the cleverest of the human race to present date, he would never have been chosen as a typical lover. Wonderful as his mind was, he was ugly of feature, but capable of delighting women with his ugliness. Madame de Genlis tells us that he was the only man of the eighteenth century who could talk to women as they really enjoy being talked to; and she had means of knowing, and was capable of judging. When the prince of wits, aged twenty, had gone to Holland as page to the Marquis de Châteauneuf, he formed a sentimental attachment to Olympe Dunoyer, the pretty daughter of a Frenchwoman who had exiled herself to get rid of a disagreeable husband. Olympe was still fonder than young Aroutet, and they had many clandestine meetings. Her mother learning of these, and fearing an elopement, informed the marquis, who forbade all further love-making, to no purpose, of course. Then the diplomat—he was ambassador to the Hague—to punish disobedience, locked the page in his chamber, who, seeing he was not likely to get out for several days, sent a note secretly to his sweetheart, begging her to visit him in male attire. She went unhesitatingly; but the little stratagem was discovered. Madame Dunoyer sent her daughter to Amsterdam, and the marquis sent François back to Paris. It was a minor but a very pleasant episode, and Voltaire always remembered it. He wrote her poems afterward, which she carried in her bosom, and blotted with her tears. She married a German baron some years later, and the author, having become eminent, had the pleasure of doing them both favors.

Madame de Rupelmonde, interesting as indiscreet, loved him passionately, without inspiring in him any very ardent return. She had her revenge in seeing him sigh for Madame de Villars (formerly the beautiful Mademoiselle de Varangeville), wife of the marshal, with no reciprocity on her part. The latter coquetted with him for months, till the poet grew weary of such metaphysical affection, and ceased

to follow in her train. She was an habitual flirt, and is said to have made her husband so jealous that he insisted on her accompanying him to the field. Doubtless she would have been kinder to the author had he consented to be her satellite a little longer. But he was too fiery and impatient; he knew too well the attractions he had for the sex generally to waste himself on any one of its members.

Adrienne Lecouvreur, the eminent actress, was one of his sweethearts. She played the leading feminine parts in dramas he wrote for her, and by her triumphs therein appealed to him both as an author and a man. She loved him; but she loved other men, as he loved other women, though they never quarreled on that point. If he needed charity for himself, he extended it to his fellows irrespective of gender. "We have great hearts, dear Adrienne," he once said; "they demand much; they cannot be sustained by a single affection." They were both faithful to the inspiration, but not to the inspirer. She breathed out her life, supported on his breast, her last words a rapturous expression of love for Marshal de Saxe, on whose account she is believed to have been poisoned by a jealous rival. That was a severe test to put any man to—especially a man of Voltaire's unbounded vanity. To have a charming woman die in a man's arms may be very romantic; but when he loves her, and she has claimed to love him, and closes the sentimental chapter with a fervid apostrophe to another man, it is apt to dash the romance a trifle. It was not so with Voltaire. He lamented her sincerely; he greatly honored her memory. When the Abbé Languet refused her consecrated burial, he wrote a poem on her death—a bitter satire on the Church—which evoked such a storm that he was obliged to quit the capital.

The literary king, as may be inferred, continued his *liaisons*; one of the longest and most noted being with Madame du Châtelet. He doted on her, and she was devoted, though she did not confine her devotion to him. Sexual fealty was not the fashion in that time or country; it is a more modern and, to a certain extent, a republican innovation, not greatly esteemed, even now, in many parts of Southern Europe. Voltaire differed from the vast majority of men, particularly those of the art-class, by adhering, despite occasional delinquencies, to the women who expressed fondness for him. He did not forsake them when they had deceived him, though they not infrequently forsook him when he had not deceived them. Can it be possible that some women's disloyalty is provoked by the assurance of their lovers' loyalty to them?

Rousseau (Jean Jacques) looked the reverse of the sentimentalist that he was. Not only was he remarkably plain, his face being dull and his features heavy; his appearance was rustic, his manner awkward; nothing in his exterior to gratify a woman's eye. Nevertheless, he stirred her to her depths; thrilled her to the core; set her blood on fire; drew her soul through the wild sea of her excited sense. His presence moved women as well as his writings: strangely enough withal, for he was not in the least

amiable, nor was he capable of appearing so. He could not talk; his wit was slow; he was silent, generally sulky, uttering either stupidities or pedantries when he nerved himself to say anything, and disgusted at the poor figure he cut. He assailed everything that had the temerity to exist. Society was a sham; courtesy a trick; good-breeding a grimace; science quackery; philosophy a bubble. It must have been his grandiose, immutable egotism that struck sparks from the breasts of petted belles and stately ladies of rank. He says to one of his fair admirers: "You have praised me for my writings; you would praise and honor me more for my life, if you knew it; and still more for my heart, could you see its purity, its tenderness, its great love of humanity." He declares himself to be the proper type of the race. Those who would know man as unselfish, as noble, as exalted as he can be, under the direful limitations which tradition and custom have imposed—says the restless sophist in effect—should read the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques.

He quarreled with everybody, under the insane belief that the whole world was in conspiracy against him. No man could long be his friend; his morbid temperament rendered it impossible. But generous, accomplished, distinguished women put up with his endless vagaries, his morose temper, his enormous exactions. They sympathized with him; they caressed him; they forgave his perpetual affronts and his base ingratitude for the love they bore him. Madame de Warens gave him a home when he was a poor, friendless youth who had run away from a hard master he had been apprenticed to; cherished him; yielded everything. Not without grave faults, she was extremely good to him; and, though he professed a lasting attachment to her, his behavior oppugned his professions. The brilliant Madame d'Epinay did all in her power to render him contented. They were companions for years; she built for him the Hermitage at Montmorency; but he transferred his affection to her sister-in-law, the Countess d'Houdetot, a very interesting woman with a code of ethics adapted to the last century. Indeed, he had no lack of fine ladies at his disposal. It was the mode in Paris to be enamored of him, and the mode was followed with exceeding eagerness. He avows with characteristic modesty that the women were so intoxicated with his books and their author that there were very few, even of the highest rank, whose conquest he could not have made, had he cared to undertake it. He confides to the public that he had abundant evidence of the fact, which he did not wish to print, though it was entirely convincing. No question either but he told the truth. That is the worst of it. And he is the man of whom many of his contemporaries spoke as a scullion in spirit, supremely sensual, devoid of all decency, depraved from the start, a fellow not to be admitted into any household where self-respect was regarded. But a great many cultured and charming women wore this sentimental savage in the innermost folds of their affections.

John Wilkes, often mentioned, even by himself, as the ugliest man in all England, was a British Don

Guzman de Alfarache. He had the gift of talking women out of all respect for the best-known of the Ten Commandments. Where he had free access, improprieties and scandal arose as a natural consequence. Coarse, unscrupulous, dissolute, he had the art of dissembling to perfection when he wished to, and women who abhorred him from his reputation were sure he had been foully slandered fifteen minutes after he had gained their ear. Desiring to marry a rich heiress much older than himself, he obtained her consent in half an hour, and won besides, as the story goes, five hundred pounds by a wager he had laid upon the issue of his connubial enterprise. Outraged beyond endurance by his gross neglect and open infidelities, she afterward demanded a separation, and had no trouble in procuring it. The suit which she brought subsequent to the divorce, to oblige him to pay her an annuity he had promised, revealed his true character, though many women sided with him against his wife, because, perhaps, she had been so shamefully and manifestly wronged.

As the editor of the *North Briton*, his demagogism was so dexterous that, aided by the folly of his political adversaries, he became an idol of the common people. Prosecution made him a vulgar hero; but the basest behavior, expulsion from Parliament, incitement of riots, infamous libels, could not unseat him in the warm prejudices of women. Numbers of them thought him a noble martyr, and several ladies of position in London pronounced him one of the purest of men, even after he had been found guilty of publishing an obscene poem upon their sex. Long after his popularity had waned, the wives and sisters of those who refused to recognize him were flattered by his attention, and most unseemly in their bearing toward him. The details of his conquests, which would fill volumes, would rejoice the prurient and amaze the conventional. Not Rochester, Saint-Evremond, Gramont, nor any of the elegant profligates, native or foreign, of Charles II.'s court, made greater devastation in the ranks of feminine infatuation than this lisping blackguard, this squinting wit, this ill-favored and totally disreputable journalist.

If one were searching for the portrait of a man who would be dangerous to the other sex, he would be reckoned a satirist should he choose the portrait of Jonathan Swift. But everybody knows how he subjugated their minds by his rancorous pride and savage tyranny; how three of the sweetest women in Great Britain looked for all their happiness to his harsh, homely face until they drooped with disgust or died of despair. With what fierce arrogance he deported himself! A poor scribe, with nothing in prospect, he was insolent and hectoring to the greatest. When the Duchess of Shrewsbury reproached him for not dining with her, he replied that it was too much for her to expect under the circumstances; that she must make more advances; that he looked for advances from ladies, especially duchesses. Lady Oglethorp introduced him to the Duchess of Hamilton. To use his own words, he gave her some encouragement, but not much. He wrote to the Duch-

ess of Queensberry: "I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been continually made me by all ladies who aspire to my acquaintance; and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances." He seemed to regard himself as a superior being, exempt from all social laws, entitled to homage, even from the highest, of the abjectest sort.

During his residence in England, he appeared to become fond—if fondness can be associated with him—of a pretty, amiable, and refined girl, Jane Waryng, the sister of an old college friend. He asked her to be his wife; but she declined, on account of her delicate health. She grew better, and, as he had charmed her somehow, she repented of her refusal, and so wrote him. He then condescended to accept her, but accompanied his acceptance with conditions so unnatural and insulting that her self-respect compelled her to break with him.

A bright and winning girl, Esther Johnson (presumed to be the illegitimate child of his patron, Sir William Temple), whom he had reared, who had always revered and loved him, he treated kindly and brutally by turns, until he made her ineffably wretched. While he was in London, still another young woman, Hesther Vanhomrigh, rich and beautiful, became enamored of the great bear; declared her passion; followed him to Ireland; underwent agonies of jealousy; appealed to him most piteously; and yet woke no serious response in his hardened breast. He had been affectionate to her in England; but he changed in Ireland; he seemed bent on torturing her. She wrote: "If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not long be made uneasy by me. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than your killing, killing words." She told the melancholy truth. His brutal behavior doomed her; she withered into the grave.

For the gentle Esther there was now a chance of happiness. Swift claimed that she had always had his heart. He married her from a sense of duty; but what a marriage! It was a feast in a charnel-house, a dance of death. The union was secret; it was to be nominal merely; it was to be an invisible change, with a deeper inward torment. His home became a hell to him. He went to England often as he could, and staid as long. Poor Esther! she was twelve years dying. Nature was as malignant as Fortune had been; but at last came the end, and blessed oblivion. The man who had slowly murdered two devoted women paid the penalty which crime unrelentingly exacts. Stella, as he called her, had indeed been his good angel. He had been wretched with her; he was more wretched without her. As he had predicted, he died at the

top. He passed a whole year without uttering a word—with a dread of seeing any human face. He sank into a raving lunatic, then into a helpless idiot, and was buried years after he had virtually died, leaving all his property to build a mad-house. Is it such men whom women love? But let judgment be charitable. A man who could treat good, gentle, devoted women as Swift treated them must be insane from the first.

There are many other men ill-favored of mind and body, in the present not less than the past, who might be cited as bewitchers and misleaders of women. But they are all variations of the same tune. There are Caesars, born conquerors of their kind, who are natural lovers, and unavoidably unjust, through their polygamous temperament. There are Sidneys, gifted and gentle, who are too chivalrous to wrong women consciously, but who play with passion to a perilous point. There are Aretinos, capable, witty, unscrupulous, indecent, who prey like wild beasts upon women. There are Scarrons, mercifully licentious, without reflection, who harm women little more than they harm themselves. There are Trencks, lusty dare-devils, with whom love is a riot of the blood, who are soldiers in sentiment, who approach women as they do a citadel, with no thought but victory. There are Voltaires, bubbling over with vanity, spirit, and versatility, tender-hearted though inconsiderate, to whom women are an intoxication and a necessity. There are Rousseaus, sentimentalists to the marrow, weighed down with egotism, social revolutionists, who sweep women away with floods of sensuousness and sensibility, and catch them up in an ardent embrace. There are Wilkeses who cover supreme selfishness and animal instincts with captivating manners, and win women indiscriminately because they can. There are Swifts, enraged by knowledge of their position, devoured by belief in their unappreciation, with every passion but sexual passion, who abuse women for their own misfortunes and deficiency.

All such varieties of men and many more, though lacking physical beauty, women strive for and are subdued by. What is their attraction? Is it power, or chivalry, or wit, or profligacy, or fearlessness, or brilliancy, or sentiment, or tenderness, or kindness, or indifference, or egotism, or brutality? Something, no doubt, of each and all of these; but exactly what, can no more be named than the source of the sun's heat or the reason why the moon affects the tides. This charm, though greatly coveted by men, is usually dangerous, often fatal, always undesirable. It is a beautiful flame that consumes the radiant possession, that curses the possessor. Happier he who can earn but one heart than he to whom a hundred hearts are given!

## TWO WOMEN.

1862.

(Conclusion.)

## THE DRIVE.

THE LADY (*thinking*). O fair Kentucky! border-land of war,

Thou rovest like a gypsy at thy will  
Between the angry South and stubborn North.  
Across thy boundaries many times from far  
Sweep Morgan's men, the troopers bold who fill  
Ohio with alarm; then, marching forth  
In well-drilled ranks with flag, and fife, and drum,  
From camp and town the steady blue-coats come,  
March east, march west, march north, march south,  
and find

No enemy except the lawless wind.  
No sooner gone—Lo! presto through the glen  
Is heard the midnight ride of Morgan's men:  
They ford the rivers by the light of stars,  
The ringing hoofs sound through the mountain-pass;  
They draw not rein until their glad huzzas  
Are echoing through the land of the Blue Grass.

—O lovely land,

O swell of grassy billows far and near,  
O wild, free elms, whose swaying arms expand  
As if to clasp me, hold my love as dear  
As thine own son. I hasten to his side—  
Ye roads, lie smooth; ye streams, make safe the ford;  
O chivalrous Kentucky, help the bride  
Though thou hast wounded with thy rebel sword  
The foeman bridegroom!

..... Can it be that girl  
Who rides in front? I thought her left behind  
In that small town. *Ciel!* would I could hurl  
The slim thing down this bank! Would I could bind  
Those prim, long-fingered, proper hands of hers  
Behind her drooping, narrow-shouldered back,  
And send her home! A heart like that transfers  
Its measured, pale affections readily,  
If the small rules it calleth piety  
Step in between them. Otherwise, the crack  
Of doom would not avail to break the tie  
Which is not love so much as fealty  
To given word, that conscientiousness  
Which weigheth all things be they more or less,  
From fold of ribbon to a marriage-vow,  
With self-same scales of duty. Shall I now  
Ride on and pass her—for her horse will fail  
Before the hour is out? Of what avail  
Her journey?

(*Speaks.*) Driver, press forward.—Nay, stop—

(*Aside.*) O what a child am I to waver thus!

I know not how to be ungenerous

Though I may try—God knows I truly tried.

What's this upon my hand? Did a tear drop?

(*Speaks.*) By your side

Behold me, maiden; will you ride with me?

My horses fleet and strong.

THE MAIDEN. I thank you—no.

THE LADY (*aside*). She said me nay; then why am I not free

To leave her here, and let my swift steeds go  
On like the wind?

(*Speaks.*) Ho! driver—

(*Aside.*)

I cannot.

(*Speaks.*) Child, my horses soon will pass  
In spite of me; they are so fleet they need  
The curb to check them in their flying speed.  
Ours the same journey; why should we not ride  
Together?

THE MAIDEN. Never!

THE LADY. Then I must abide

By your decision.—Driver, pass.

(*Thinking.*)

I take  
Her at her word. In truth, for her own sake

'Twere charity to leave her, hasten on,  
Find my own love, and with him swift begone

Ere she can reach him; for his ardor strong

(*Curbed, loyal heart, so long!*)

Heightened by fever, will o'ersweep all bounds,

And fall around me in a fiery shower

Of passion's words.— And yet—this inner power—

This strange, unloving justice that surrounds

My careless conscience, will not let me go!

(*Speaks.*)

Driver, turn back.

Ho!

—Maiden, I ask again—

I cannot take advantage. Come with me;

That horse will fail you soon—ask; both these men

Will tell you so.—Come, child—we will agree

The ride shall count as naught; nay, when we reach

The farm-house, all shall be as though no speech

Had ever passed between us—we will meet

Beside his couch as strangers.

(*Aside.*)

For thee, O whispering tempter!

THE MAIDEN (*to the men*).

Will the horse fail?

ONE OF THE MEN. Yes.

THE MAIDEN.

Madam, then with you

I needs must ride.—I pray you take my share

Of payment; it were more than I could bear

To be indebted to you.

THE LADY.

Was but a trifle.

(*Aside.*)

Now forgive me, truth.

—But was it not a trifle to such wealth—

Such wealth as mine?

(*Speaks.*) Heard you that distant drum

Borne on the wind a moment? Ah! our youth

Is thrilled with the great pulses of this war.

How fast we live—how full each crowded hour

Of hot excitements! Naught is done by stealth,

The little secrecies of other days

Thrown to the winds; the clang and charge afar

On the red battle-field, the news that sways

Now to, now fro, 'twixt victory and defeat;

The distant cry of "Extra!" down the street

In the gray dawnings, and our breathless haste

To read the tidings—all this mighty power

Hath burned in flame the day of little things

Curled like a scroll—and now we face the kings,

The terrible, the glorious gods of war.

—The maid forgets her shyness; wherefore waste

One moment when the next may call him forth

Ne'er to return to her? The dear old North



May take her lover—but he shall not go  
With lips unknissed to meet his Southern foe;  
Her last embrace will cheer him on his round  
Now back, now forth, over the frozen ground  
Through the long night.

—And when the hasty word  
"Only one day; be ready, love," is heard,  
The soft consent is instant, and there swells  
Amid the cannonade faint wedding-bells  
From distant village; then, as swift away  
The soldier bridegroom rides—he may not stay.  
And she?—She would not keep him, though the tears  
Blind her sweet eyes that follow him, and fears  
Crowd her faint heart and take away her breath,  
As on her white robe falls the shade of Death  
That waits for him at Shiloh!

O these days!  
When we have all gone back to peaceful ways,  
Shall we not find sweet Peace a little dull?  
—You do not speak.

THE MAIDEN. Madam, my heart is full  
Of other thoughts.

THE LADY. Of love?—Pray—what is love?  
How should a woman love?—Although we hate  
Each other well, we need not try to prove  
Our hate by silence—for there is a fate  
Against it in us women; speak we must,  
And ever shall until we're turned to dust,  
Nay—I'm not sure but even then we talk  
From grave to grave under the churchyard-walk—  
Whose bones last longest—whose the finest shroud—  
And—is there not a most unseemly crowd  
In pauper's corner yonder?

—You are shocked?  
You do not see, then, that I only mocked  
At my own fears—as those poor French lads sang  
Their gayest songs at the red barricade,  
Clear on the air their boyish voices rang  
In chorus, even while the bayonet made  
An end of them.—He may be suffering now—  
He may be calling—

There! I've made a vow  
To keep on talking. So, then—tell me, pray,  
How should a woman love?

THE MAIDEN. I can but say  
How I do love.

THE LADY. And how?

THE MAIDEN. With faith and prayer.

THE LADY. I, too; my faith is absolute. We share  
That good in common. I believe his love  
Is great as mine, and mine—oh, could I prove  
My love by dying for him, far too small  
The test; I'd give my love, my soul, my all,  
In life, in death, in immortality,  
Content in hell itself (if there be hell's—  
Which much I doubt)—content, so I could be  
With him!

THE MAIDEN. Is it a woman's tongue that tells  
This blasphemy? When I said faith, I meant  
A faith in God.

THE LADY. And God is Love! He sent  
This love that fills my heart. Oh, most divine—  
Oh, nearest to him of all earthly things,  
A love that passeth self—a love like mine  
That passeth understanding. The bird sings  
Because it is the only way he knows  
To praise his Maker; and a love that flows  
Like mine is worship, too—a hymn that rolls  
Up to the God of Love, who gave us souls

To love with. Then the hidden sacrifice;  
It formed a part of worship once, and I  
Do hold it now the part that deepest lies  
In woman's love, the dim sanctuary  
Behind the veil, holy of holies, kept  
E'en from the one she loves: all told, except  
This mystic feeling which she may not know  
How to express in words—the martyr's glow  
Idealized—the wish to give him joy  
Through her own suffering, and so destroy  
All part that self might play—to offer pure  
Her love to her heart's idol. Strange, obscure,  
Sacred, but mighty, is this longing; I  
Can feel though not define it. I would die  
To make him happy!

THE MAIDEN. As his happiness  
Depends on me, then can you do no less  
Than yield him, to me—if you love him thus.

THE LADY (*thinking*). "As," said she? Heart, but this  
is fabulous,

This calm security of hers!  
(*Speaks.*) Why, child,  
Hast never heard of passion, and its wild,  
Impetuous, unreasoning assault  
On souls that know not their own depths? The fault  
Not his: he was but young, he did not know  
Himself. Might he not love me even though  
Thou wert the best? Have pity! I appeal  
To all the woman in thee. Dost thou feel  
That one touch of his hand would call the blood  
Out from thy heart in an o'erwhelming flood  
To meet it?

THE MAIDEN. Nay, I know not what you speak.  
THE LADY. Thou dost not, that I see. Thy pearly cheek  
Keeps its fair white.

Sweet child, he's that and more  
To me. Ah, let me kneel; thus I implore  
That thou wouldst yield him to me—all the right  
His boyhood promise gave thee.

THE MAIDEN. In the sight  
Of Heaven we are betrothed; I cannot break  
My word.

THE LADY. Oh, not for mine, but for *his* sake!  
He loves me!

THE MAIDEN. Only madness, that will burn  
And die to ashes. But, the fever past,  
The old, pure love will steadfastly return  
And take its rightful place.

THE LADY. But should it last,  
This fever-madness? should he ask your grace,  
And say he loved me best?

THE MAIDEN. Then, to his face  
I'd answer, Never! What! leave him to sin?

THE LADY. And what the sin?

THE MAIDEN. You! you! You have no faith,  
No creed, that I can learn. The Bible saith  
All such are evil.

THE LADY (*aside*). Why did I begin  
Such hopeless contest?

(*Speaks.*) Child, if he should lie  
Before us now, and one said he must die  
Or love me, wouldst thou yield?

THE MAIDEN. Never; as dead  
He would be in God's hands; living—

THE LADY. In mine.

THE MAIDEN. That is, in atheism.

THE LADY. Have I said  
Aught atheistical? Because my faith  
Is broader than its own, this conscience saith

I am an atheist ! Ah, child, is thine  
A better faith ? Yet, be it what it may,  
Should he now lie before us here, and say  
He loved thee best, I'd yield him though my heart  
Should stop—though I should die. Yea, for his sake,  
To make him happy, I would even take  
Annihilation !—let the vital spark  
Called soul be turned to nothing.

THE MAIDEN. Far apart

Our motives ; mine is clear with duty—

THE LADY. Dark

And heavy mine with love.

THE MAIDEN. Death, say you ? Know,

At duty's call right calmly would I go

Up the red scaffold's stairs.

THE LADY. I well believe

Thee, steadfast maiden-voice. Nay, I conceive

My love, thy duty, are alike—the same

Self-sacrifice under a various name

According to our natures. I would yield,

And thou refuse to yield, from the same love ;

I'd have him happy here, and thou—above.

For thus we look at life.

The book is sealed

That holds our fate—we may not look within ;

But this I know, that, be it deadly sin

Or highest good, he loves me !

THE MAIDEN. There are loves—

And loves !

THE LADY. So be it. All this word-work proves

Nothing. Then let it end. Though there's a charm

In speech—but you are tired. 'Twill be no harm

To rest you on my shoulder, though its creed

(Poor shoulder ! ) is not orthodox.

THE MAIDEN. Indeed,

I need not rest.

THE LADY. Well, then, I'm half asleep

Myself, and you the silent watch may keep.—

(Thinking.) I've whiled the time away ; but thou, dear  
God,

Who made me, how with bleeding feet have trod

The toiling moments through my heart, I pray

(For I believe that prayer may aid the soul,

Though not the body nor the fixed control

Of Nature) that his love may hold its sway

E'en as I saw him last, when, at my feet,

He lavished his young heart in burning tide

Of loving words. Oh, not for mine own joy,

But his, I pray this prayer ; do thou destroy

All my own part in it.—Ah, love, full sweet

Shall be our meeting. Lo ! the longed-for bride

Comes—of her own accord. There is no bliss,

Even in heaven, greater than the kiss

That I do keep for thee !

THE MAIDEN (thinking). O God, thy will

Be done—yes, first of all, be done ! (Bide still,

Thou wicked, rebel heart ! ) Yet, O Lord, grant

This grace to me, a lowly suppliant.

My mind is vexed, evil thoughts do rage

Within my soul ; O Merciful, assuage

The suffering I endure !—If it is true

My poor boy loves this woman—and what is

Is ever for the best—create anew

Her soul that it may surely leave his

With holiness. Oh, stretch thy mighty arm

And win her to thy fold, that she may be

A godly woman, graced with piety,

Turned from the error of her ways, the harm

Of all her worldliness, the sinful charm

Of her fair face (if it be fair, though I  
Think her too brown) changed by humility  
To decorous sweetness.—

Lord, look in my heart ;

I may not know myself ; search every part,

And give me grace to say that I will yield

My love to hers if thy will stands revealed

In his swift preference.

Yet, in pity, hear—

Change her, Lord—make her good ! [Weeps.

THE LADY (thinking). Is that a tear

On her soft cheek ? She has her little griefs,

Then, as the children have ; their small beliefs

Are sometimes brought to naught—no fairies live,

And dolls are sawdust !—

Love, I do forgive

Your boyish fancy, for she's lily fair ;

But no more could content you now than dew

Could hope to fill Niagara with its rare,

Fine drops that string the grass-blade's shining hue,

Upon the brink.—Dearest, I call ! Oh, see

How all my being rushes toward thee ! Wait,

E'en though before thine eyes bright heaven's gate

Let out its light : angels might envy thee

Such love as I shall give thee—wait ! oh, wait !

#### THE FARM-HOUSE.

THE LADY. The sun is setting, we have passed the mill

Some time ; the house is near Wannonna Hill,

But the road smooth this way—which doth account

For the discrepancy of names. The gleam

Of the low sun shines out beneath that mass

Of purple thunder-cloud ; when we surmount

This little swell of land, its slanting beam

Will light up all the lances of the grass,

The steely hue, the blue of the Blue Grass.

That is the house off on the right ; I know

By intuition.

THE MAIDEN. It may hold—the worst !

THE LADY. Art faint ?

THE MAIDEN. 'Twill pass. Lady, I enter first—

First and alone !

THE LADY. Child, if I thought his heart

Longed for the sight of you, I'd let you go,

Nay, I would make you ! As it is—

But no,

It cannot be.

THE MAIDEN (clasping her hands). Lord, give me

strength ! I yield ;

Go you the first. Ah ! [Sobs.

THE LADY. Yours the nobler part ;

I cannot yield. (And yet it is for him

I hold this "cannot" firm.) What might you wield

With that unflinching conscience-power ! See, dim

Mine eyes—

There ; we will go together—thus !

God help us both ! [They enter the house.

THE LADY. Yes, we have come, we two,

His nearest, dearest. Is it perilous,

The fever ? Where—above ? That stair ? We go—

Come, child—come, child.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Dear ladies, you should know

Before—

THE LADY. Come !

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. He—

THE LADY. Child, must I wait for you

Here at his door ?

THE MAIDEN. I come ; but something cold  
Has touched my heart.  
THE LADY. Then stay, coward !  
THE MAIDEN. Nay, hold ;  
I come. [*They mount the stairs together.*]  
THE MAIDEN (*crying out above*). But he is dead—my  
Willie !  
THE LADY (*above*). Fate,  
You've gained the day at last ! Yes, he is dead !

## BY THE DEAD.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. He died last night at three—  
quite easily.  
THE LADY. Alone ?  
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. A surgeon from the camp was  
here.  
THE LADY. Where is the man ?  
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Gone back.  
THE LADY. Send for him.  
See !  
Here is a trifle ; though it cannot clear  
Our debt to you, yet take it.  
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. But you give  
Too much.  
THE LADY. Keep it.  
THE MAIDEN (*kneeling by the bedside*). O Willie ! can I  
live  
Without you ? Love, my love, why are you dead  
And I alive ? O noble, golden head,  
Whose every curl I know, how still you lie  
On this poor pillow, and how dreamlessly  
You sleep ! But waken now ; look on me, dear ;  
Open those close-shut eyes, for I am here—  
Yes, here all this long way from home. Oh, speak—  
Speak to me, Willie. Ah, how cold his cheek—  
How icy cold ! O God ! he's dead, he's dead !  
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Yes, he is dead, dead as King  
David. Truth  
He was right handsome for a Yankee youth—  
Rode his horse well.  
THE LADY (*aside*). I love you, Meredith.  
THE MAIDEN. What's this upon the table near his hand ?  
[*Opens the package.*]  
My picture—yes, my letters—all ! Herewith  
I know—I know he loved me !  
THE LADY (*thinking*). Cover worn,  
Creased in its folds, unopened, and forlorn—  
Yes, I remember it. I would not look  
Within ;—unopened since that day.  
He took  
The poor thing forth with dying loyalty  
To send to her.  
THE MAIDEN. O Lord, I understand  
Thy purpose ; 'twas to try my faith. I kneel  
To thank thee that thy mercy doth reveal  
The whole to my poor heart. He loved me—me,  
Me only !  
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Would you like to see the  
wound  
Here in his arm ? Why, if she hasn't swooned !  
THE LADY. Take her below, and care for her, poor  
child !  
[*Exit woman, carrying the maiden in her arms.*]  
Brain, art thou wild,  
Distracted, that thou canst all things calmly hear  
And answer, when my pulses reel, my heart  
Stands still, and cold through every vital part

Death breathes his icy breath ?  
Oh, my own love !  
I clasp thee in my arms, come back to me ;  
O ice-cold lips I kiss, ye are as dear  
As ever ! Come ! Thy idol waits for thee,  
Waits—weeps.  
Dost thou not hear me there above  
Where thou hast gone ? Come back and take the  
bride  
Who nestles weeping, longing, at the side  
Of thy deserted body. Oh ! most fair  
Thy earthly tenement, the golden hair  
Curled as when my poor fingers twined it last,  
Thy head upon my breast. O browned cheek !  
Can I not warm thee with mine own ? Oh, speak—  
Speak to me, Meredith !  
Poor wounded arm,  
Dear blood ; here will I hold thee close and warm  
Upon my heart. Dost thou not feel me now ?  
And now ? And now ? Do I not hold thee fast ?  
Hast thou not longed for me ?

I gave my vow  
To be thine own. See ! I am come. My hand  
I lay in thine. Oh, speak to me ! Command  
My every breath ; full humbly I obey,  
The true wife longs to feel a master's sway,  
Longs to do homage, so her idol prove  
Ruler—nay, despot of her willing love.  
Didst thou not hear me whisper while she spake,  
" I love thee—oh, I love thee, Meredith ?"  
I would not that her childish grief should break  
Thy peace up in thy heaven ; even there  
Thou longest for my love, and near the stair  
Where souls come up from earth thou'rt standing now  
Watching for me. O darling, from thy brow  
I catch the radiance !

She is not thine,  
Thou art not hers. The boyish pledge wherewith  
She strives to hold thee was the golden hue  
Upon the mountain-top ere the hot sun  
Rose in his mighty fervency ; nor you  
Nor her it binds. Her pretty youth will run  
Its swift course to some other lover ; Fate  
Ne'er lets such sweet maids pine, though they may try—  
A few months lent to tearful constancy,  
The next to chastened sorrow—slow decline  
To resignation ; then, the well-masked bait  
Of making some one happy, though at cost  
Of sweet self-sacrifice, which soon is lost  
In that content which, if not real love,  
Looks strangely like it ! But, why should I prove  
What you do know already, freed from time  
And finite bonds, my darling ?

Love sublime,  
Art thou not God ? Then let him down to me  
For one short moment. See ! in agony  
I cling to the cold body ; let him touch  
Me once with this dear hand ; it is not much  
I ask—one clasp, one word.

What ! nothing ? Then  
I call down vengeance on this God of men  
Who makes us at his will and gives us hearts,  
Only to rend them in a hundred parts,  
And see them quiver—bleed ! I, creature, dare  
To call aloud for justice ; my despair  
Our great far-off Creator doth arraign  
Before the bar to answer for the pain  
I suffer now. It is too much—too much !  
O woe ! woe ! woe ! the human soul can such

Intensity of sorrow not withstand,  
But, lifting up on high its fettered hand,  
Can only cry aloud in agony,  
And blindly, wildly curse its God and die!

How dare you take,  
You Death, my love away from me? The old,  
The weak, the loveless, the forlorn, were there  
In crowds, and none to miss them. But your cold  
And heartless eye did mark that he was fair,  
And that I loved him! From your dreadful hold  
I snatch my darling, and he yet shall wake  
From out your sleep by my caresses. See,  
See how I love him! Ah, shall I not win  
His life back with my lips that lovingly  
Do cling to his? And, though thou dost begin  
Thy icy work, these arms shall keep him warm—  
Nay, more: my loving verily disarm  
E'en thee, O King of Terrors! Thou shalt turn  
And give him back to me; a heart shall burn  
Under thy ribs at last from very sight  
Of my fierce, tearless grief.

—O sorry plight

Of my poor darling in this barren room,  
Where only his gold curls do light the gloom!  
But we will change all that. This evening, dear,  
Shall be our bridal: wilt thou take me, here,  
And thus? In this array? This falling hair,  
Crushed robes? And yet, believe me, I am fair  
As ever.

Love, love, love! oh, speak to me!  
I will not listen in my misery  
If thy heart beat—

God! it is cold.

[Falls to the floor.

Enter the SURGEON.

SURGEON.

Art ill,

Madam—

THE LADY (*rising*). Thanks, sir. But sorrow cannot  
kill.

Would that it could! Nay, I sit by his side—  
Thus. Now tell all—all—all.

SURGEON. You cannot hide  
The deadly faintness that has pale your cheek;  
Let me get—

THE LADY. Nothing. Nothing can avail,  
Good sir; my very heart's blood has turned pale.  
Struck by God's lightning, do you talk to me  
Of faintness? Only tell your tale—speak, speak,  
You saw him die?

SURGEON. I did; right tranquilly  
He passed away this morning, with your name  
Upon his lips—for you are Helena?

THE LADY. I am.

SURGEON. I saw your picture.  
(*Aside.*) Yes, the same.

Hair, eyes. What Titian tints!

(*Speaks.*) He made me lay  
Your letters and your picture on his heart  
Before he died; he would not from them part  
For e'en one moment.

THE LADY. Lift them not, they're mine;  
My hand alone must touch the holy shrine  
Of love and death where the poor relics lie.—  
Darling (*kisses and kisses the letters*), because you  
loved them!

Let them die,  
Go to the grave with him there on his breast,  
Where I would gladly die too—be at rest  
Forever.—And he spake of me?

SURGEON.

He said

That you would come, for he had sent you word.  
THE LADY. I ne'er received it; 'twas by chance I heard,  
A passing chance.

SURGEON.

The lines were down—

THE LADY.

And may

They never rise again that failed that day,  
And left him dying here! Go on; he said—

SURGEON. That you would come, and grieved that o'er  
his head

The turf might close ere you could reach his side  
And give him one last kiss.

And then—he died.

THE LADY. No more?

SURGEON. No more. Ah, yes, one other thing.

Short time before, he feebly bade me bring  
That package on the table—but 'tis torn—  
Some one has opened it! It looked well worn  
In old unbroken foldings when I brought  
It from his satchel; who could thus have wrought  
On other's property?

THE LADY.

The owner. Then

He said—

SURGEON. To give it you, for you would know  
Its history, and where it swift should go;  
The name was writ within.

THE LADY (*aside*).

Yes, love; amen!

Be it according to thy wish.

(*Speaks.*)

Pray take

This fee, good sir. I would that for his sake—  
Your kindness to him—I could send your name  
Ringing through all the West in silver fame.—  
At dawn, you said, the burial? Then leave  
Me here alone with him. I well believe  
You'll show me further kindness. Speak no word  
Beyond your doctor's art to that poor child  
Who weeps below. I would not that she heard  
Aught more of grief.

[Exit SURGEON.

THE LADY.

Ah, all my passion wild

Has gone; now come the softening woman tears.—  
Forgive me, great Creator, that I spake  
In my sharp agony. O do thou take  
The bitterness from out my soul; I know  
Naught, but thou knowest all! Then let my woe,  
The poor blind woe we short-lived mortals bear,  
Be my sad plea.

I knew, through my despair,  
You loved me to the last. Death had no fears  
For you, my love; you met him with my name,  
As talisman of the undying flame  
That leaps o'er the black chasm of the grave  
And mounts to heaven. But I will not rave,  
When you died softly.

Ah, you love me there  
As well as here. God never made me fair  
For nothing; now, I know the gift he gave  
That I might take my place with you at last,  
Equal in loveliness, though years had passed  
Since you first breathed the air above the skies,  
The beauty-giving air of paradise.  
Fair art thou now, my love, but not like me:  
Mine is the goddess-bloom, the rarity  
Of perfect loveliness. Thine, the bright charm  
Of strong young manhood, whose encircling arm  
Could bend me like a reed. Oh for one clasp  
Of that strong arm!

Hist! was not that the hasp  
Of the old door below? She comes; I hear  
Her light step on the stair.



Darling, no fear  
Need trouble thee upon thy couch ; to me  
A sacred trust this gentle girl shall be  
Through life. Didst thou not love her once ?

THE MAIDEN (*entering*). I pray

Forgiveness thus to leave you here so long ;  
I did not mean it, but I swooned away  
Before I knew it.

THE LADY. Thanks. There was no wrong ;  
I liked the vigil.

THE MAIDEN (*going to the bedside*). Sweet those eyes—  
the brow

How calm ! I would not bring life to him now  
E'en if I could ; gone to his God—at rest  
From all earth's toil.

Dear love, upon thy breast  
I lay my hand ; I yield thee back to him  
Who gave thee to me ; and, if thou hast wrought  
Wrong to our troth in deed, or word, or thought,  
I now forgive thee. Sleep in peace, the hymn  
Of earth's last day awaiting.

As the hart  
Longed for the water-brooks, so have I yearned  
For token, Willie, that thy love returned  
To me at last. Lo ! now I can depart  
In peace.—My picture, letters ! Thou wast true,  
Wast true to me, thank God !—

(*Turning*.) Madam, to you  
I owe apology.

THE LADY. Never ! But throw  
Your gentle arms around me, thus. And so  
Give me a blessing.

THE MAIDEN. But I've robbed you, you  
Who loved him also ; though to me was due  
This love of his ; at least—

THE LADY. Sweet doubter, yes ;  
I grant thee all. But, as I kneel, O bless  
This heart that bows before thee ; all its sin,  
If it be sin, forgive, and take within  
Thy pure love—me, thy sister, who must live  
Long years—long years ! O child, who dost forgive  
More than thou knowest, lay thy sister-hand  
In blessing !

THE MAIDEN. Though I do not understand,  
Yet will I thus content thee : Now the Lord  
Bless thee, and keep thee by his holy word,  
Be gracious to thee that thy faith increase,  
Lift up his countenance and give thee peace  
Now and forever.

THE LADY. Amen. May it prove—  
This peace—what thou dost think it.

THE MAIDEN. I must go ;  
The horses wait for me. Now that I know  
He's safe with God, the living claim my care.—  
My mother—ah, full selfish was the love  
That made me leave her so ; I could despair  
Of mine own self, if God were not so good,  
Long-suffering, and kind.

O could I stay !  
But I must reach the train at break of day.  
I take my letters and the picture.—Should  
Your duties call you not so soon, O wait,  
See his dear head laid low by careful hand,  
And say a prayer above the grave.

THE LADY (*aside*). O Fate,  
How doth she innocently torture—rack  
My soul with hard realities ! I stand  
And hear her talk of graves !—O God, the black,  
Damp earth over my darling !

VOL. II.—10

THE MAIDEN (*turning to the bedside*). Love, farewell.  
I kiss thee once.—Lady, you do not mind ?  
It was but once. I would not seem unkind,  
I would not wound you needlessly.

THE LADY (*aside*). O swell  
To bursting, but gainsay her not, proud heart !

THE MAIDEN. I know full well that yours the harder  
part,

Dear lady ; but, forgive me, he was mine  
Long, long before. It were too much to ask  
That I should not be glad his heart returned  
To me, his bride betrothed—to know he yearned  
For me before he died. I cannot mask  
My joy because you loved him too.

THE LADY. Nay, thine  
All joy that thou canst take ; I would not rob  
Thee of one little hair's-breadth.

THE MAIDEN (*laying her head on the pillow*). Oh, fare-  
well,

My love ! my love ! my love ! [*Weeps*.]

THE LADY. Child, do not sob—  
Come to me, let me hold you ; who can tell ?  
Perhaps he hears you, though so still. We'll stand  
Together by his side—thus, hand-in-hand,  
And gaze on his calm face.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE (*below*). The wagon's here.

THE MAIDEN. Alas ! and I must hasten. Kiss me, dear ;  
Indeed, I love you now.

THE LADY. And I have tried  
To make you. [*They embrace.—Exit MAIDEN.*]

THE LADY (*throwing herself down beside the body*).  
Meredith, art satisfied ?

#### EARTH TO EARTH.

WRAPPED in his cloak they bore him forth at dawn,  
The soldier dead, dead in his gallant strength,  
Young manhood's prime. The heavy fold withdrawn  
Showed his calm face, while all his rigid length  
Lay stiff beneath the covering, the feet  
Turned up to heaven like marble. Breezes played  
Soft in his curling hair, the fragrance sweet  
Of the wild-brier roses incense made,  
And one bird sang a chant.

Yet reck's it not,  
This quiet body going to its grave,  
Feet foremost, folded hands—if the storm rave  
Or the sun shine. Henceforth nor part nor lot  
Hath it with men—the tale is told, all's o'er—  
Its place shall know its step, its voice, no more ;  
Its memory shall pass away, its name  
For all its evil, or for all its worth,  
Whether bedecked with reverence or blame,  
Shall soon be clean forgotten—

Earth to earth !

The lady walked alone. Her glorious hair  
Still held its roses crushed ; the chill despair  
That numbed her being could not dim the light  
Of all her flashing jewels, nor the bright  
Sheen of her draperies.

The summer sun  
Rose in the east and showed the open grave  
Close at her feet ; but, ere the work begun—  
Lowering the clay (O proud humanity !  
Is this thy end ?)—she gentle signal gave  
To lay the body down, and, by its side  
Kneeling, kissed brow and lips, fondly, as bride

Intensity of sorrow not withstand,  
But, lifting up on high its fettered hand,  
Can only cry aloud in agony,  
And blindly, wildly curse its God and die!

How dare you take,  
You Death, my love away from me? The old,  
The weak, the loveless, the forlorn, were there  
In crowds, and none to miss them. But your cold  
And heartless eye did mark that he was fair,  
And that I loved him! From your dreadful hold  
I snatch my darling, and he yet shall wake  
From out your sleep by my caresses. See,  
See how I love him! Ah, shall I not win  
His life back with my lips that lovingly  
Do cling to his? And, though thou dost begin  
Thy icy work, these arms shall keep him warm—  
Nay, more: my loving verily disarm  
E'en thee, O King of Terrors! Thou shalt turn  
And give him back to me; a heart shall burn  
Under thy ribs at last from very sight  
Of my fierce, tearless grief.

—O sorry plight  
Of my poor darling in this barren room,  
Where only his gold curls do light the gloom!  
But we will change all that. This evening, dear,  
Shall be our bridal: wilt thou take me, here,  
And thus? In this array? This falling hair,  
Crushed robes? And yet, believe me, I am fair  
As ever.

Love, love, love! oh, speak to me!  
I will not listen in my misery  
If thy heart beat—

God! it is cold.

[Falls to the floor.

Enter the SURGEON.

SURGEON. Art ill,

Madam—

THE LADY (rising). Thanks, sir. But sorrow cannot  
kill.

Would that it could! Nay, I sit by his side—  
Thus. Now tell all—all—all.

SURGEON. You cannot hide  
The deadly faintness that has paled your cheek;  
Let me get—

THE LADY. Nothing. Nothing can avail,  
Good sir; my very heart's blood has turned pale.  
Struck by God's lightning, do you talk to me  
Of faintness? Only tell your tale—speak, speak,  
You saw him die?

SURGEON. I did; right tranquilly  
He passed away this morning, with your name  
Upon his lips—for you are Helena?

THE LADY. I am.

SURGEON. I saw your picture. Yes, the same.

(Aside.) Hair, eyes. What Titian tints!

(Speaks.) He made me lay  
Your letters and your picture on his heart  
Before he died; he would not from them part  
For e'en one moment.

THE LADY. Lift them not, they're mine;  
My hand alone must touch the holy shrine  
Of love and death where the poor relics lie.—  
Darling (bends and kisses the letters), because you  
loved them!

Let them die,  
Go to the grave with him there on his breast,  
Where I would gladly die too—be at rest  
Forever.—And he spake of me?

SURGEON.

He said

That you would come, for he had sent you word.  
THE LADY. I ne'er received it; 'twas by chance I heard,  
A passing chance.

SURGEON. The lines were down—

THE LADY. And may

They never rise again that failed that day,  
And left him dying here! Go on; he said—

SURGEON. That you would come, and grieved that o'er  
his head

The turf might close ere you could reach his side  
And give him one last kiss.

And then—he died.

THE LADY. No more?

SURGEON. No more. Ah, yes, one other thing.  
Short time before, he feebly bade me bring  
That package on the table—but 'tis torn—  
Some one has opened it! It looked well worn  
In old unbroken foldings when I brought  
It from his satchel; who could thus have wrought  
On other's property?

THE LADY. The owner. Then

He said—

SURGEON. To give it you, for you would know  
Its history, and where it swift should go;  
The name was writ within.

THE LADY (aside). Yes, love; amen!  
Be it according to thy wish.

(Speaks.)

Pray take  
This fee, good sir. I would that for his sake—  
Your kindness to him—I could send your name  
Ringing through all the West in silver fame.—  
At dawn, you said, the burial? Then leave  
Me here alone with him. I well believe  
You'll show me further kindness. Speak no word  
Beyond your doctor's art to that poor child  
Who weeps below. I would not that she heard  
Aught more of grief.

[Exit SURGEON.

THE LADY. Ah, all my passion wild  
Has gone; now come the softening woman tears.—  
Forgive me, great Creator, that I spake  
In my sharp agony. O do thou take  
The bitterness from out my soul; I know  
Naught, but thou knowest all! Then let my woe,  
The poor blind woe we short-lived mortals bear,  
Be my sad plea.

I knew, through my despair,  
You loved me to the last. Death had no fears  
For you, my love; you met him with my name,  
As talisman of the undying flame  
That leaps o'er the black chasm of the grave  
And mounts to heaven. But I will not rave,  
When you died softly.

Ah, you love me there  
As well as here. God never made me fair  
For nothing; now, I know the gift he gave  
That I might take my place with you at last,  
Equal in loveliness, though years had passed  
Since you first breathed the air above the skies,  
The beauty-giving air of paradise.  
Fair art thou now, my love, but not like me:  
Mine is the goddess-bloom, the rarity  
Of perfect loveliness. Thine, the bright charm  
Of strong young manhood, whose encircling arm  
Could bend me like a reed. Oh for one clasp  
Of that strong arm!—

Hist! was not that the hasp  
Of the old door below? She comes; I hear  
Her light step on the stair.

Darling, no fear  
Need trouble thee upon thy couch; to me  
A sacred trust this gentle girl shall be  
Through life. Didst thou not love her once?

THE MAIDEN (*entering*). I pray  
Forgiveness thus to leave you here so long;  
I did not mean it, but I swooned away  
Before I knew it.

THE LADY. Thanks. There was no wrong;  
I liked the vigil.

THE MAIDEN (*going to the bedside*). Sweet those eyes—  
the brow  
How calm! I would not bring life to him now  
E'en if I could; gone to his God—at rest  
From all earth's toil.

Dear love, upon thy breast  
I lay my hand; I yield thee back to him  
Who gave thee to me; and, if thou hast wrought  
Wrong to our troth in deed, or word, or thought,  
I now forgive thee. Sleep in peace, the hymn  
Of earth's last day awaiting.

As the hart  
Longed for the water-brooks, so have I yearned  
For token, Willie, that thy love returned  
To me at last. Lo! now I can depart  
In peace.—My picture, letters! Thou wast true,  
Wast true to me, thank God!—  
(*Turning.*) Madam, to you  
I owe apology.

THE LADY. Never! But throw  
Your gentle arms around me, thus. And so  
Give me a blessing.

THE MAIDEN. But I've robbed you, you  
Who loved him also; though to me was due  
This love of his; at least—

THE LADY. Sweet doubter, yes;  
I grant thee all. But, as I kneel, O bless  
This heart that bows before thee; all its sin,  
If it be sin, forgive, and take within  
Thy pure love—me, thy sister, who must live  
Long years—long years! O child, who dost forgive  
More than thou knowest, lay thy sister-hand  
In blessing!

THE MAIDEN. Though I do not understand,  
Yet will I thus content thee: Now the Lord  
Bless thee, and keep thee by his holy word,  
Be gracious to thee that thy faith increase,  
Lift up his countenance and give thee peace  
Now and forever.

THE LADY. Amen. May it prove—  
This peace—what thou dost think it.

THE MAIDEN. I must go;  
The horses wait for me. Now that I know  
He's safe with God, the living claim my care.—  
My mother—ah, full selfish was the love  
That made me leave her so; I could despair  
Of mine own self, if God were not so good,  
Long-suffering, and kind.

O could I stay!  
But I must reach the train at break of day.  
I take my letters and the picture.—Should  
Your duties call you not so soon, O wait,  
See his dear head laid low by careful hand,  
And say a prayer above the grave.

THE LADY (*aside*). O Fate,  
How doth she innocently torture—rack  
My soul with hard realities! I stand  
And hear her talk of graves!—O God, the black,  
Damp earth over my darling!

VOL. II.—10

THE MAIDEN (*turning to the bedside*). Love, farewell.  
I kiss thee once.—Lady, you do not mind?  
It was but once. I would not seem unkind,  
I would not wound you needlessly.

THE LADY (*aside*). O swell  
To bursting, but gainsay her not, proud heart!

THE MAIDEN. I know full well that yours the harder  
part,  
Dear lady; but, forgive me, he was mine  
Long, long before. It were too much to ask  
That I should not be glad his heart returned  
To me, his bride betrothed—to know he yearned  
For me before he died. I cannot mask  
My joy because you loved him too.

THE LADY. Nay, thine  
All joy that thou canst take; I would not rob  
Thee of one little hair's-breadth.

THE MAIDEN (*laying her head on the pillow*). Oh, fare-  
well,  
My love! my love! my love! [*Weeps.*]

THE LADY. Child, do not sob—  
Come to me, let me hold you; who can tell?  
Perhaps he hears you, though so still. We'll stand  
Together by his side—thus, hand-in-hand,  
And gaze on his calm face.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE (*below*). The wagon's here.

THE MAIDEN. Alas! and I must hasten. Kiss me, dear;  
Indeed, I love you now.

THE LADY. And I have tried  
To make you. [*They embrace.—Exit MAIDEN.*]

THE LADY (*throwing herself down beside the body*).  
Meredith, art satisfied?

## EARTH TO EARTH.

WRAPPED in his cloak they bore him forth at dawn,  
The soldier dead, dead in his gallant strength,  
Young manhood's prime. The heavy fold withdrawn  
Showed his calm face, while all his rigid length  
Lay stiff beneath the covering, the feet  
Turned up to heaven like marble. Breezes played  
Soft in his curling hair, the fragrance sweet  
Of the wild-brier roses incense made,  
And one bird sang a chant.

Yet recks it not,  
This quiet body going to its grave,  
Feet foremost, folded hands—if the storm rave  
Or the sun shine. Henceforth nor part nor lot  
Hath it with men—the tale is told, all's o'er—  
Its place shall know its step, its voice, no more;  
Its memory shall pass away, its name  
For all its evil, or for all its worth,  
Whether bedecked with reverence or blame,  
Shall soon be clean forgotten—

Earth to earth!

The lady walked alone. Her glorious hair  
Still held its roses crushed; the chill despair  
That numbed her being could not dim the light  
Of all her flashing jewels, nor the bright  
Sheen of her draperies.

The summer sun  
Rose in the east and showed the open grave  
Close at her feet; but, ere the work begun—  
Lowering the clay (O proud humanity!  
Is this thy end?)—she gentle signal gave  
To lay the body down, and, by its side  
Kneeling, kissed brow and lips, fondly, as bride

Might kiss; and as she clung there, secretly  
A shining ring left on the cold dead hand  
And covered it from view; then slowly rose  
And gave them place.

But, ere the tightening rope  
Had done its duty, o'er the eastern slope  
Rode horsemen, and the little group of those  
Who stood and gazed fell back, eying the band  
Askance; they, curving, drew the rein to see  
A lovely lady clad so royally,  
Alone, beside a grave.

She raised her eyes,  
And the bold leader bared his lofty head  
Before her to his saddle-bow; the guise  
Of bold, rough-riding trooper could not hide  
The gallant grace that thus its homage paid  
To so much beauty. At his signal mute,  
The little band, Kentucky's secret pride,  
His daring followers in many a raid  
And many a hair-breadth 'scape, made swift salute,  
And, all dismounting, honor to the dead  
Paid silently, not knowing 'twas their own  
Bullet by night that laid him there:—so strange  
The riddle of men's life, its little range  
Thick with crossed fates, though each one stands alone  
To mortal eyes.

The rope slackened, the clay  
Had reached its final resting-place. Then she  
Who loved him best, in all her rich array  
Stepped forth, and, kneeling, with her own hands cast  
The first clod on his heart. "I yield to thee,  
Nature, my only Love. Oh, hold him fast  
As sacred trust.  
'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'"  
Then, rising, with her lovely face upturned  
To the clear sky, where the first sunbeams burned,  
"I know that my Redeemer lives," she said,  
"He that believes on him, though he were dead,  
Yet shall he live!"

And so passed from their sight.

The troopers ride away,  
On to the south; the men who fill the grave  
With hurried shovelfuls in whispers say,  
"That's part of Morgan's band." And one, a slave,  
Looks down the road and mutters: "That was him,  
Young Cap'en Morgan's self! These eyes is dim,  
But they knows Morgan! Morgan!—what! why, bless  
Your hearts, I know him, and I know Black Bess—  
'Twas Bess he rode."

And now the work is done;  
On from their northern raid the troopers pass  
Fleet to the south; the grave is filled, and gone  
Even the slave.

Forever still, alone,  
Her letters and bright picture on his breast,  
Her sparkling spousal-ring on his dead hand,  
The golden-haired young soldier lies at rest  
Where o'er his head the steely shadows pass,  
Far in the fair Kentucky border-land,  
The lovely, rolling land of the Blue Grass.

1864.

#### WASHINGTON.

THE LADY (*with an open letter*). Married! Nay, now  
the little vexing fear

That troubled the calm hollow of my grief  
With its small aching is withdrawn, and clear  
The certainty—she never loved him. Brief

Her forgetting—brief!—But I will not chide;  
All happiness go with thee, gentle bride,  
And of my gold a sister's share!

To wed  
Another, and once his! O golden head  
Under the grass, how jealous is my heart  
Of thy remembrance! Yet I should be glad  
She loved thee not, for then no evil part  
I played, e'en though unconsciously.

Oh, mad,  
Mad, mad my love for thee! the same to-day—  
The same, the same. I could not be a wife—  
I could not stop the sun! No love but thee,  
My own, my own; no kiss but thine—no voice  
To call me those sweet names that memory  
Brings back with tears. Ah! had I any choice,  
I still must love thee down beneath the sod  
More than all else—though grandest soul that God  
Had ever made did woo me. Love, my heart  
Is thine, and ever must be thine; thy name  
Is branded there!

Yet must I live my life.

SERVANT (*announcing*). The count.

THE LADY. Another? Ah! poor fools. The game  
Doth while away my time. Yes, I do play  
My part with smiles that are not wholly feigned,  
For life is strong, and I am young.—There reigned  
A queen once, who, though dead, could not lay down  
Her long-used sceptre; with her jeweled crown  
Upon her head, she sat and meted out  
Reward and justice; nor did any doubt  
Her life was gone. Were not her robes the same—  
Her jewels bright? And had she not a name  
Borne wide upon the winds for loveliness?  
She could not stop—she needs must reign—*noblesse  
Oblige!* So I.

But she—married! a wife!  
Who once was his! Oh, horrible!—a life  
Of treason to his memory, a long  
Lie! But, ah! no, she never loved him. I  
Do hold myself as his, and loyally,  
Royally, keep my vow.

SERVANT. What shall I say,  
Madam?

THE LADY (*speaks*). Show in the count.  
(*Aside*). Ah! well-a-day!  
One must do something.

THE COUNT (*entering*). Madame, je viens—

#### LAKE ERIE.

THE MAIDEN (*rising from her knees*). My marriage-  
morning! Lord, give me thy grace  
For the new duties of a wedded life.

The letters have I burned;  
And now—the picture. O dear boyish face,  
One look—the last! Yet had I been thy wife,  
Willie, I had been true to thee—returned  
All thy affection to the full.

She said  
Love was "a sacrifice." It is; as—thus!  
Get thee behind me, Past. [*Burns the picture.*]

—Which one of us  
Was truest? But why ask? She wronged the dead  
With many lovers—nay, her very dress  
Showed not one trace of sorrow.

I confess  
I never thought her fair, although the throng  
Do call her so, they tell me.



—Long, how long  
I wore the heavy crape that checked my breath,  
And went about as one who sorroweth ;  
And I did sorrow ! Slow months passed, and I  
Gave every thought to tearful memory ;  
My grief grew selfish.

Then—he brought his suit—  
My mother wept and prayed. What right had I  
To crush two lives ? If by the sacrifice  
I made them happy, was it not large price  
For my poor, broken years ? How earnestly  
I strove to do the right !

The patient fruit

Of years of prayer came to my aid, and now  
I stand in bridal white. Lord, hear my vow ;  
Oh, may I make him happy—not a thought  
Of any other love shall mar the troth  
I give for *this* life. Evils, troubles, naught  
But death shall part us ;—so the marriage-oath  
Doth say.

After,—O Willie !

THE MOTHER (*entering*). Art thou dressed ?  
That's well, dear one. Never has mother blessed  
A child more dutiful—more good.

Come, love,

The bridegroom waits.

## RUBENS'S LAND.

ONE morning, as we sauntered about the streets of Cologne, we came suddenly upon an old inn, low and wide, with the sun shining full on its brown walls. On either side of the great door was a tablet inscribed with gilded letters. The one set forth that there was born PETER PAUL RUBENS ; the other that Queen Maria de' Medici died there, in the room in which the great painter saw the light.

Over the wide entrance was a copy of Rubens's portrait of himself. Inside was a broad corridor, on one side of which was the guest-room, with another head of the painter above the door ; on the other, great blackened arches supported the staircase, and led away into cellars. Behind was a court-yard filled with irregular out-houses of reddish plaster. A dark plough lay near them, against a heap of golden straw. There were small tables with pots of red geraniums on them under the trees ; a kitten and some hens made pleasant household noises for the stranger. A soft breeze blew the length of the corridor, and carried the sound of our footsteps to the landlady, who came out from the beer-room, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Is it permitted to see Rubens's room?" we asked.

"You pay one schilling," answered the discreet hostess, "and I show you."

She preceded us up the stairs into a dark passage. At one end a small lamp burned high up on the wall before a shrine, some yellow-haired Madonna copied from old Meister Wilhelm.

The landlady opened a door ; a flood of daylight rushed over us, and we stood in the billiard-room of the *Gasthaus*. Another head of Rubens hung over the chimney.

"This is his birth-room," spoke the oracle, "and the death-room of Maria de' Medici."

Not a word did she say of the young soul that was born into that old burgher life, and was destined to unite within itself all the elements of the interests of prince and people, and to bring the class from which it sprung into the closest relations with throne and court—not a word of the hunted queen who fled for shelter to the magnanimous heart that in the days of her glory had dedicated so much of its effort to her service, and had waited only until the

hour of her fall to prove its gratitude. A worthy type, this circumstance, of that halcyon time of art—that reciprocal generosity of genius and royalty.

To-day it is denied that Rubens was born in Cologne. That honor is claimed by Siegen, a small town near Bonn, on the Rhine. His father, a magistrate of Antwerp, was obliged to flee from his native city, then under the Spanish rule, because he favored the republican cause. He was afterward imprisoned by William of Orange, and, being released, was assigned Siegen as a place of residence. There Rubens was born, and the following year the family removed to Cologne.

But I will not believe that Rubens saw the day elsewhere than in Cologne. There, in that quaint, old mediæval city, where the rude stone heads of griffins, and dragons, and demons, leered down at him from the spouts and gargoyles of the gaunt houses, every sight, every sound, brought its especial influences to bear upon the young, impressionable soul.

In the churches, in the guildhalls, hung old canvases that wrought themselves into his childish dreams. They were quaint groups of saints, with bright-colored garments and lank, yellow hair ; kindly virgins with home-spun robes and honest German faces ; children and young angels with round-eyed, wondering gaze, pure, fresh mouths, and bright, curly heads. They had been there since the days of one Wilhelm of Cologne. They were like flowers springing up through the aridness of the weary old town. They lacked the studied realism of some of the outgrowths of the Netherland school—the intense spirituality and unearthliness of others. They were only essentially human. The people in the streets saw themselves reflected in them from the little red-cheeked school-children to the wrinkled old market-women who chaffer and scold under the grinning heads of the clock-tower.

The boy Rubens, wandering about the city, drew into his young heart, from the painted canvases, and from the pictures in the street, that broad republicanism, that absorbing interest in human life for its own sake, whether high or low, that wide sense of religion in its application to earthly experience, that wonderful power of entering into every expression

of individual sensation, which make him the most dramatic, the most emotional painter of any age.

These qualities, breathed into his soul by the sweet, small voices of the old Cologne school, the painter carried with him through life. Enlarged, exaggerated, they often were, sometimes hardly to be recognized; and yet in the midst of his most luxuriant, most gorgeous conceptions, I find something which reminds me of the simple, fresh humanity of those old Rhine canvases, and makes Rubens seem their work rather than that of his Netherland after-teaching.

We entered Antwerp one midnight in company with three Flemish matrons of that old revolutionary type that poured down its soup-pots and pewter vessels upon the heads of the Spaniards. They were such women as you meet in Quintin Matsys's canvases, lean and gaunt, with seamed, dingy faces, and resolute mouths and tender eyes, and a certain hungry eagerness in all their motions, which perhaps had come down to them from that ancestry that starved within the walls of besieged cities.

We were greeted at "The Flower of Gold," a little Flemish inn under the shadow of the cathedral-spire, by one of those smiling landladies that make little havens of rest about them in these sleepy Netherland towns. It was one of those small taverns at which the farmers stop overnight after a market-day, and carouse far into the dawn, and where poor young art-students, in rusty coats, creep in to take their scanty meals and fraternize with the rough Flemings about them, with their young heads filled, meanwhile, with thoughts of Teniers and his royal brethren, who lived with the people, that they might learn of them.

Opposite our window the roofs of the white-fronted houses rose into peaks, step by step. Behind them the dark-stained windows and grinning gargoyles of the cathedral were broken into sharp angles and contrasts by the moonlight. The street below was silent. Above, the great, carved spire rose high against the deep-blue heavens.

Suddenly the mighty pile seemed to swarm with a myriad of elfin voices, sweet, and shrill, and silver clear, rippling through the silence, leaping from turret to turret, from spout to spout, dancing and tumbling in glee, tripping, and laughing, and mocking, at the dull, sleeping city below.

The ugly, gaping heads on the arches and lintels, the dragons and satyrs, and monsters, wake up into life at the first dainty chime, and shout to one another with their stone throats, and seem to laugh with a fierce delight in themselves and their old hoary wisdom. The chimes carry them back through the centuries to the time when the old burgher faith of the middle age raised the great Gothic pile with reverence and fear, when each of themselves had its symbolical truth, and no one of the ugly heads but was beautiful in the sight of the worshiper.

They see once more those old stone monsters in their dream-intervals, the proud burgomasters in their furred robes and golden chains, the haughty burgher queens in silks and damasks, trooping in to

witness the temple's consecration. They see how, by degrees, quaint, marvelous pictures are carried through the great door. They watch once more for the coming of that tall, gaunt man with the thin, keen features and the long gown, who saunters in and out day after day.

"We know right well who he is," cry the old stone heads. "His name is Quintin Matsys, and he came up from Louvain, a poor blacksmith, and he wrought that dainty framework of iron that stands over the well below. Then he fell in love with painting, for there was something in him, he knew not what, which had driven him up from his forge to the art-city. He became one of the greatest in the land, all the greater because in his youth he had sweated and toiled with the people, and eaten the bread of tears. For many years we watched him go in and out of the great door below, and at last he died, and they brought him here to the door itself, and dug a grave for him at the threshold, and laid a stone above it with a skull upon it to mark the spot, and we were sorely grieved for many a day."

"Hark!" sing the mocking chimes. "The Spaniards are coming! They are rushing through the streets, massacring, robbing, pillaging! And the people of Antwerp have hidden their treasures in the cathedral. The streets are red with blood and the glare of torches, and the lurid light burns high in the heavens. Our brother, the tocsin, leaps up from his sleep and booms loud and fierce over the towers. They have reached the gate of the temple. They break down the door, they rush in, they sack, they destroy—the shot flies hither and thither"—the chimes have played themselves out, and can tell no more of what they have seen.

I believe no one can rightly appreciate Rubens who has not studied him there where he is to be found, in the earliest and purest stages of his development—where, unalloyed by the exigencies of royal patronage, his best and noblest work was executed—where the breadth and floridness of his brush, careless and hasty as its touch may be, has yet a grand, underlying aim which rushes forth in superb strength, propelled by its very intensity. Later, the world seized upon him, and the vanities of kings and queens surcharged his brush with conceits, and exaggerated his noble floridness into ponderous and fulsome luxuriousness of form and color.

The life of Rubens was so rich in picturesque incident, in elements of splendor and magnificence, so magnanimous and universal in all its relations, that, wherever it passed, it drew toward it all lesser forms of the creative intellect, and united within itself the hopes and the appreciation of the multitudes. It assimilated all the external influences of the landscape, religion, social life, and political condition, of the lands in which the different epochs of its development occurred, and all this in a wider, more cosmopolitan sense than is true of any other painter. This many-sided, many-colored life, so largely composed of elements of diplomacy, of high favor, of courtliness and royal association, this ripe, energetic, hot-blooded existence, of which art was only the one

hasty, impetuous manifestation, seemed to gather to itself all the characteristics of its century, and it towers up out of the past not only individually as the greatest color-master of the time, but relatively as the culmination of the groping, experimental endeavors of Rhenish and early Netherlandish art.

In the dim aisles of the cathedral, on either side of the chancel, behind the faded paper flowers and the dingy altar-cloths of the shrines, hang two canvases that are closely identified with that phase of Rubens's genius in which may be most advantageously traced the influences of his adopted city, and his own personal individuality, unmarred by factitious accessory. They are "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross." In both of them may be traced reminiscences of the master's Italian studies which were then fresh in his mind. Whatever religious feeling was latent in him had been fostered and drawn out by that journey through the South.

Man of the world, courtier, diplomat, genial friend and companion though he were, a certain awe must needs have crept over him down there among the olive-groves and cloister-gardens, where the poet-painters beheld their visions and wrought out their dreams. Some blind, dim consciousness of something beyond and above his happy, many-colored human life, something beyond the joy, and sorrow, and agony, and grief, that made up his measurement of human passion, must have dawned upon him down there among the hill-side convents of Italy. He drew into his soul the spirituality and ascetic temperament he learned at the feet of the monk-painters, and thence there crept into his brush some new, subtle comprehension of the heavenly mysteries which rendered the pale Christ divine in his agonies, and transfigured the worn features of the sacred mourners with celestial light.

How new and strange an experience for that lordly courtier, with his outspoken, earthly love for wine and woman, horse and dog, velvet and cloth of gold, with his healthy objective nature, that grasped only at the substance and scorned the shadow, to be brought suddenly face to face with some gaunt, tanned, sad-eyed ascetic with lines of introspection on his brow, and feel himself subdued and humiliated by the mysterious something that radiated from the wasted form and the painful, reverent brush-strokes. They were no poets, those latter Flemings, or, if they were, it was only that the regal splendor of their lives sang to them the wedding peans and triumphal chantings of humanity. For the hidden herb of grace sown with longing, and prayer, and aspiration, and watered with the hot tears of humble gladness of revelation, they had no eye.

Come with me to the gallery where hang the most glowing of Rubens's canvases in all their commanding pride. They are of a later time than those in the cathedral. The tender religious feeling that the awed and softened painter brought with him from Italy has died away. The world has overtaken him again—his world of pleasure and court and pageant,

He looks at life now with a passionate intensity of gaze, but it is an intensity of earth and not of heaven. There is a demon struggling within him for an outlet, which gives him rest neither night nor day. He finds no relief but in broad, mighty curves and Titanic strokes of his brush. He paints now as he lives—galloping leagues on horseback on diplomatic mission, breathless in his speed, goaded on by the innate restlessness and surging vitality of his character rather than by the importance of his charge. He has no time to brood over his conceptions as they crowd upon him. He must paint them in all their broad elemental nakedness, or they will never be painted at all. He must dash them right and left upon the canvas just as they storm upon his brain. He will paint life as he sees and feels it, with colossal analogies and unities of grouping, such as he, the diplomat, has learned to recognize; with broad masses of scarlet and gold and crimson, and ample curves and folds of drapery, such as meet his eyes about the feet of thrones. He paints his accessories of brilliant brocade, and satin, and velvet, with the superb negligence of one to whom they are the barest details of existence.

Now, too, he depicts human passion as he sees it—broadly, truthfully, magnanimously, without analysis, without a touch of philosophic thought. For him life holds no food for speculation; he is but an absorbed, delighted spectator of the great melodrama of humanity, carried away by the excitement and emotional intoxication. To him it is no tragedy, answers no great heroic nor epic ends.

He enlarges, exaggerates, intensifies. With him human grief is no symbol of higher pain; joy no manifestation of loftier happiness. You must accept these emotions for what they are, and seek no ulterior meaning.

There is no aspiration in his canvases, for he felt none. His realism would be vulgar but that its colossal strength and power impart to it a certain nobleness. He paints men and women with their hearts worn a trifle boastfully upon their sleeves. His "Virgin," with her broad, flowing robes and grief-stained face, is the stricken human mother, advanced in years, with all the passionate abandonment of sorrow in her attitude; too passionate, one would say, if a less masterly touch had drawn the swollen eyes and disordered garments. His "Magdalen," with her streaming, golden tresses, and robust shoulders, and hysteric, convulsive pose, is some fair-haired woman of the people, with a touch of ennobling heroism added to her loud-voiced grief. The "Christ" is a suffering, passive malefactor, with no suggestion of celestial vision in his dying agonies.

There is no perspective, actual or moral, in Rubens. He never lived long enough away from the world to view life at its correct focal distance. He could not spare the time to arrange a background for his thoughts, for that required dreams, and speculation, and idle musings, such as to this man of the world would have seemed profitless and futile.

Not far from the canvases of Rubens hangs in the gallery a famous example of old Matsys—"Christ

borne to the Sepulchre by the Mourners," while old Flemish peasants are digging graves at the mouth of the tomb. These two old men, with their muscles strained, their garments disordered by the severe exertion, their features distorted by the violence of their motions, are the most prominent figures in the picture. The spectator feels instinctively that he must identify himself with them in order to watch the mourning train that is passing to the tomb with its gaunt, haggard men, and its lean, coifed, tearful women. It was natural that the old painter, whose standpoint of observation was planted low down among the toiling Flemish people, should have chosen to present the supreme tragedy as witnessed by the sturdy, hard-pressed grave-diggers, to whom one funeral more or less matters nothing, and who will not pause in their bread-winning labor for all the grief in the world.

The spirit of the blacksmith was carried on into the work of the painter. He understood so well that stolid indifference of the peasant-laborer; that callousness which placed its hard-won morsel of bread above all tears, and sighs, and prayers, and scorned all sentimentalism of grief, deeming death a happy matter of course. He was a man of the world no less than Rubens, but his world was that of the hard-pushed, ill-fed, scantily-clothed people that toils upon six days and rests but little on the seventh; and he knew that life to the class whence he sprung was dull, and bare, and gaunt, and haggard, and full of sharp angles and corners, and hard, ungraceful outlines. The world to him had no bright-colored vapors dimming its actualities; no gorgeous brilliancy of robe and curtain draping its harshness. It was a tough, close fight for existence; and what wonder that the old artificer in iron should have cast the brutal realism of the forge into his devotion? He wrought piece by piece, stroke by stroke, hardly, painfully, carefully. What wonder that he, who had gauged the world by physical force and sturdy action, should have painted leather jerkins and sober brown and green robes and rough, seamed flesh with fine-grained wrinkles about keen peasant-eyes and firmly-set mouths that told of bitter struggles with the forces of Nature and of man?

You may see these hard-eyed old toilers about the streets of Antwerp to-day. They come into town at times for a holiday from the country about, with their dinners tied up in blue handkerchiefs and slung over their shoulders. They stand, open-mouthed, in the great square, and gaze up at the gilded griffins and dragons and grotesque mouldings of the battered guildhalls that wear the scar of the Spanish cannon high up on their brows. They lie asleep in the shadow of the young, green trees in the market-place, side by side with the sweet tired flowers that have the dust of the city on their leaves, and drowse languidly through the noon under the great, red-cotton umbrellas that the brown-faced women have mercifully spread over them.

Above them all, dark against the tawny redness of the peaked roofs and the tender blue of the sky, stands the great bronze Rubens. His arms are out-

stretched, as though in blessing, over the people. His plumed hat lies at his feet, his proud head is cast backward, as though he bade the strongest winds of heaven blow upon him. His attitude is that of superb strength and self-confidence. What generous human love is expressed in his broad brow and full, magnanimous mouth! The eyes look down upon all the homely crowd with gentle tenderness—upon the rough-shod, sleeping men, the patient, knitting women, the thirsty, drooping flowers. Even the cart-dogs, beaten, and panting, and starved, look up with wistful gratitude at the great, dark figure, as though they knew that he cared for their pitiful lives, and had given them their place in his great, loving thoughts.

In front of the Academy of Arts, where the young students can see him as they pass to and fro with their bright visions and hopes hidden deep in their hearts, stands the pale, slender Vandyck, against the lime-trees of the court, in all the soft grace of his poetic youth. I like that he should be there among the young dreamers. That bright youthfulness of his radiates such large, impersonal sympathy. Yet he never seems to extend a kindly hand to those who pass him by, as does his great master. That backward fling of his head is full of unconscious haughtiness. There is a sweet stateliness about Vandyck which brooks no familiarity—a feminine delicacy and reserve which holds itself aloof from all intercourse with the vulgar, whether princely or plebeian. He is an aristocrat in art and life. Possibly it is essential to his genius that he should dwell apart from the multitude.

A soft, pearl-hued transparency, a sweet, nameless melancholy, a faint, far-off presentiment of grief and sadness haunt whatever canvas Vandyck ever painted, and tell of the inborn sorrow of the young poet-nature breaking through all the gorgeous outward show of its surroundings. His beauty is intangible, unseizable. It is like the chaste, veiled Venus of the ancients. Its mournful undertones symbolize the eternal hopeless pursuit of the ideal. It is right well that the bronze Vandyck should keep watch before the portal of the art-school.

In the heart of the town, where the busy burghers hurry to and fro in their daily rounds of barter stands David Teniers, that old burgher-painter, leaning good-humoredly upon his old cronies. He has the free, lazy carriage of a man who knows his popularity, and has acquired it without effort. He is no fine lord; he will none of your effeminacies of court and royalty. They shall cringe to him if they will, free burgher of Antwerp that he is, but he will not court their favor. They shall hold it a high grace if he condescend to teach those noble fools the first rudiments of his art.

There is no statue of old Matsys in Antwerp. To him who understood better than all the others the nature of the old ground-stock of the Flemish race, to him who listened with deep faithfulness to the dying echoes of the old mediæval peasantry, they have raised no monument. We must look for it in the types of strong, earnest humanity, that pour in through the city's gates and outside the town; in the



toilers among the fertile fields of Flanders we find it warmest and best of all.

One morning, when the scented meadow-breeze came floating in over the sultry roofs of the city, I crossed the hazy river with the chattering market-folk to the little group of red-tiled houses the people call the Head of Flanders. About it were forts and dry moats, where the sentries have stood since the days of the Spaniards. A long, winding road, edged with mighty trees, led downward from the heights to the gleaming meadows. On either side were cress-grown ditches starred with white lilies. There was a rosy haze along the horizon, and white sails, phantom ships on a phantom river, were floating against it like drifting clouds. I heard a far-off lowing of kine, and marked the gleaming of smooth, white flanks in the sun. Looking back between the trees of the avenue, I saw the great cathedral-tower, a purple shaft piercing the blue heaven.

Here and there was a pool of shining water, in which the cattle were reflected among the waving sedges. The white plumage of some wild water-bird shot out for an instant from among the dark plants, and then vanished with a shrill cry, while a tawny spaniel rushed in through the thick reed-growth. It was just such a cool bit of life as you may see on the walls of the galleries to-day, as one old Snyders painted it two hundred years ago.

Sheaves of golden wheat lay heaped up in the fields or piled high on great wagons drawn by mighty Flemish horses, and followed by men with blue blouses, and the rude Flemish greeting on their tongues, and the dogged, sturdy look of the peasant who drove out the Spaniard with fire and sword. There were carts drawn by dogs, four abreast, with long, lean bodies; strained, tightly-strapped limbs; lolling red tongues; patient, sad eyes, and beaten backs. Sturdy women passed with their spades on their shoulders, going to the fields with their children.

Where the cross-roads met I came upon a wayside chapel, where the men on their way to the fields, and the market-women coming back from the town, stop and pray to the Virgin for the feeble-bodied among their children at home. Candles burn and flicker upon the altar and light up the rude-painted image of Mother and Child, and the big paper nose-gays of roses and pinks and the shining silver hearts hung with red and blue ribbons to the walls, and the small waxen limbs that gratitude for the pain of some young life eased has brought to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Wooden shoes echo all day long on the pavement, and muttered prayers soar upward on the sweet meadow-breeze that steals in through the open door. The figure on the altar, with the Child in her arms, looks out through the low arch upon the green, silent pastures, the pale, drowsy cattle, the sleeping shadows of the sedged water, the idle white sails of the distance. They pass and pass again—the yellow-haired men, the brown, wrinkled women, the laughing children, the kingly horses, the faithful-eyed dogs—and still she looks out, calm and serene, from her niche in the wayside chapel. Does she mind the time

when that far, purple tower stood black against the fire and flame of the burning city; when the mystical chime gave way to the wild boom of the tocsin; when the frightened lowing of cattle was lost in the fierce war-cry of Spain; when the shrieks of the murdered peasants were drowned in the soldiers' cry of "In thy name, O Virgin!" when the lily-starred ditches were red with the blood of the heretic, and the pastures of Flanders were fat with the bones of the unbeliever?

Gaze on, O sweet, silent Virgin, over the fair, quiet land! Bless the child of the lace-maker and the cottager! They know not, those rude, Flemish toilers, that the kind earth which yields them their food is sown thick with the bones of their fathers, thy enemies; and the flowers they bring to thy shrine, the roses, the lilies, the daffodils, have grown upon graves.

There comes sometimes a day in the summer season when the peasants from the meadows press close upon the burning, white pavements of Antwerp, and gaze in wonder at the beauty of the show. The whole life of the city becomes one vast homage to the deities in which all the thoughts and traditions of the people centre—their Virgin and their Rubens. The joyful voice of the cathedral calls out over the meadows and the gala-decked streets: "Arise, O ye burghers of Antwerp, for this is the great day of the year! The procession of Our Lady forthwith below!"

Soon the house-fronts and the peaked roofs are alive with round Flemish faces and fair hair and white caps, and the people swarm out of the houses and stand packed together on the sultry sidewalks. In all the windows great waxen tapers are flaring, and garlands of paper roses hang over all the doors. The old women tell their beads, and mutter a prayer for themselves and their city and their homes and their trades.

Within the cathedral, the peasants, in their blue blouses and brown kirtles, are kneeling about the chancel and the sacrament-chapel. They are tired and way-worn with the miles they have walked this morning. Their work-knotted hands are folded patiently over their blue umbrellas; and their faces, brown, honest, and humble, are upturned in reverent adoration to the glory upon the altar and the walls. They are still with the dumb instinct of the beauty and grandeur that lie so far above their simple lives of sowing and reaping, and yet reveal themselves to them, dimly, imperfectly, it may be, in every gleam of the silver vessels, in every breath of the vaporous incense.

The black veils have been drawn away from the great passion-scenes, and a blaze of scarlet and a shining of yellow hair and a large white patch of shroud and the fiery eyes of a great brown horse and a suggestion of grief-lined human faces look down upon the kneeling worshipers through the dim twilight of the nave.

About the chapels hang old Flemish altar-pieces, with grotesque faces and monstrous heads, and a leer of mockery that breaks the solemn symmetry of the edifice like a flippant laugh. From over the great doors streams a flood of purple and rosy light that

deluges the dark pillars, and rests now on the gilded vestments of the priests, now on the low, gray tombs of the burgher-princes. A torrent of sound rushes from the organ-loft down the arches to the dome, like a loud chant of victory with a wailing undertone of grief for the dead.

In the body of the cathedral is an altar erected for the festival, with great white lilies and forests of oleanders grouped about it. The priests stand before it, with jeweled incense-vessels in their hands. Above, against a drapery of deep-scarlet velvet, stands the Madonna with the Child in her arms. She wears a train of cloth of gold embroidered with roses, and a petticoat of solid silver studded with diamonds. Her sceptre is set with rubies and emeralds, and there is a high jeweled crown upon her head.

See how the old traditions of the land have been handed down! She is no Virgin, this royal dame with the scornful plaster face, but one of those proud burgher-queens who rustled about the streets in stiff brocades and jeweled coifs—one of those haughty French princesses that made an annual progress through their liege domain of Flanders.

But they are proud of her, those Flemings! She represents to them the old-time splendor and pomp and luxury that once filled their land with color and wealth. They bow their heads reverently when the priest rings the bell, and the proud figure moves toward the door, with the white-robed acolytes pressing about it. She passes, this haughty doll, beyond the canvas, from which the Mother and Son look down in their agony upon the hurrying people, and reaches the pure daylight of the flower-decked street.

A low murmur sweeps through the gathered crowds. Children come out from the houses, and strew flowers along the path of Our Lady of Antwerp. On she moves, amid the chanting and the incense, and the blaze of gold and silver, and the splendor of painted silken banners, to the great Place, where, above the mighty sea of faces, is raised another altar, on which sits a pale marble image, life-size, of the Mother of Sorrows. It is thrown out into ghastly relief by the sheaves of arms and trophies behind her, and the great dark-green curtain above her head.

Here the procession halts. A breathless silence falls upon the crowd. The incense smokes afresh. The priests ascend the altar-steps, and bare their heads to the streaming sunlight, and say a mass for the welfare of the good city of Antwerp during the coming year.

Ay! it is well that there where the fires of the Inquisition blazed, and the gallows reared their corpse-hung crests, the people should kneel to-day, with bowed heads and folded hands, and wait with due humbleness and gratitude for the benedictions that the bright-robed priest, who stands there among the gold and silver vessels at the feet of the pale statue, shall shower upon their contrite heads with one wave of his jeweled hand.

Beyond the surging multitude and the chanting priests and the stately altar, a great white house

rises in the distance. There is a marble bust high up on the roof, dark against the sky. It is the head of Rubens. Fluted columns are on the marble front of the building, and cherubs and garlanded flowers about the windows, and there is a princely air of welcome about the great square pile which tells the stranger that here the life of Rubens culminated. It is well that his face should look down upon the people with its old, genial smile! It pleases him well to hear the chant in the distance, and see the flashing banners and the shining vestments, and to mark afar off the multitude gathered about the shrine! It was from such gorgeous shows as this that he drew his color-inspiration. Small wonder that his spirit should hover about such scenes to-day!

On the morrow there is a grand cavalcade of all the mighty personages of Spanish history and fable. The marble Rubens gazes down unmoved upon the great horses he loved so well, and the graceful figures in satin and velvet and waving plumes and golden chains and ermine-bordered robes, and the great painted pasteboard ships and castles, and the sturdy yeomen and the dainty pages. All pass him by, and he looks down unchanged upon the dazzling life beneath.

Suddenly the white face seems instinct with life. Behold! there goes the car of the Guild of St. Luke, which he himself designed for the color-feasts of his city. It is a florid triumphal chariot, all faded blue and gilding, supported by cherubs and wide-mouthed dolphins, and wreathed with fruits and flowers. High on the summit is his own beautiful head, with the broad, plumed hat. About it, young painter-lads stand grouped, their faces flushed with the pride of their high charge.

Behind them, on foot, saunters a group of figures in quaint dresses. There is old Quintin Matsys, in his long, dark robe, with a turban upon his head; and Snyders, in deep-blue velvet, with his trusty spaniel by his side; and young Vandyck, with his pale poet-face upturned to the sky, and the long, white plume of his hat sweeping the ground. They glance up at the white face on the house-top, and their hands rise instinctively to the motley coverings of their heads. It is a supreme moment. The great master looks down so silent and yet so sentient! Surely, he is not dead! He walks by their side to-day as in the olden time.

There is a moment's pause. The great soul has cast down his blessing upon them, and they are satisfied. The divine promise of art's eternity has entered their hearts.

They know that his body lies under the marble pavement of St.-Jacques, by the side of those he loved, with the glory of his own handiwork shining down upon him from the walls, with the purple light of the stained windows streaming over his resting-place, and the silence of the church all about him. But they know that his soul hovers about Antwerp, stands by their sides in their dark studios, shines through the young hopefulness of their lives, and moulds the city's revels and shows of holidays into unconscious glory and magnificence of color.

## AN OVERRATED PRESCRIPTION.

I AM one of those excellent souls who, when they take a holiday, take—occasionally—their wives with them—that is, their own wives—and are accordingly thought but little of in the world of fashion. The occasion which I have in my mind, however, was a particular one: my wife was ill, and required change. Her malady was brow-ague. That means a sharp, shooting pain over the temples, which spreads over the bones of the face, till one would gladly dispense with the wearing of a head at all. It is toothache, and ear-ache, and headache, and face-ache, combined into a sort of infernal symphony of aches. Nothing is of much good for it, but the least noise screws the whole instrument of torture up to concert-pitch. Quiet is, therefore, the physician's remedy for this disease; to sit in quiet by a lake of quinine, and to drain it, is the scientific panacea. Sometimes he varies this prescription (as physicians must if they would not die of starvation), and recommends sea-air. "Sea-air, my dear madam, and perfect rest."

Nobody but a doctor knows the real advantage which is derived from people going to the sea-side. They exchange their comfortable homes for more or less uncomfortable lodgings; wholesome food, for meals that from a culinary point of view are simply deplorable; and, if they have the good fortune to escape apartments recently used by a convalescent from the scarlet fever, return home alive, and—sunburnt. During that holiday they have had, thanks to the sea-air, an excellent appetite, and have eaten much more than is good for them; while the males of the party, having nothing else to do with themselves, have smoked incessantly, and congested their livers. Everybody, in fact, is in very much worse health than when he started; but they all look so well—for a day or two. After that period the rouge of the sea-born Venus, the sunburn, wears off, and there is no more pretense about the matter. Illness sets in, and to the family doctor the autumn exodus becomes a solid advantage.

The holiday I have in my mind, however, was but a short summer "outing," suggested, as I have said, by my wife's ailment, and founded on the doctrine above mentioned, "sea-air and perfect quiet." The former, in an island like Great Britain (which is also so ridiculously small), is easily attainable; Brighton is so near to London that "eight hours at the sea-side" can be compassed for "three shillings;"<sup>1</sup> but then Brighton is the resort of brass-bands; its excellent air is used by wind-instruments. Ramsgate is the home of organ-grinders; Dover and Folkestone are ports in which German and French tongues mingle (as might be expected) in hideous discord. Granville, to be sure, is also a port looking Franceward—but then no Frenchman

(as I was given to understand) comes to Granville; or, if he comes, he never goes back again; he becomes nationalized, and loses his accent. The sea-passage is so long, and he has suffered from it so frightfully, that he stops where he is. Of course, English people go to Granville, but only to leave it by steamer for the Continent. The passage is cheap, though, as I have hinted, nasty. The town itself is dull; duller even than its neighbor, the excellent town of Sanville. "When you are at Sanville," says the proverb (not a local one), "you can walk to Granville; but when you get to Granville, there is nothing to do but drown yourself."

This I thought must be the very place for my wife and her brow-ague, and our quiet holiday.

My disposition is, on the whole, as admirable as my talents are remarkable, but my friends own that I am fidgety. I am always well in time for everything; I like to have everything ready for me, and very nice and comfortable: my place in the train, my rooms at the hotel, I always secure beforehand when I travel. On this occasion my wife's ill-health was a good excuse for extraordinary precautions. From inquiry among my friends, I learned that the hotel best known at Granville—the Caravansérai—was always full of tourists coming and going, and was, therefore, as I conjectured, noisy. There was another hotel—the North Crag—not so much patronized, the name of which allured me. It was probably situated far from the madding crowd, on some jutting marine eminence, with nothing but the murmuring waves around it. So I telegraphed to the North Crag Hotel for apartments: "The sitting-room to command a view of the sea;" and added, with my usual forethought, "wire back reply." It was twelve hours before I got the answer, which fretted me not a little, but at last it came: "Rooms reserved as requested." The preliminary steps were secured for curing my wife's brow-ague.

On arriving at Granville, however, which is at a considerable distance from the capital, the brow-ague was decidedly worse, a railway journey of three hours, during which we were shot through twenty tunnels and under a hundred bridges, not being conducive to the cure. At last, however, we came in sight of the broad blue mirror of the ocean, that, like a woman's smile (to those who are unacquainted with her), seems the very earnest of eternal rest and love.

The sight of it seemed already to do the poor sufferer good, as she lay back in the open fly that was to take us to our temporary home. We passed by the Caravansérai, which—there being a steamer at the quay shrieking irritably for victims, the exception that proves the rule that smoking cures impatience—looked quiet and empty enough, and then turned inland into the town.

"Hullo, my man! where are you taking us?"

<sup>1</sup> An illogical lad once inquired at the London terminus whether he could not get four hours at the sea-side for one shilling and sixpence.

The driver pulled his horse up—it by no means required so much pulling as the vehicle—and regarded me with that look of contempt for ignorance which is common to men who only know a very little.

"I'm going where you told me—to the North Crag Hotel."

"Oh, then I suppose there is some shorter way to it than by the sea-front?"

"Shorter way! Yes, I should think so; considering it ain't on the sea at all."

"Not on the sea?" cried I, with vehemence.

"My dear love," said my wife, imploringly, "remember my poor head."

Crushed and penitent, I said no more, and the driver, murmuring something about "head, indeed," not complimentary to my intelligence, pursued his way. He felt that he had an ally in the invalid, and could say, and presently charge, anything. He took us, however, right enough. After climbing for half a mile up the High Street, which seemed to be composed of bazaars, china-shops, and establishments devoted to the sale of penny periodicals, we arrived at North Crag Terrace.

"Come," said I, cheerfully, to my wife, "we must be very near the hotel now."

"In that case," observed the invalid, faintly, "the hotel cannot be very near the sea."

"Well, I don't know," said I; "we are very high up, and there is probably a side-view.—What are you stopping for *now*, driver?"

It was rather hard upon him, for he had hitherto not stopped at all except when I had called to him, but my sense of justice was clouded by irritation.

"Well, I'm a-stopping," said the man, with a greater air of contempt than ever, "because we have got to our journey's end."

Then I looked up and saw that four of the houses in the terrace had been amalgamated, and that upon the brow of the two central ones was emblazoned, on a bright-blue board, "North Crag Hotel." Immediately opposite it was a long public garden; then a broad public promenade; and then the sky-line—under which, though it was not more visible than in London—might lie the sea.

"This is intolerable," I began; "it is a fraudulent imposition."

"My dear love," moaned my wife, "my head!"

The cabman laughed—I heard his demoniacal guffaw—as I rushed out of the carriage, and up the steps of the hotel.

"Where is the proprietor? where is the manager? Who is answerable for this deception? Show me my telegram, with the words 'view of the sea' upon it"—were questions that I poured forth, now that I was out of my wife's hearing, with indignant fervor. A tall woman, of whom I took no notice, save to remark that she *was* tall—indeed gigantic, for she was taller than myself, and I am a pretty good height in my heeled boots—was looking down upon me, with a sheaf of telegrams in her hand.

"We have done the best we could for you," said

she, in a mellifluous voice; "but the front-rooms are all engaged. The town is very full, sir."

There was no help for us; so my wife and I followed the giantess up-stairs—a good many stairs—to a little room just big enough to "swing a cat in," or rather a kitten, at the back of the house.

"It is very quiet here," observed the giantess.

"It is very close," said I, with irritation. "At this height, however, we shall surely see the sea."

"Well, sir, it looks the other way, but there is a beautiful lawn—"

"Lawn!" cried I; "I only see a tent half a mile long."

"Ah, to be sure" (as if it had just struck her), "they have built the tent there because some Frenchmen are going to be entertained in it on Monday."

"The whole nation, I should think," said I.

"No, sir; only fourteen hundred or so."

"Good Heavens!"

There were fourteen hundred Frenchmen to dine under my poor wife's window, who had come down to Granville for "quiet." The giantess guessed something of what was passing through our minds, and hastened to add: "There will be no noise to speak of; besides, they do not arrive till twelve, and go back by the steamer at six."

"We shall probably be out-of-doors," murmured the invalid, mustering a few grains of cheerfulness. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we shall have perfect rest."

"This is the sitting-room," said the giantess, opening a door.

The sitting-room was precisely the same as the bedroom, except that it had a table instead of a bed; its window, also, commanded in front the tent, on the left hand the tent, on the right hand the tent, and, if we could have looked round the corner, we should have seen the tent again.

"This is horrible," said I—"that is" (and here I felt my voice sink into dulcet accents)—"I dare say it will do very well. I am sure, madam, you have done all you could for us, and in the mean time we will make the best of it."

Then my wife and I were left alone together.

"I thought you would alter your tone," said she, less faintly than she had spoken for some time. "I noticed that you never looked at that young woman till just now. She is certainly what vulgar people call a fine woman; but I see nothing in her to admire so *very* much."

"My dear wife," said I, "you astonish me. I never said a word about admiring the woman."

"No, Charles, you did not say a word; but you looked volumes."

The doctor had remarked my dear wife wanted "tone," and it was evident she was getting it. The air of Granville had already done her good, for there was really not the least ground for the comparative vigor of her language, so far as my conduct was concerned. It was quite true that I had not observed how very attractive the hotel housekeeper was until that moment, when I had suddenly become conciliatory. But that was only a coincidence. My manner



and behavior are courteous to all women. To suppose that they vary because one happens to be a little prettier than another is libelous. In this case I really felt that I owed an apology to the lady for having taken her for a giantess. She was undoubtedly a very fine woman—very fine, indeed.

Here my wife asked, as I understood, for "vinegar" for her poor forehead.

"Don't you think," said I, "that a little *eau-de-Cologne* put on a handkerchief would cool your brow better than vinegar?"

"I didn't say 'vinegar,' Charles. I said that woman is a virago: I can read it in her eye."

"She looks a most infernal temper," said I, with alacrity; for above all things my wife had told me the doctor had said she was not to be contradicted. "However, thank Heaven! we shall probably see nothing more of her."

There can never be any harm in thanking Heaven, and especially, as in the present instance, when it pleases one's wife.

We dined in our own room because the invalid could not bear the noise of the *table-d'hôte*, but we got the dinner, I suspect, from the *table-d'hôte* after the guests had done with it. I could not but remember that the dinner-table at the Caravansérail (the old established hotel) was considered to be the best provided in England—the North Crag's *cuisine* did not remind me of it; but, then, we had come down thither not for dinners, but for quiet. We retired betimes, and I was awakened at daylight—i. e., about 3.45 A. M.—by a continuous hammering. It was the noise of wood upon wood—mallets upon posts. Noah and his family must have made a similar noise when they were building the ark—only instead of six persons at work there seemed to be sixty. I was in hopes that the poor invalid was asleep; but presently I heard her moan:

"What is it, Charles? They seem to be splitting my head!"

My own morbid impression, as I lay half asleep and half awake, was, that somebody had died in the hotel, and that they were nailing up his coffin; but this, of course, was a thought not to be uttered to an invalid. The same reason prevented me from saying that I thought it was a gigantic death-watch; though, indeed, it sounded very like it. Calling to mind, however, that we were in the country—or, at all events, out of town—I hastened to say that "it was only a woodpecker, or woodpeckers, and that she was to go to sleep."

"It's that awful tent!" groaned she.

And so it was. The hideous thing, it seems, kept growing and growing, like the helmet in the Castle of Otranto. As we lay dreadfully wide awake, our united intelligences hit upon the real reason of the carpenters being at work at that untimely hour. They wanted to persuade people that it was not Sunday morning at all, but Saturday night; and, indeed, about six o'clock, when persons in general might be awaking to consciousness, but when sleep had long fled from *our* pillow, these wretches took themselves off. I hated that magnificent creature who had

promised us "quiet" with an intensity that would have satisfied my wife herself if she could have looked into my bosom. Of course, the brow-ague was infinitely worse that day, which was chiefly passed in applying ice-bandages, and looking for a bedroom as distant from that awful tent as possible. The one apportioned to us was larger than the last, but still more barely furnished. The windows had no curtains; and, as it looked to the east, we knew that the sun would stream into it, and wake us up. We therefore hung everything in the way of shawls and dressing-gowns across it, so that the apartment had the appearance of a second-hand-clothes shop, and at an early hour retired to what we fondly hoped might be rest. Not till our light was out did we perceive the horrors of our situation. The door had a glass over it, our room being utilized to give light to the passage, and at night this benefit was reciprocated by a huge gas-lamp in the passage giving light to the room. We might just as well have been acting "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle" on the stage with the foot-lights full on.

I jumped out of bed, and, getting on a chair outside, so that I must have formed a very striking "transparency" to the inhabitants of the passage—but what did I care? I was desperate—I turned the gas out; but our apprehensions had been thoroughly aroused, and we pictured to ourselves early morning with the sunshine, instead of the gas, pouring in upon us over the door. Our only chance was to get to sleep at once, and so to snatch a few feverish hours of repose: and how successful we were in going to sleep against time every one knows who has made the experiment. Moreover, the bed, instead of being a spring-bed, was hard as a board, and dotted with large, round knobs. I believe it was stuffed with turnips, and with turnips that had not been boiled. It was a bed that might honestly have been recommended to the members of the Holy Inquisition, and would, I think, have been very convincing. I was just dozing off under the impression that I was St. Lawrence upon a gridiron, when suddenly there was a spurt, a flash, and a roar, and the whole apartment was brilliantly illuminated.

"By jingo!" cried I. "Fire! fire!"

"No," moaned my unhappy wife; "I almost wish it was; a quick fire would be better than this martyrdom. Somebody has lit the gas up."

Some officious idiot, seeing our burner out, had actually gone for a match and set it alight again; and my conscience told me that it was "the fine woman," for nobody else could have reached it.

I draw a veil—how I wished at the time that there had been a veil to draw!—over our further sufferings.

Imagine a brow-ague after two sleepless nights with a sunstroke and a gas-stroke added! The next day was consecrated to international festivities, and I felt thankful to the powers of evil that it was a pouring wet one. I experienced a fiendish joy in seeing the Frenchmen land, bedraggled, and soaked, and sick, and like their national flag with the red washed out of it—all white and blue. If ever Eng-

land is invaded it will be through the submarine tunnel, and not by ship. I am not a good sailor myself; nor shall I ever forget the last occasion on which I sailed across the Channel. It was a rough day, and I went straight on board the steamer in harbor, and then to bed, my only chance.

After half an hour's intense misery I sent for the steward and asked if we were near the land.

"Lor' bless you! we ain't left the quay; we ain't a-going across to-day, the weather is too dirty."

Well, bad sailor as I am, I am a good one compared with those fourteen hundred Frenchmen. I should have thought that nothing could ever have been done with the steamer that brought them over in the way of rendering it fit for human tenancy again, but that it ought to have been taken out to sea and sunk. The lively strains of the brass-band, and the welcoming cheers that received them, must have seemed to those poor voyagers the most hideous mockery. They got better, it is true, as the day went on, for they made more noise in that tent than fourteen thousand Englishmen would have done; but the idea that *they had to go back* can never have been absent from their minds. "Let us eat and drink, for presently we shall be ill again," must have been the motto of their hearts, though it was not upon their flags with the other one. My unfortunate wife, with an ice-bandage round her forehead and cotton-wool in her ears, had an excellent view of the international procession; the most interesting part of the spectacle was to behold the Mayor of Granville, in

his robes and chain, receiving the company, and I shall never forget his astonishment on his being kissed on both cheeks by the French Mayor of St.-Malo!

A perfect understanding was arrived at between the two countries during the banquet, but I am afraid the *entente cordiale* was not so important in my eyes as the question of changing our quarters. My whole energies were directed toward securing apartments at that once despised hotel the Caravansérail, and, above all, a bed not stuffed with turnips. When I had got them, and installed my poor invalid in them, I asked her if she had a wish on earth that it was in my power to gratify. She beckoned to me with a languid hand, and whispered, in a failing voice: "Yes, oh, yes; pray take me home again!"

I did take her home—or, at least, so much as was left of her—the next morning; but it was not for the next six weeks that she recovered from the effects of "sea-air and quiet." Of course, we had been exceptionally unfortunate; it was as though we had gone for repose to Philadelphia, and found it in the act of celebrating the Centennial. At the same time the failure of that famous prescription, if less in degree, is, I have reason to believe, common enough in kind, and I have set down our own experience as a warning to my fellow-creatures. Do not take an invalid for "change of air" unless you are quite sure that other things besides air, and equally necessary for health, will be found in the place you are going to: mere change is of no advantage unless it is for the better.

## A CHARACTER.

"The most impenetrable mask for a malicious design is—well-acted candor."—*From the French of De Larrièrre.*

### I.

YES, madame, I know you better, far better than those can know  
Whose plummet of judgment never is dropped to the depths below;

### II.

Whose test is a surface-seeming, the glitter of lights that gleam  
With a moment's rainbow-lustre on the shifting face of the stream.

### III.

Because you have bold, blunt manners, because you can broadly smile,  
With the devil's own art in veiling your infinite gulfs of guile,

### IV.

There are some who bring you homage, who vow your nature is free  
And frank as the life of summer, when fullest on land and sea;

### V.

And yet your soul is a charnel where many a ruined name  
Rots, festering vile and loathsome in burial-shrouds of shame;

### VI.

A sepulchre dark, that's crowded with ashes of old and young,  
Dead fames you have foully poisoned with your pitiless serpent's tongue!

### VII.

Beware! by the God above us, who parteth the false from true,  
There's a curse in the future, *somewhere*—an ambushed curse for you!

### VIII.

It will burst from the wayside fiercely, when least you dream of a blow—  
A tigerish fate in its fury, to rend, and to lay you low!

### IX.

But ere it has sucked your heart's blood, and stifled your latest breath,  
The thought of *your* victims, woman! will sharpen the sting of death!

PAUL HAYNE.

## HOW TO FURNISH A HOUSE.

IN furnishing a house very few people know what to do with their money. There is just so much, or so little, as the case may be, to spend, and a certain line of things common to every one that has to be bought. But it is just many of these things common to every household that should be avoided.

To say that a room looks like a picture is considered a high meed of praise—a delicate, violet-scented sort of compliment not often to be had; but there is no reason, either in prose or rhyme, why a whole house should not be a poem. And this, too, whether the sum spent on its furnishing be five thousand or five hundred dollars, or even the half of the latter. It might be rash, perhaps, to undertake it for less; but we would venture upon blank verse, at least, with almost any sum of three figures; only stipulating that the house should be a small-sized cottage rather than a "brown-stone front."

New York houses, as a general thing, are painfully lacking in individuality; standing, like the four-and-twenty historical blackbirds, "all in a row," and almost as much alike within as without. There are the same monotonous suites of drawing-room furniture, red, blue, green, yellow, or brown, as the case may be; the same prescribed number of mirrors in the same prescribed spots; the regulation amount of gilding, cornicing, and curtaining; the rich carpets that, like the pastry of such establishments, offend by their very richness, and present dazzling surfaces of flowers, to be walked over and trodden under foot; the infinite and perplexing number of footstools, little tables and huge china jars, that cover so much of the floor-space, and render locomotion difficult and dangerous; the lofty walls, flashing with rich, gilded paper, interspersed, perhaps, with expensive but not always valuable paintings, or which are elaborately painted and frescoed. One gets excessively tired of it all, and would gladly turn to a simple country-house for refreshment.

But, alas! country and simplicity are not always synonymous terms; and, if the country-house is what the novelist calls the abode of wealth, it is too apt to be a literal repetition of the city mansion. If unpretending, and containing occupants quite unknown to fame, either for wealth or any other attribute, the inside belongings are often wholly bare of the slightest approach to taste, with all its natural capabilities entirely overlooked.

Who cannot recall the huge, towering bouquets of dried grasses in gaudy china vases on the mantel; the numerous family photographs, in such a bleak margin of ghastly white, on the walls, enlivened perhaps by a coarse chromo given as a premium by the vapid periodical that is piled up in back numbers on the table; the ugly horse-hair or velvet sofa; the tapestry carpet, combining all the colors of the rainbow; the showy curtains of coarse lace; the "fairy-basket," filled with artificial flowers, suspended somewhere; the hideous plaster casts of the reign-

ing President and the most popular of the popular men?

The entrance-hall of such a house is usually furnished with oil-cloth and a map of the United States; the best bedroom has a "cottage set" fearful with high-colored flowers and gilding; and the other bedrooms have whatever they can get. Crocheted mats and tidies, of all sizes, shapes, and denominations, overrun everything like weeds; and it is quite possible that such works of art as cone frames and wax flowers under glass are added to the other things that should not be. In all this *mélange*, there will probably not be a single growing thing, nor a bit of the woods near by, to give a touch of Nature.

It is not difficult, nor does it require a great outlay of money, to make a moderate house pretty and attractive; but the following receipt for a cottage parlor is decidedly meagre: "The parlor might have a pretty carpet of small and cheerful pattern, and a small bookcase, hanging book-shelves, or cabinet, made of oak, maple, or beech, or even common pine stained or painted; these, with chairs of simple form, a centre folding-table, a few cut flowers in the summer, and dried grasses in the winter, in a rustic stand, or in vases over the mantel, a settee covered with chintz, and curtains of material and pattern to match, would be all that would be needed to decorate and furnish the room." The person who wrote this builded better than he knew how to furnish.

Furnishing may be done artistically without attempting a high-art standpoint. This eminence is apt to give things a cold, bare sort of look, that is quite antagonistic to notions of home-comfort. High art objects, too, to carved representations of living or growing things, as monstrous and unnatural; and says that, "to an educated eye, a literal reproduction in wood or stone of the forms assumed by vegetable life is by no means agreeable. It is an established principle in the theory of design that decorative art is degraded when it passes into a direct imitation of natural objects."

"A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
All garlanded with carven imageries  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass."

We are irreverently tempted to exclaim, "Down with high art!" rather than lose such pictures; and it would not hurt it to descend a peg or two, for it perches things up so that they are quite useless for all practical purposes. The mantel-pieces of high art appear to be intended for giraffes; the pictures of high art are hung quite beyond the line of vision; and, as for its furniture, it looks as though built instead of made, and is clumsy in the extreme. High art may do very well for grand old mansions, where there is abundance of room, and where people never think of moving from the houses where they were born; but enterprising householders on this side of the Atlantic are obliged to arrange their affairs by a different standard.

In the matter of cheap ornament and insecure decorations, the advocates of high art are engaged in a praiseworthy crusade, and their righteous indignation at carving and paneling that has to be glued on for the express purpose, it would seem, of coming off, is not one whit too strong. Good taste always prefers a chaste plainness to tawdry ornament; but chaste plainness sometimes has to be paid for—as in the case of the purchaser who, objecting to a carved ornament on a chair that he was examining, inquired what would be the cost of the article without the top-knot, and was told that the unornamented chair would cost one-sixth *more* than the other.

The entrance-hall gives a character to the whole house, be it large or small; and the floor of this apartment is a consideration of no small importance. Very pretty oil-cloths, in imitation of encaustic tiles, are to be had; but the tiles themselves are prettier, and far more durable. So, also, is a mosaic floor of oak and walnut, but this is not within the reach of every one. A long, narrow hall is always ugly, and unmanageable in the way of furniture; the nearer it approaches the square form, the better, as when prettily furnished it makes a sort of anteroom. A hall-table, massive and generous in its proportions, and flanked on either side by chairs of similar character, is always in order where there is room for it; or chairs alone, with a wall hat-rack, may be used where the space is more confined.

A Wardian case filled with ferns, or a rustic stand of climbing and trailing plants, a bronzed figure, or a hunter's trophies, are very suitable embellishments for the hall. But, remembering the abode of a hunter in Maine, where the entrance-hall was ornamented with a sprawling wild-cat, a stuffed bear, and deer and moose heads, with horns and antlers in such profusion that it seemed like a nightmare, we would stipulate for moderation, at least, in this sort of furnishing.

There is this satisfaction in wall-furniture, that it cannot, as a general thing, be sat upon nor covered up, but it is the very point in furnishing that is most frequently open to criticism. Wall-papers are seldom what they should be; and many "sweet things" at the paper-hangers are transformed into unexpected ugliness by the process of hanging. Looking at paper in the roll is such a different matter from seeing it on the wall that, to prevent a disagreeable surprise, several widths of it should be held side by side in the room for which it is intended, before the paper is decided upon. It is apt to look darker when on the wall. For a hall, the palest of greens or browns is usually the most pleasing in effect; or the walls may be paneled artistically.

Paper is a very important item in the furnishing of a room, and should be selected with great care, to harmonize with the other appointments. Plain papers that have the effect of painting are generally the most satisfactory; and they should contain just the least suspicion of the tint to be aimed at. The palest of pinks with lines of vivid crimson in the corners, and a narrow band of it just below the moulding of dead gold, is beautiful for a parlor

where the prevailing tone of the furniture is gray. If furnished in crimson or blue, the wall-paper should be of a pale-gray or cream color. A paneled paper for halls may be made by covering the whole surface with paper of the body color, and then taking a darker shade of the same color to form the dividing lines.

"Fallen-leaf" shade is recommended, by a good authority, for a dining-room—particularly if the pictures there are in gilded frames. But the tint is only to be distinguished from white by laying a sheet of pure white paper on it. It is further advised that "the wood-work of the room so papered should be of dark oak or black walnut; and just under the cornice, and two inches from the wood-work, should be a fine, ribbon-like line, cut out of paper, of a pure and bright primary red about one-sixth of an inch in width. The corners may be enriched by giving to the lines some curving knot or rectangular fret; a little ingenuity and a sharp pair of scissors will produce them as fast as wanted." This is intended to give the effect of fresco or oil painting at a small expense.

Another authority says that paper-hangings should never cover the whole space of a wall from floor to ceiling; but that a "dado," or plinth-space, of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood moulding, stained or gilded, should separate this from the paper above. A second space, or frieze, just below the ceiling, filled with arabesque ornament painted on a distempered ground, is always effective—but, of course, involves some additional expense. An unrelieved pattern of monotonous design, or a plain paper, continued over an entire wall, has a very dreary effect, as the eye craves rest in traveling over a large space.

The silk and tapestry hangings of the middle ages were rich and picturesque, but too expensive to suit ordinary purses. Their effect can be in a measure produced by a curtained doorway in lieu of a door—which is frequently useless, and never ornamental. These *portière* curtains are very effective in place of folding-doors; and they should, when practicable, match the window-curtains and prevailing style of furniture-covering.

A niche in the wall on the first staircase-landing is another picturesque feature that has a mysterious sort of charm about it. A good plaster-statue, prettily wreathed with some trailing vine that may be growing in a vase behind it, seems the most appropriate furniture for this space; and a floor-covering of scarlet, with fringe to match, transforms it into a most effective pedestal.

The wonder is, that people don't do more pretty things with their houses when there are so many to be done. For who, while extending the cordial invitation of Madame Arachne, can supplement it as she did:

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy?"

Not people who furnish in "suites," and have their ornamental things in pairs, like the contents of toy



arks; but, possibly, some unacknowledged poet, or poetess, who has to save, and consider, and get things by piecemeal. It is a blessing in disguise to people when they cannot get everything they want at once, nor get it at the same place. Picking up here and there, at odd times, produces charming results; and furniture thus obtained has an individuality and a meaning which the upholsterer, who makes to order, fails to give it.

People who are not in slavery to the carpet-idea can do great things with a little money; while those who are need expect nothing beyond the orthodox yards of flowers and foliage, or geometrical patterns, done in wool. A room with a grand, new-looking carpet in it, and very little else, is a dreary place enough; while one with scarcely any or no covering at all, but plenty of other things, can be made cozy and delightful. Let it be straw matting and home-made rugs, or painted floors and ditto; but, until a parlor is provided with a few good pictures, flowers either cut or growing, and, at least, a white-clay figure, or group of some kind, it has no right to a carpet. These things educate, and the carpet does not; no one ever called a carpet a loop-hole of the soul!

Very few carpets are properly used: men with slippers on their feet, and tacks in their mouths, pull and stretch it into every possible corner, so that not an inch of space shall be left uncovered, and obligingly notch out places for the various recesses, until the expensive fabric is utterly spoiled for any other room than the one to which it is fitted. It is very ugly, too, arranged in this way—being far more picturesque as a large square, or oblong rug, bordered and trimmed with fringe, and showing all around it a yard or so of dark, polished floor. A bordering of inlaid wood-work, known as parquetry, is very pretty, and not much more expensive than first-class Brussels carpets. Such a floor-covering has a sort of old-time and Eastern look about it, and may be taken up and shaken with comparative ease—a few nails along the edges keeping it in place when down.

The designs on Turkey carpets are small, and the colors admirably blended, which makes them particularly desirable; but they are expensive, and often so well imitated in Brussels, and even in ingrain fabrics, that the additional outlay is scarcely warranted where economy is at all to be considered. A crimson carpet of very small pattern, in two or three soft shades of the same color, is very pretty with a dark floor-border—particularly with a pale-pink or cream-colored paper, with corner lines of crimson in it. With this carpet the furniture-covering should be ashes of roses, ornamented with crimson fringe and brass-headed nails; the sofas of divan shape, well stuffed, but with no wood-work visible; the chairs may be bought at a chair-factory in a skeleton state, and either transformed into enameled wood by painting with three coats of dead-white and varnishing, using a little dead-gold judiciously, or ebonized by substituting black paint for white.

To go on with our imaginary room: the curtains

may be of the same color as the furniture-covering, alternating with stripes of crimson, or of sheer white muslin, with cornices like the chairs, ornamented with lines of gilding. The mantel should have a crimson cover trimmed with fringe. A small oval mirror, with sconces for candles on either side, should hang between the windows; and a small table with a white-clay group could stand beneath. We confess to a weakness for candles and candlesticks; they are much more poetical-looking illuminators than gas chandeliers or lamps; and a mantel with which we had to do should have, if not our grandmother's, at least some one else's grandmother's candlesticks on it.

Our candlesticks should have candles in them, and the candles should be lighted, too, as occasion required; and if we could possibly get them, we would have a pair of lovely china vases besides—vases with covers to them, and handles; and in the centre we would have, not a clock to be always reminding people that it was time to do something they did not want to do, but a picture, or a piece of bronze, or parian. Some one said that it was only necessary to examine the mantel-piece of a room to decide upon the character and tastes of its inmates; and this is frequently the feature of a room which least repays investigation. Large, flat-shaped china vases, with jagged edges, covered with gaudy flowers and gilding, are favorite ornaments in common country-houses; as is also a large china rooster, or setting-hen, that forms the lid of a mammoth match-box. The lady who displayed a huge shell-comb as a mantel-ornament because it had cost money in its day has many prototypes; but they do not happen to own shell-combs.

Marble-topped tables have very justly been stigmatized as parlor tombstones; and the simplest cover is preferable to one of these cold, polished surfaces. A crimson table-cover gives a bright, warm look to a room; and the effect is heightened by making it long enough to touch the carpet. What a rich, warmly-tinted picture is made by the

"Cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet,"

which Porphyro, "half-anguished," threw upon the table set under the spell of St. Agnes's Eve; and how glowing and natural the finishing touches:

"The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies!"

Brackets, pictures, knick-knacks, have much to do with the home-look of a room; but, with abundant means, there is such a tendency to overload in these matters that fastidious people are disposed to resort to the opposite extreme of bareness. It has been wisely said: "The parlor, drawing-room, or whatever it may be called, will permit of only greater variety, not any greater splendor in its plenishing; little knick-knacks, if curious or beautiful, may be strewed here and there, and a richly-wrought armoire, or cabinet, perhaps a gem of an inlaid table, may show that the wealth is not absent that might fill the room with costly furniture, only the restraining good taste is also in equal plenty."

Various are the theories respecting bedrooms—both as to what they should and what they should not be; and seldom is one seen that seems just to answer the purpose for which it is intended. Bedrooms, of course, are divided into classes: sometimes only forming one of a suite consisting of sleeping-room, dressing-room, bath-room, and boudoir, or study; but oftener combining all these in one—the furnishing and fitting up to be regulated accordingly; as what would be suitable, and even necessary, under one arrangement, would be quite out of place under another. The one-room arrangement—or, at the most, with one small room, or large closet connected with it—is that most frequently seen and the one most open to criticism, as it is apt to be on one of two extremes: it is either bare, cold-looking, and uninviting, as though any place were good enough to sleep in; or it is overloaded and fussy—so that, “in the midst of lace bed-curtains, muslin toilet-covers, pink calico, and cheval-glasses, one may fancy one’s self in a milliner’s shop.”

There is a strong individuality about bedrooms; and at a glance one can tell “mother’s room”—where bed, easy-chair, table, and other belongings, are usually on a double or treble scale, as though in the habit of accommodating numerous inmates, and where the æsthetics of life are crowded out by homely comfort and convenience; the bachelor uncle’s or brother’s room—furnished almost entirely with newspapers and cigar-boxes, and adorned with a meerschau pipe or two, and a photograph, perhaps, of Miss Ida Brass as somebody, and Mrs. Dareall as somebody else; the young lady’s room, with everything dressed in muslin flounces, and running either to pink or blue; or grandmother’s room, with its uncompromising four-post bedstead, old-fashioned, three-story bureau, and huge easy-chair, so dear to the hearts of old ladies. The boys’ room, and the children’s room, have each a separate look of their own; and the latter, with its little, snowy-draped bed for six-year-old Alice, and pretty, swinging crib for two-year-old Floy, is perhaps the very sweetest-looking of them all.

Unfortunately, people with æsthetic tastes are often hampered by prosaic facts, and go about all their lives with the irritating consciousness that their belongings do not express them at all, and that they are quite powerless to change this unpleasant order of things; but if the question were put to most housekeepers of not superabundant means, “What is your strongest yearning in the way of furniture?” the answer would unquestionably be, “A walnut set for the best bedroom”—a sad instance of misplaced affections; for walnut sets for bedrooms are not half so pretty nor so desirable as furniture that does not cost half the money. “Sets” are objectionable, at any rate, in almost everything except china; and a deal more comfort and satisfaction is to be had from articles that find themselves quite unexpectedly within the same walls than from “sets” that come in stiff-looking pairs or quartets.

The principal feature in a bedroom is the bed; and this should be, in the first place, comfortable,

though all the rest go bare. The young housekeeper of small means sighs over the dreadful cost of hair-mattresses—“things that do not show a bit, you know,” but must, nevertheless, be had. “Considering,” discourses some one, “that about a third of our lives is passed in beds, they deserve much more attention than they get. France has long been in advance of the rest of the civilized world in this, having really paid as careful attention to excellence in this respect as to that of cookery. The grand secret of the superiority of French bedding is to be found not merely in the existence of good springs and well-filled mattresses, but in the fact that these mattresses are pulled and remade annually. This is the reason why beds in other countries are generally such a mockery of the French beds which they are intended to imitate. French houses usually have a court-yard behind, in which carpets are beaten, and various other domestic businesses transacted; and here, in fine weather, may be seen the practice of mattress-stuffing. An old mattress, on which heavy bodies have lain for a series of years, becomes, no matter how well filled with horse-hair, nearly as springy as street-car cushions. If you want a comfortable bed, here is the unfailing recipe: First, very good springs; secondly, a thick hair-mattress over them; thirdly, a thick wool-mattress over that. Both mattresses should be remade every two years.”

It is not necessary that the bedstead should be made of anything more expensive than cane or iron. Either of these materials is light and graceful-looking, and may be made very pretty with a little gilding. The rattan is both durable and elastic, and forms a springy back for chairs that is very desirable. Two articles should always be low—a bed, and the seat of a chair. Nothing conduces so much to one’s comfort. A child’s crib of cane is not only pretty in itself, but so thoroughly adapted for ventilation that it is always sweet and cool.

Another inexpensive material for bedroom-furniture is the painted or enameled ware so much in vogue for this purpose, and often made to cost as much as walnut or rosewood; but the more flowers and gilding it has, the less it pleases a correct taste. A body-color of palest pink or gray, with a band of deeper tint, and the monogram, perhaps, in gilding, is much more suitable for cottage-furniture than the more elaborate and expensive styles. Let the bedstead have a canopy over the head, which gives a peculiar grace to the room, covered with material to match the window-curtains, and with falling curtains tied back at each side.

White is the prettiest and most attractive covering for a bed; but chintz and lace covers lined with pink or blue are quite admissible. Female ingenuity has fairly exhausted itself on the subject of “pillow-shams,” which are trimmed and embroidered in almost every known device; and they certainly are valuable aids in giving a bed that look of spotless purity which is one of its greatest charms.

A low easy-chair is almost a necessity in a bedroom—a chair in which one can lounge in wrapper and unbound hair before the fire, and think over the

events of the day that is past, or build air-castles for the one to come. This is not necessarily an article of luxury, nor more likely to be expensive because it is comfortable. A rattan-chair, with a bright cushion, will answer every purpose; or a Shaker chair, with well-cushioned back and seat; or a round box mounted on casters, with a low, wooden back attached, curved to fit the back within it, and generously stuffed and padded. This should be covered to match the canopy and curtains, and finished with a deep fall of the material all around the seat. A long box or trunk will make a nice divan covered in the same way, and furnished with large, square cushions against the wall.

For tables, there should be a good-sized oval or round one, covered with reps or satteen, to harmonize in color with the other coverings, and finished with bullion-fringe; and one or two small, light stands, which are always convenient. The mantel-piece may be covered to match the larger table; or it may be of carved oak with double shelves, and all the prettier for not being covered. But, covered or uncovered, let it contain china candlesticks, with real, serviceable candles in them; vases, whether English, Dresden, or nondescript French; and a low, graceful-looking clock.

Toilet-tables, with lace or muslin drapery over a frame of pine, have of late years been sown broadcast over the country; but people are beginning to think that the dressing-tables and bureaux of a century ago were, after all, prettier and more artistic. An apostle of high art hurls his lance against the "draped" articles in this fashion: "I must protest, humbly but emphatically, against the practice which exists of encircling toilet-tables with a sort of muslin petticoat, generally stiffened by a crinoline of pink or blue calico. Something of the same kind may be occasionally seen twisted round the frame of the toilet-glass. They just represent a milliner's notion of the 'pretty,' and nothing more. Drapery of this kind is neither wanted nor ought to be introduced in such places. A mahogany toilet-table, with marble top and a few convenient little drawers, is a cleaner and infinitely preferable contrivance; and, though more costly at first, saves something in the weekly washing-bill."

Quite a rich effect may be produced at comparatively little expense by having the bureau or dressing-table made of common wood and ebonized, then furnished, instead of knobs, with drawer-rings of white metal or ivory. These ornamental appendages are very striking, and quite out of the common way. We should cover the marble-top, which adds to the expense without being an improvement, with a long damask towel richly fringed at the ends. Upon it might rest a quaint, richly-colored pitcher for drinking-water, a small, ornamented mirror in swinging frame, and dainty toilet appurtenances.

A handsome Oriental-looking rug in front of it, another before the fire, and a third at the bedside, would help to furnish a painted floor or the humblest apology for a carpet. Straw-matting is the next best thing to no carpet at all, as the absence of a woolen

floor-covering is particularly desirable in a bedroom. It is also a great saving of expense, as a carpet is usually the most formidable bugbear in furnishing a room. The yards roll up so alarmingly at a sort of compound interest until it becomes a marvel how the space within those four walls can possibly hold them all. But where money is not scarce, and the principles of hygiene are a sealed book, the house-keeper hugs her carpet to her heart, and will not give it up. Let it be a soft gray, then, of the smallest possible pattern, either with or without a border. Tastefully-made rugs will show on this to almost as great an advantage as on matting.

The wall-paper may be of the same color, but lighter in tint, or of the palest pink. A bordering of rose-buds and green leaves, if in harmony with the prevailing color of the room, should not only finish the top, but be repeated about four feet from the floor. A few engravings or photographs, in wooden frames, painted either black or white, and sparingly gilded, would look very nicely; and two or three brackets, holding rare pieces of china, cut flowers, or growing vines, would add to the charms of the room. A simple shelf near the bed for the Bible and prayer-book, or whatever devotional books are used, is both convenient and appropriate; while on the table a prettily carved or painted book-holder will accommodate the few choice volumes that are wanted at hand.

If a bath-room or small dressing-room opens into the bedroom, well and good; if not, well and good, too, providing only that the sleeping-apartment is of a respectable size, for then there is such an admirable excuse for a screen—that charming, mysterious piece of furniture so rarely seen out of pictures. Not a diminutive hand-screen, but a tall, wide, imposing affair, that looks like three doors half folded, and may be contrived from a wooden clothes-horse and crimson baize—or any other material that is preferred for covering. This shuts off the washing-apparatus, and can be moved about at pleasure. It may be covered with plain wall-paper, and ornamented with pictures of tropical birds and flowers—or with quaint Chinese designs on a black or vermilion-colored ground.

An open fire, and a wood-fire at that, is a perfect treasure in a bedroom, and the handsomest piece of furniture that can be put in any room. A register is a worse abomination here than elsewhere, and a stove is too hot, besides being ungainly. But an open fire, with its pretty, dancing lights and shadows, and twilight illumination, is a boon to be thankful for; but it requires the protection of a fender to ward off danger, and nearly as much watching as a small child.

Nowhere is pretty china more in harmony, in the way of ornament, than in the bedroom. A bowl-shaped vase of purest porcelain, with a bordering of roses, rests on a corner bracket in a certain room that we wot of, and fascinates our beauty-loving eyes every time that we look upon it. Dresden china is beautiful, with its wonderful raised flowers, but quite beyond the purses of many; and Sévres,

except in such homœopathic doses as a stray cup and saucer, scarcely to be thought of. A little gem of a *little-a-little* service on a small corner-table in the sleeping-room is pleasantly suggestive of a day or so of invalidism, when one is just sufficiently out of sorts to be waited on and "made of."

But china twisted into such outlandish forms as dolphins, frogs, porcupines, or even small pink dogs, is not to be tolerated; both Nature and Art cry out against such monstrosities, and the substitution of flowering bulbs for the quills of the fretful porcupine is a most unpleasant combination of ideas. Slippers with cut flowers in the toe, fishes with open mouths for the same purpose, and a host of other preposterous devices in china, are to be avoided by those who have the slightest appreciation of the eternal fitness of things.

We love to linger over our imaginary bedroom, that looms up through a soft light that never was on land or sea; but with the picture of a real one we must leave the subject. This pretty bedroom is in a

handsome, moderately-sized country-house, that was built and furnished by the occupants after their own cherished ideas. The result was simply delightful; and the bedroom in question, having plenty of windows and sunshine, was not furnished in the light colors that usually predominate, as this would have made it altogether too glaring. It is a large, square apartment; and the dark, brilliant furnishings seem to produce the effect of a gorgeous tropical bird. The ebonized furniture is relieved by scarlet cushions, and the curtains are in stripes of Turkey red, alternating with cream-colored stuff, and finished with a plaited ruffle of the red. The wall is covered with a particularly rich French paper, the pattern of which is wrought in bouquets of poppies and wild-roses. The poppy conceit is very suggestive for a sleeping-room.

Outside of the broad windows are clumps of evergreens, and, both within and without, it is a particularly bright, comfortable-looking winter scene.

## "CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

### BOOK I.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Just so may love, although 'tis understood  
The mere commingling of passionate breath,  
Produce more than our searching witnesseth."

"RUN!" said Mignon.

"This way!" cried Lu-Lu.

Fate, choosing so insignificant a means as the fact of two girls running away from their governess to alter the current of four persons' lives, directed their steps to the left instead of to the right, and sent them spinning round one of the big trees of the avenue with such velocity that a gentleman who was advancing slowly from the opposite direction found himself all at once deprived of breath, hat, stick, and patience.

"Upon my word!" said he, angrily, and, for the moment, too much astonished at the hearty and simultaneous onslaught on his person to be at all sure of the sex of his assailants.

"I beg your pardon!" said Lu-Lu.

Glancing sharply at the apple-cheeked, black-eyed schoolgirl, the young man could discover in her face no reason why he should set aside the bad temper and *ennui* that devoured him, to assure her of his gratitude for the favor just accorded.

"We are *very* sorry!" said Mignon; and then he turned suddenly, and saw before him something that all his life long he thought he must have been seeking, yet never until now found: discovered a want that in all its depth and fullness he had never known until in this its moment of fulfillment; felt that here at least was something by no means to be

included in the bitter, weary disgust for himself, the world, and all within it, that this day filled his stormy, passionate soul to overflowing.

"And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,  
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,  
And still the cup was full . . ."

And in that moment was the wheel of his life's fate and hers set moving, and the end thereof—how could he tell it any more than the girl who stood, facing him, beneath the pink-and-white blossoms of the flowering chestnuts with something of the wonder and puzzle of the young May morning in her innocent, childish eyes?

"We are very sorry," she said again, gently, thinking how terribly put out he seemed to be about no such great matter, and not daring to smile for fear of making him yet more angry.

He almost laughed aloud as it suddenly flashed through his mind what a pity it was that none of his friends were by to see the ridiculous figure he cut before this pair of schoolgirls. The gay words that would at any other time have sprung quick as lightning to his lips; the bold, devil-may-care spirit that would instantly have turned the ludicrous mischance to at least the semblance of a *bonne aventure*—where were they now? and what magic was this that stole the wit from his brain, the words from his tongue, and the power to do aught save stand looking—looking—at the girl before him?

The matter—it had in all occupied not more than thirty seconds—was cut short by an act on the part of the culprits that proved them to be no embryo fine ladies with fashionable notions of their own im-



portance, for Mignon fetched his hat, Lu-Lu picked up his stick, and, having placed his property in his hands, they dropped him the simplest, sweetest, prettiest courtesy in the world apiece, moved quickly away, and vanished.

Their disappearance broke the spell. He put on his hat, turned about, and followed them.

That they were bent on mischief of some kind was pretty clear, seeing how they tacked this way and that, avoiding the open, and casting so many glances to the right and left as could not fail, he thought, to discover him sooner or later to their eyes. Only it so happened that they were not thinking of him just then—no, nor of any other young man, nor of anything in the whole world but to get away all by themselves, to enjoy the full freshness and glory of this peerless spring morning, to revel in the rosy feast of blossom that hung overhead—and this they were so dainty and delicate in their fancies as to imagine they could not do under the guardianship of mademoiselle, and in the company of the dozen or so of noisy, hoydenish pupils placed under her charge. And if it should appear strange that two schoolgirls could be found who were not moved to foolish smiles and *minauderies* by the mere sight and neighborhood of a young and handsome man, I am bound to confess that these were altogether exceptional maidens, and, both by training and habit of thought, had preserved intact an innocence of mind more usually to be met with in misses of eight and ten than of sixteen and seventeen. That they had enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense as soon as they were safely out of ear-shot is not to be denied; or that when, later, they perceived him close at hand they looked at one another with a certain air of particularity that betokened the existence of a latent understanding between them; but that they were guiltless of either giggle or undue excitement he was careful to note, being a man of most fastidious taste, and quick to observe the smallest sign of levity in woman.

Afterward, when he tried to remember how he spent that day, he was not able, save that he was sure he had sat under the trees for a long while, and he thought he had eaten bread-and-butter and chocolate and Turkish delight—but, no, he could not have done that, it must have been somebody else; that he had looked at a great many pictures, and heard a great many criticisms passed on them by a pair of merciless young judges, one of whom, in her bloom and brightness, eclipsed whatever she regarded; that he had gone on a wild-geese chase in and out and round and about the Maze, following one little pair of feet that seemed to know no flagging; that he had fed one of the big white swans that came sailing proudly down the mimic lake with a little lovely cygnet perched high upon its wings. To his dying day he never forgot that little creature, or how its whiteness showed like snow against its mother, that was fair enough when it stood alone, God knows. He also had a distinct impression that three or four times he had been all but caught and held in durance vile by a sallow-faced Frenchwoman, but had each time

escaped by the skin of his teeth—and yet that could not have been himself, but the girl whose shadow he was that day, and whose name was Mignon. He was quite sure of that, for had he not heard her so called by Lu-Lu many times that day? also, that she lived at Rosemary, Lilytown, for which place had he not five minutes ago seen her set out seated in a great open van drawn by two stout cart-horses? From the stolid bumpkinish Jehu, who was a curiosity indeed to be found within ten miles of London town, he had by golden means, and quite unobserved, as he thought, extracted this latter information concerning her place of abode.

Nor could he remember in the days that came afterward at what time she went away, and whether it were afternoon or evening; he only knew that it was daylight, and the sky still blue overhead when he turned back and threw himself down under one of the giant trees of the avenue to think. About when he had first met her he was more certain: it was quite early—ten o'clock, perhaps; this he knew because all his life long he could never see a young, exquisitely fresh May morning without the girl's face coming up before him. Mignon—that was her name, fanciful, tender, and un-English, yet one that became her curiously well, he thought; and then he fell to watching the rose-and-white leaves of the chestnut-flowers come fluttering slowly down; observed how the glister of the sun caught the inner side of one of the big, prickly leaves, turning it to gold; discovered how enchanting was the tiny patch of blue overhead, that the envious boughs had failed to altogether shut out from the daisies and grass that loved it—and the snow and the red of the vagrant petals, the liquid gold of the sun-touched leaf, the bit of bright-blue tapestry above, wove themselves unconsciously into a fairy likeness of a girl's face. For were they not all there—the tints of her skin, the color of her hair, the very hue of her eyes? But the look that had caught and fixed his regard, and upon which his heart had closed, he found not in either blossom, or leaf, or sky; for it sprang direct from that purest of all sources, a maiden's innocent soul, and because his own life was just then so full of strife and sin and misery, this same look of hers outweighed in his eyes the mere beauty that many a time he had seen possessed by women in a far higher degree. Mignon! What fate did her name foretell, and what did her face say? It could be nothing to him, this future of hers; for was not his own lot in life fixed, the stage prepared, the last act but one in a reckless, unhappy, and guilty past about to be played out?

A bird came whirling into a cluster of the stately blooms overhead, and as the dainty column swayed under his eager, slender feet, he poured out a sweet, gay song of gladness, that was his tribute of gratefulness for his happy life, his beautiful mate, his long summer day of sunshine, and love, and plenty. And the song of the bird, and the peace and beauty of the evening and the hour, stole into the man's heart, until he knew it not for that which had beat in his breast no longer ago than this morning. Hither

he had come in a mood of black and impious rebellion against all things in heaven and earth. With eyes turned inward, he had passed by all outward things, nor observed any one of the tender and manifold surprises of the morning; although, if any one had asked him, he would have answered, "*Yes, it is a fine May morning, and the chestnuts are in bloom;*" but the heart of the man was dead to Nature's teaching, as it had been for many long years—ay, ever since he had taken to reading and playing upon the vices, faults, and weaknesses, of the men and women who came in his path.

Whence, then, came to him, in a breath, this clearness of the eyes, this subtle understanding of all that was fair and gracious, this capacity for drawing into some new and fragrant chamber of the soul aught so evanescent, so impalpable, so delicate, as the quivering light on a leaf, the color of the sky, or the painting of a flower, that had passed through the hands of the Creator?

Thoughts unwonted and gentle came to him there—of his dead mother; she had not been in his memory these half-dozen years or more—recollections of his boyhood, and the eager, bright days of his youth, when existence had seemed to him but a cup filled to the brim with a cunning and rarely-mingled draught of sweetness, of which he could not drink too often, or too deeply—to-night he found himself able to look back upon that time with none of the scorn and pity with which he had in these latter days grown to regard that hopeful and not unworthy period of his life; nay, some of the old, keen flavor and enjoyment of it seemed to be once more between his lips as he lay and mused, and dreamed, and thought—some new influence was upon him, gentle and humanizing to-night, and blame him not that, in yielding to it, he perceived not how that which appeared to him as the touch of an angel's wing was in very truth a snare set for him by Satan, nor knew that in this, his awakening to all things good and lovely, he had never been tempted to so cruel a sin, so black a wrong, as now.

This morning when he had walked forth, his worldly, callous heart full to the brim with bitterness and revolt, he had yet been a better, more honest man than now, when the very means that awakened his heart to the recognition of beauty in goodness, and goodness in beauty, took its root in a half-conceived dishonor that had in it all the elements of crime, in the shadow cast before of a deed that would stamp the doer as a recreant to all those traditions of honor that no man may traverse, without inflicting a stain upon his character that, in his own eyes at least, can never be wiped away.

Has one ever paused to note how that pure and stainless flower, the water-lily, grows? From filth and slime and every conceivable noisomeness she springs, to crown the bosom of the waters with her snowy cup, and among us all is there one so cunning that he can tell by what wondrous alchemy the villainess is transmuted to beauty, the uncleanness to unsullied purity, the very nadir of degradation to the perfection of an unsurpassable splendor?

And even as this lily grows, borrowing her purity we know not whence, her beauty we know not how so may it not be that from the dark, unkindly soil of a sinful human heart may be born a passion that, while having its root in foulness, and owing its very existence to shame and transgression, shall grow to a vigorous, stately flower, that, in the beholding, we are almost fain to forget whence it has arisen?

For as from richest and most healthful soil, with every favoring influence of sunshine, wind, and rain, may creep into life a noxious, deadly poison, a thing of hatefulness, whence our eyes turn with fear and loathing, so it is not given to us to say, "By such and such means was the evil turned to good, and the good to evil;" we can but blindly puzzle out a meaning for ourselves, nor dare to lift our brows to heaven and, with boasting pride, cry aloud that we have found it.

Only this I know, that the man into whose heart that day had sunk a germ, potential of life, form, and variation, that was by the inevitable law of progression bound to fulfill itself, and who had by sin fallen from his high estate, by sin alone, and the virtue that took its birth from that sin, was lifted again to it—and that as he would to his life's end have been guiltless of his crowning infamy had not a girl's face that day crossed his path, so would he have lived and died with soul unawakened to good; so would he never have raised his eyes to those heights of greatness and self-mastery, to which he, all-sinful, humbled, and despairing, yet dared to aspire—ay, and by the grace of God to reach at last.

## CHAPTER II.

"Clear Summer has forth walked  
Unto the clover sward, and she has talked  
Full soothingly to every mated finch."

THERE floated over the wall so joyful and exquisite a peal of laughter, that a young man, who was walking in the garden on the other side, was seized with some such curiosity as set the old king pulling up his slippers, and putting on his spectacles, when he spied the unusual crowd collected in the royal pigsty, on the occasion of his naughty princess kissing the swineherd.

Mr. Babbage informs us that "the air is one vast library, in whose pages are forever written all that man said and woman whispered;" but he does not tell us what becomes of the laughter so plentifully cast upon it day by day, and that surely has a character of its own, jocund, bitter, false, despairing, and is as much the language of the heart as words or tears, though we could fancy that some such mirth as that just uttered might sound sweet and pleasant after the lapse of more than one century.

It suggested all sorts of sunshiny, humorous things, as of a witty jest, a consummately ludicrous situation, a strikingly happy thought, or any one of those absurdities that provoke poor, toiling human nature to amusement, and are in themselves a species of luxury.

"I wonder what she is laughing at now?" said he, who listened, smiling to himself for company. "I have a very good mind to find out," he added, aloud (for there was nobody by, not even a black-bird, to hear him).

He paused in his walk, and looked upward.

At the top of the wall, flourishing hardily and sweetly, grew a tough little colony of wallflowers that had grown, the wind and the rain only knew how, and had come, the birds of the air only knew whence, affording, as he was well aware, a moderate screen from behind which a discreet person might peep without much chance of being detected.

Hard by, a ladder leaned against a peach-tree with a rakish air, as though it had given over work for the day, and was enjoying itself. This he fetched, pitched exactly opposite the wallflower, and proceeded to mount the same with as bold and unfaltering a step as though spying into a neighbor's garden were the most ordinary thing in the world, and no more reprehensible than overlooking an opponent's hand at whist, or reading a letter backward, or any other of those dishonorable little actions by which we deceive our friends, and close our eyes to our own delinquencies.

He mounted the first dozen or so of rungs boldly, but slackened his pace as he rose higher, for ever so small an excess of courage or indiscretion might cause him to be discovered in a position that no young man would, to say the least, be proud to fill.

Therefore, albeit he was no faint-hearted person, he could not but feel it to be rather an awful moment when he topped the wall, and, pushing aside the scanty leaves and stalks of the wallflowers, gazed down into the garden some twenty feet below him.

The sight that met his eyes was curious but pretty, not particularly laughable in itself, yet tickling the beholder with a certain sense of pleasure that served all the purposes of laughter without demanding the outward expression of it: the subtlest and keenest enjoyment is, oftener than not, voiceless.

Seated in her coach, with skirts tucked well up around her, and two little neatly-shod feet full in view, sat a very young lady. Her coachman did not precede but was behind her; horses she had none, and, although she rode with a hand extended on either side and as majestic an air as though she were seated in the lord-mayor's own on the 9th of November, Mignon's coach was, I am bound to confess, no more and no less than a wheelbarrow. She had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over her head, and the richest of red roses were blooming in her beautiful young cheeks as she came whirling past the peeper.

"Faster! faster!" she cried; "do you not know that Gretna Green is yet three miles away, and that I have a most particular appointment, with a most particular person, to keep at half-past four *precisely*?"

For answer, there came a whir! whiff! and off flew the solitary wheel of Mignon's chariot, seating her with considerable emphasis on the exact centre of a parsley-bed, that flourished greenly below the wallflowers.

"There!" she cried; and her voice was so young, and fresh, and gay, as to communicate to the listener a delightful sensation of novelty and enjoyment, as when one hears—

"A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune."

"I *knew* that would happen one of these days, and if I had been a fine woman like you, Prue, it would have happened long ago!"

"Well, Miss Mignon," said Prue, sitting down on a three-legged stool, with her back to the wall, and drawing some needle-work out of her pocket, "I don't know as I'm so very sorry either, for, in my 'pinion, riding in a barrow ain't a very suitable amusement for a young lady like you; and it do seem to me a queer fancy of your'n to pretend to go visiting all them furrin places with the outlandish names, to say nothing of lots of 'em having been 'bolished long ago."

"You abolish customs, not places, Prue," said Mignon, rebukingly, "not but what earthquakes take matters into their own hands occasionally, and play a glorious game of General Post with houses, and lands, and people. And as to the wheelbarrow," added the girl, regarding her prone chariot regretfully, "no coach and six could ever give me half as much pleasure as that old piece of wood has done, not that I'm likely ever to possess a coach and *one*!"

"I'm not so sure of that," said Prue, sagaciously. "Just you wait a bit, Miss Mignon, and per'aps you'll see something as'll astonish you one of these days."

"If I am going to see anything," said the girl, sighing, "then I hope it will be *soon*; for now that the wheelbarrow, which was a perfect godsend, is broken, there is absolutely nothing to fall back upon! And oh! it does seem such weary, weary work to live always in this dull, old garden, with no one to play with, and nobody to come and see me, or care whether I'm dead or alive!"

"Ay!" said Prue, looking round and frowning, "'tis a poor place for you, dear heart, and you'd have done better to go to Wales with Miss Lu-Lu, or traveling about with Miss Sorel, than to poke out your six weeks of holidays all by your lone self here!"

"And do you think," cried the girl, with a sudden and curious change in her voice, "that I would go away with Miss Lu-Lu, or Miss Sorel, or anybody, when any day, any moment, *she* may come home? How could I enjoy myself when it would be always in my thoughts that she might arrive, and, finding nobody here that loved her to speak one word of welcome, go away again, and so I should lose my darling a second time over, and perhaps *never* find her again?"

Prue, compressing her lips tightly, shook her head, but made no remark.

"And if I wanted to go away," said Mignon, softly, "it is not with Miss Sorel that I should go. I know a place, Prue, a long, long way from here, but I see it every day, and before I go to sleep at

night I walk all round and about it—in the winter when the snow is on the ground, and in the summer when it is all green and beautiful. *There* are no high walls to shut you in and prevent you from getting a good breath of pure air; it is all open and free, where you can go up and down, and in and out, and nowhere be met by bolts and bars, and other people's gardens, and houses, and busy roads. One can feel quite *alone* there—a splendid loneliness, Prue; not like that which one feels in the midst of a crowd of people, but something beautiful and strange, for, you see, the fields, and birds, and flowers, although they could not speak, were all my friends, and I understood them far better than I did human beings. And it used to be a rare thing to watch the flowers coming out one by one. The first came in winter-time, the flaming, velvety moss-cup, than which no rose was ever more vividly and exquisitely dyed. It was not really a flower, you know, Prue, but I liked to think it one, and always called it my winter rose. And then in February I used to go down on my knees and smell the violet-roots that were scented as sweetly as though the buds were already bursting into bloom—and it was something to watch the hawthorn-buds come stealing out like forgotten snow from the bare, black stalks, and to see the crows eating their dinner—

\* Fifty fat cousins all of a row!

And then I used to listen to the rooks that talked to one another so plainly sometimes that I could almost understand what they were saying—almost, not quite; and then I used to stoop down and whisper to the buds and flowers, 'Come out! come out! spring is coming, and you are all behindhand, and nothing will be ready!' and indeed I think they came a little faster for my asking them, because they knew how I loved them, and was so yearning for a sight of their pretty, delicate faces—and I think of it all, every day of my life, and sometimes I feel as if I must get up and run away, and never leave off running until I reach that place—only I cannot go until Muriel comes, then we will go together, and be happy—so happy—"

"Don't take too much thought of that, Miss Mignon," said Prue, gently, looking at the girl with a tenderness that made her homely features almost beautiful; "better to make up your mind that p'raps she won't come back, leastways to be just the same to you as she used to be; for maybe she's forgotten you a bit, dear heart, out in the world."

"Forgotten me!" cried Mignon, sitting erect; "do you know what my sister *is*, how faithful and good and true, that you should talk about her *forgetting*? We have but one heart between us, she and I; we could better believe evil of our own selves than of one another—and if she does not write, or come, or send, it is for some good reason—some excellent reason—and, sooner or later, she will come to me, and tell me all about it, and we shall go away from each other never any more."

In Prue's downcast eyes there gathered, but did not fall, two big tears; it seemed as if she would

never grow used to the pain of hearing the girl's piteous, loving, hopeful talk of the joyous future that was to come to her, never, ah! never.

"She is sure to be thinking of me to-day," said Mignon, softly, "because I am sixteen years old, you know, and she will be saying to herself: 'How time passes! why, the child must be growing up—I shall scarcely know her when we meet!' as though," she added, proudly, "we could ever mistake each other, even if we were ugly old women in wigs, and pokebonnets, and spectacles!" She put up her hand and drew off the handkerchief that covered her fair hair, passing her slender fingers through its thickness, as though to assure herself that the notion of not finding her sister till old age had overtaken both was about as probable a one as that this abundant covering would vanish, and necessitate extraneous provision.

"And it do seem a cruel shame," said Prue, shaking her head, "that there's not a soul to wish you many happy returns of that same birthday, nor give you a single present; and if you was a foundling, so to speak, Miss Mignon, you couldn't be worse off for friends and relations than you are."

"I don't want any presents," said the girl, gently; "besides, did you not give me a fine box with shells, and 'A present from Margate' upon it? But I should have loved a bunch of roses—just such ones as grew at Silverhoe—for roses always seem to mean *summer*, just as snow means winter. I dare say there are some beautiful ones at Hampton Court. Miss Sorel said we might go there if we liked, did she not?"

"Yes, miss; and to Madam Tussore's, and the Poly-something, where they improve folks' minds, and—"

"But I don't want to have my mind improved," said Mignon, "and I know Madame Tussaud's by heart; but oh! Prue, will you ever forget the last time we went to Hampton, and how we went?"

"That was a very rum—I beg pardon, miss—a very *peculiar* go," said Prue, grinning and looking disdainful. "If Miss Sorel had been here it never would have happened, but them furrineering mam-selles don't know nothing!"

"Shall I ever get it out of my head?" cried the girl, breaking out into sudden laughter:

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie!"

Only *we* were baked in a *van*! We must have looked fine when we drove from the door, every alternate girl visible through the open framework at the sides, like a saint in a niche with her back to the congregation, bounding, jumping, jolting, creaking, bones rattling, lockets dancing, teeth chattering—was there ever such a shaking up upon earth? We were black and blue next day, Prue!"

"I'll tell Miss Sorel when she comes back," said Prue, with decision.

"Though, after all," said Mignon, "it was a charming day—all but for one thing, and that was dreadful!"

"What was that, miss?" said Prue, looking up quickly.



"Miss Lu-Lu and I nearly knocked down—a man!" said Mignon; "worse than that—a *young* man! If we had beaten him," she went on, looking thoughtfully at the two pretty feet placed in the first position before her, "he could not have looked more astonished and nonplused!"

"How did it happen, miss?" said Prue, regarding her mistress with covert but keen inquiry, and pausing in her work.

"Miss Lu-Lu and I were running away from mademoiselle and the girls," said Mignon, "and, alas! just as we spun round one of the big trees of the avenue, she one side, I the other, we caught a gentleman on the other side, two crashing blows, one on the right shoulder, the other on the left—for a moment I do believe he thought he saw *double*!"

"Did he *speak*, miss?" inquired Prue, with interest.

"No, indeed," said Mignon, laughing, "that he did not! Although we begged his pardon twice over, and even picked up the property of which our onslaught had deprived him, he never uttered one syllable! It occurred to us afterward that perhaps the poor man was *dumb*!"

"Dumb?" repeated Prue, in an accent of incredulity; "dumb, did you say, miss? ho! ho! ho! ho! I beg pardon, miss, but—ho! ho! ho! ho!"

Mignon looked in astonishment at the woman, who seemed to be struggling against a grotesque and secret merriment, that mastered her against her will.

"And pray," said the young lady, with dignity, "is it such a very *odd* thing that a man should be dumb? Hundreds of people are—and blind as well—and they all marry, and have deaf and dumb families!"

"I dare say, miss," said Prue, recovering, "but somehow the notion tickled my fancy"—and here she showed symptoms of a relapse—"but can you mind what he was like, Miss Mignon?"

"Very dark—with very blue eyes, an Irish combination that's too *womanish*, I think, for a man! And perhaps because we had been so rude to *him*," she went on, leaning her fair head against the wall, "he thought he would be rude to *us*, for he followed us about the whole day, and even came to see us set off in the van! And Miss Sorel always tells us that it is a very great insult for a gentleman with whom one is not acquainted to stare at and walk behind one."

"So it is, miss," said Prue, "generally."

"And yet," said Mignon, meditatively, "it is not considered a rude thing for a young man to fall in love with a person—quite the reverse! You see, he must make a beginning somewhere, and really it is rather difficult to say where rudeness ends and politeness begins."

"What put that notion into your head, miss?" said Prue, looking sharply at the girl.

"Ah!" said Mignon, "that's a secret. Heigho!" she sighed, "how I wish something would happen—just to brisk us up, and set us going—if somebody would only take the trouble to write me a letter, even, I think I could be satisfied!"

"A letter?" said Prue, starting, "and who'd be after writing to you but Miss Lu-Lu, or Miss Sorel, dear heart? And you heard from both of *them* last week."

"There is nobody else," said Mignon; "*she* would not write, she would come. But, all the same, I should love to have a letter—from *anybody*, I don't care who—just to make me feel that I was not such a terribly unimportant little person—that there was somebody in the world who troubled herself to think about me!"

Something in Prue's pocket, as the money of spendthrifts is historically supposed to do, suddenly burnt her, and, as she looked at the wistful, lovely face, that made the sunshine and happiness of her life, and to whom she could deny nothing, she cast all scruples and hesitation to the winds, and, taking off her thimble and laying down her work with sudden decision:

"Supposing, miss," she said, "that there *was* people in the world to trouble their heads to think about you, and supposing that 'twasn't a *HER* at all but a *HIM*, why, what then, Miss Mignon?"

### CHAPTER III.

"While every eve saw me my hair up-tying  
With fingers cool as aspen-leaves . . .  
I was as vague as solitary dove,  
Nor knew that nests were built."

"A *HIM*?" said Mignon, laughing gayly; "but I don't know a single one; and why should he trouble himself about a little nobody like me?"

"Hasn't it ever struck you, Miss Mignon, that maybe one of these days you'd be picking up a *beau*?"

"No," said Mignon, clasping her arms round her knees, and leaning her head so far back that the wallflower got an excellent view of a pretty, straight nose and some long, dark eyelashes. "I can't say it ever has, Prue. It is not often that a schoolgirl arrives at the dignity of a real *beau*! Of course, every girls' school has its regular horde of light-infantry, that skirmishes eternally round its gates, looks at it over prayer-books on Sundays, casts sheepish glances at it when it goes out walking, sends it valentines on the 14th of February, and lets off crackers in its back-garden on the 5th of November; but there's safety in numbers, Prue; and, as to having a real lover, to write one real love-letters all to one's own self, why, I do not think a schoolgirl is often so lucky as that; though, indeed," she added, sighing, "it must be a *charming* thing, Prue, when once one has got used to it! Tell me, did you ever get one—like that?"

"Maybe," said Prue, turning a handsome brick-dust color; "but that was a long time ago, Miss Mignon."

"And were you in love with him?"

"No, miss, I never would—for fear. Falling in love's a ticklish thing—very."

"Does he write to you?" inquired Mignon, sur-

veying Prue with grave attention and from a totally new point of view; "because if he does, and if you would not mind it very much, I should so *like* to read one of his letters! I never have read a *real* love-letter in my life, and for a particular reason, that I can't explain to you just now, I am so *anxious* to see *how it's done*!"

Prue, looking anxiously at her young mistress, plaited and unplaited her apron with restless, clumsy fingers. A struggle of some kind was plainly going forward in her mind. She was but an ignorant, gentle-hearted woman, who ardently longed to act for the good of the creature that she loved best upon earth, yet who was sufficiently aware of her shortcomings to make her doubt the wisdom of her own decision. Painful and confused are these gropings after wisdom in the minds of human beings who have not that firm reliance upon their own infallibility of judgment that carries stronger-minded folks with untroubled consciences over everything, and even enables them to ascribe the disasters arising from their own mistakes to fate, Providence, or some influence that it was not possible for them to foresee or evade.

"And what would you say, Miss Mignon," she said, at last, "if I was to tell you that I'd got a love-letter in my pocket at this very particular moment?"

"Say!" cried Mignon, in delight, "why, that it was the luckiest thing in the world, and that it would *more* than make up for the wheel coming off the barrow! And to think you'd got it bottled up there all this time, and never said a single word about it! Why, if anybody wrote *me* a love-letter I shouldn't be able to sit down for a week, much less do plain sewing!"

"And supposing," said Prue, her hand in her pocket, "that somebody should take the trouble to write a love-letter, not to me, Miss Mignon, but to *you*?"

"That is so likely, is it not," said the girl, laughing, "when I do not know a single man who is not fat and bald, and a long way past forty? No, no, Prue, only *young* people write love-letters; and I do hope he is very deeply in love with you, because I don't want to read a cool love-letter."

"He's just mad with love," said Prue, nodding; "but it's not with *me*, Miss Mignon, but *you*!"

"*Me*?"

"*You*!"

"Somebody in love with *ME*?"

"Somebody in love with *you*!"

"Not a schoolboy, or the sexton, or the postman, or the chimney-sweep?" said Mignon, her eyes growing rounder and rounder as she looked at Prue.

"No, miss, a gentleman."

"Grown up? out of jackets?"

"La! yes, miss, in coats."

"Prue," said Mignon, in a tone of utter disbelief, "are you *joking*? Are you making all this up because I said I thought if I tried it I should *like* a beau?"

"No, miss; it's gospel truth."

"What an *extraordinary* thing!" said Mignon, drawing a deep breath—"what an altogether *outrageous* thing—to fall in love with *me*, of all people in the world! And where on earth did he do it, and what could have inspired him with the gigantic idea of—love?"

"It was at Hampton Court, miss," said Prue, "and, so far as I can make out, it's the very gentleman as you and Miss Lu-Lu nearly upset cutting round that tree in the avenue."

"I certainly made an impression upon *him*," said Mignon, soberly—"and on his hat and his shins, or I am much mistaken! Are you quite sure, Prue, that he is not pretending, just to pay me out for being so rude to him?"

"No," said Prue, nodding impressively; "he's in earnest, there's no mistake about that."

"And, indeed," said Mignon, "I am beginning to think he must be to do anything so desperate as to write me a love-letter! Why, Lu-Lu never had one in all her life, and she is seventeen years old, and we should *both* have been so much obliged to any one who would write us one, just to see what it would be like!"

Prue, looking down on her needle-work, smiled. Miss Sorel's school was a well-ordered one, the supervision of letters strict, and many an ardent effusion had she seen transmitted to the flames instead of to the girl to whom it was addressed. Contraband music, too, breathing sentences quite as tender and far better expressed than the accompanying *billets*, was invariably passed on to the music-master, and learned in perfect good faith by the pupils, who dreamed not that they were giving utterance to their lovers' fervent sighs, when they underwent the awful ordeal of their singing-lessons from that most terrible of professors, Herr Klingholz.

She could have told many a story, too, of treasure-trove, discovered in the course of her morning and evening weeding before service began in the hymn and prayer books left in the church-pew from Sunday to Sunday, and of the enormous discomposure of the gilded youth of Lilytown, who had hoped by this *ruse* to circumvent the stately mistress of Rosemary. But of all this the girls, most of whom were very young, had suspected nothing, believing this horde of recurrent young gentlemen to be but one of the natural and inevitable adjuncts of a ladies' school, and a fact at once flattering and unsatisfactory.

"If only," said Mignon, emerging from her trance of amazement, with a sigh of delight, "he had thought of it before, how it would have helped to pass the time, to be sure! Why, it would have been *twice* as amusing as Grimm's goblins, and a *hundred* times better than the wheelbarrow!"

"Pr'aps I'm wrong in telling you about it at all," said Prue, "but Lor! he began to write to you long afore you thought of the barrow; you've only had that a week, but *he've* been writing love-letters to you for the last *two*."

"Writing to me?" cried Mignon, starting up; "he took the trouble to write to me, and you never

even told me? Oh! I will never, never forgive you!" she cried, stamping her foot, "and when you knew how *dull* I was too!"

And here, with shame I confess it, the tears ran down her pretty cheeks, for Mignon was a representative of that enormous class of women whose anger holds off exactly long enough to say all that they wish, and perhaps bang a door or two, ere dissolving into indignant, passionate tears.

"Good Lord! what a sweet little shrew!" thought the wallflower to itself.

"La!" said Prue, retreating as far as she could, "what a temper you've got, to be sure, Miss Mignon! I misdoubt me, but I've done wrong in bringing you this one, and if it wasn't for a little circumstance as happened no later than last night, p'raps you'd never have known nothing of the matter at all."

"A circumstance!" cried Mignon, a flicker of April sunshine coming and going in her blue eyes; "and pray, what was that?"

"Nothing much," said Prue. "Only when I told him I couldn't and wouldn't bring you no love-letters, since you was left in my charge while Miss Sorel was away, he just took me by the shoulders, and shook me with all his might and main till the breath was all but out of my body, and said he, 'I'll ask you to take her no more letters, you fool, but I'll just go straight to her myself!' When he'd done, I said to myself, 'That's *real* love, and no mistake, and I don't know as it's my duty to stand between 'em.'"

"Did he, really?" said Mignon, looking delighted; "he must be *very* fond of me to do that, Prue! It reminds me wonderfully of William the Conqueror and Matilda!"

Here she sat down on the parsley-bed, obeying the universal law of womankind, that impels it to start up at the merest suspicion of good or bad news, and sit down under the shock of the reality, whichever it may be.

"I don't know nothing about William and Matilda," said Prue, to whom history was a myth, while to-day was a matter of serious and profound consideration. "But his way of doing things made me think he loved you true, and meant honest by you, and there's no denying I should be glad and thankful to see you settled in a home of your own, for more reasons than one, and so—"

"But I don't want your reasons," cried Mignon, "I want the letter;" and, seizing Prue's pocket, she turned it inside out, and the last thing coming up-permost proved to be a big, square envelope, decidedly the worse for wear, indorsed in a bold, legible handwriting:

"MIGNON,  
Rosemary,  
Lilytown."

"There!" said Prue, surveying it, "I don't know whether it's one of the old ones; but I dare say it'll be just as good to read if it is—I guess he says pretty much the same in all of 'em!"

"I don't think I'll read it to-day," said Mignon,

holding it a little way off, and looking at it admiringly. "It can't come *twice* in one's lifetime to open one's first love-letter, you know! I'll save it up as a great treat until to-morrow. What do people *generally* say in love-letters, Prue?"

"Rubbish!" said Prue, rolling up her work. "One don't look for sense from *lovers*, miss!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

"She hath one of my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!"

MIGNON sat on a wooden chair set full in the sunlight, hemming a pocket-handkerchief, at nine o'clock in the morning. She wore a white-dimity gown, tied in at the waist, and throat, and wrists, with ribbons that matched the color of her eyes exactly, and altogether she and the young June morning became each other vastly, and seemed expressly made for one another—or so the wallflower thought, that was as nearly as possible facing her, though considerably out of the range of her ordinary regard. She was but an indifferent worker, and took advantage of every possible pretext to give her needle a rest—quarreling with a stray sunbeam that had fallen in love with her eyelashes; scolding a naughty, lazy butterfly who came fluttering past in the desultory, idle fashion of his tribe; making fun of an industrious bee who had got into the garden by mistake, and, finding cabbages instead of flowers, went buzzing about in a fussy, discontented fashion. She said good-morning to an ancient snail who came slowly by, as though he found existence rather a troublesome affair than otherwise, and consoled with him concerning the law of Nature that compelled him to carry his house on his back, at the same time pointing out that the scheme had its advantages, since he need never be at all afraid (like other folks) of his dwelling being pillaged or burned down while he was abroad. "And, as to *you*, sir," she said to a Polly-wash-dish who was whisking his long tail up and down the gravel-walk at a safe distance from her, "if you had any shame in you at all, you would *blush* for your own deficiencies—are you aware that the linnet has *sixty-four* notes in his register, while you have not a single one worth listening to? And as to washing up dishes, I don't believe you ever do anything half as useful, for it's my belief that you're a regular gadabout, disgraceful flirt, with a better opinion of yourself than anybody else has, your wife included—there! Still I think I would rather be a pert, silly creature like you than sitting on a wooden chair hemming a handkerchief that has been in process of hemming three months, and may consider itself lucky if it's finished in thirty more!"

Here she pricked her finger, and instantly put it in her mouth, obeying a strictly feminine impulse that made the wallflower, which was a close observer of men and manners, smile.

"Now if *he* were here," she said, thinking aloud,

as was her wont in the solitary old garden, "I suppose he would put himself into a dreadful state of mind, and of course I should say it was nothing at all, but look as if I were enduring agonies; and then he would go down on his knees (as the fairy princes always do), and entreat me to let him look at it—and then, should I let him, or should I not? I don't know."

She took the pricked finger out of her mouth and drew from her pocket a letter, at which she looked with immense complacency, holding it away from her with her head on one side, bringing it nearer to her by degrees, finally depositing it in her lap, and resuming the handkerchief with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life," she said, shaking her fair head. "It can't be my looks—Muriel is lovely, and I'm not a bit like her; no two sisters could be more unlike; and it can't be my money, for I haven't a rap; so it must be all downright substantial *me* that Mr. Rideout's fallen in love with. Ah! it's a finer thing to be loved for what you *are* than what you have *got*, because the looks and the money may run away from you, but *you* stop, unless you die, that is to say; and of course when you're dead you don't think of whether people like you or not! After all, it was a *mercy* I pelted round that tree; in all probability he never would have seen me if I had not, and then the chance would have gone by, and perhaps I should never have had a lover all the days of my life (it's not likely *two* people would be so mad as to fall in love with me), but now—I'm *somebody*. When I got up this morning I said to myself: 'Most likely Mr. Rideout's getting up too, and I shouldn't wonder if he's thinking about—*me*. He will go out and look for Prue by-and-by, to see if she's got a letter from—*me*. When he has read it he will sit down (entirely and solely upon my account) to write to—*me*; and then he will go out with it again, and his head quite full of—*me*. Only to think of it—a little person that nobody owns and nobody loves, to be of so much importance all in a minute to another person as *that*!'

"*'Am I never to have the chance of speaking one word to you, Mignon?'* he says. *'Shall I never find means to elude the vigilance of that she-dragon, Mrs. Prue?'*

"Though, indeed, that is not kind of him," she said, looking down at the open letter and smiling; "after he had shaken her into bringing me the letter, too!

"*'And if you will not hold your finger up to give me this same chance, I will force my way to your side and tell you—what will I not tell you, my lovely, childish, little sweetheart?'*

"And he ends up:

"*'Your faithful lover,*

"PHILIP RIDEOUT."

"It is very short," she said, laying it down and looking at it with regret, whereby it would appear

that Mr. Rideout thoroughly understood the art of love-letter writing as expounded by Mr. Weller, who advised a lover to make his letter very short, but very sweet. "For then," said he, "she vill vish there vos more."

"If Prue does not come soon," said Mignon, "I shall be obliged to go down on my knees and tell the fowls all about it, and though of course they would not understand, still they would be better than *nothing*!"

She fell to hemming again out of sheer desperation, though certain smiles and stray dimples occasionally relieved the gravity of her countenance, and were duly noted by the wallflower that watched her as unwinkingly as though it had never in all its life had so curious a subject for study as a school-girl, of sixteen or thereabouts, in a white-dimity gown. Prue appeared, bearing a work-box and a pile of calico.

"Oh, there you are at last!" cried Mignon, "but you may as well put that stuff away, for I'm not going to do any needle-work to-day. I'm going," she said, gravely, "to do the most particular thing I ever did in all my life, and I want you to help me. Tell me, Prue, did you ever write a *love-letter*?"

"Once, by whiles, miss. Why?"

"Never you mind. What did you say?"

"I can't recollect, miss, 'tis so long ago."

"But you can at least remember how you *began* it?" said Mignon, anxiously; "the very first you ever wrote—you can't have forgotten *that*?"

"Yes, miss," said Prue, gently, "I have forgotten even *that*."

But she had not: no woman ever does forget what she said in her first love-letter; and at that moment Prue's eyes saw not the work she held in her hands, but a round, wooden table set in a country-house kitchen, a sheet of gilt-edged, pink paper, a knot of violets, and what was written upon the page I cannot tell, but am very sure that Prue could, word for word.

"You see," said Mignon, frowning and looking wise, "there is always a right and a wrong way of doing everything, even to writing a love-letter, and it would be such a dreadful thing to take the wrong one, would it not?"

"Yes, miss," said Prue, "but you're not thinking of writing to Mr. Rideout this morning?"

"And why not?" said the girl. "Don't you know that it's the rudest thing possible not to send an answer to a letter you have received?"

"I don't think that rule applies to billy-does, Miss Mignon," said Prue, dubiously, "and writing's a very dangerous thing. It don't so much matter what you says, miss; words is easy forgot unless they happen to be particularly true and *stick*; but what you write, why there it is, and there you are—there's no getting out of it anyhow."

"But I don't mind if it does," said Mignon. "I'm not going to say anything I mind *anybody* seeing! I only want to tell him that I'm very much obliged to him for his letter, and that I *hope* he will



write me another one soon (for really there is very little in this one, and wouldn't fill half a page of our—but that's a secret), and ask him what on earth made him take a fancy to me, and send him my best love—and I think that's all, Prue!"

"All!" said Prue, aghast, "and about enough, too, I should think! Miss Mignon, Miss Mignon, you're as ignorant of the practices of courtship as a heathen! Young ladies don't write like that the first time they put pen to paper to a young man; they hold back a bit, are modest, for it's a dreadful mistake to be forrard with a man; there's such a deal of selfishness in 'em, that if there's any doubt of getting a thing they particularly want, they'll pursue it like mad till it's overtaken; but if you tumble into their arms like a ripe peach, they'll drop you as sure as fate, miss, sooner or later. La! the difference there is when a man's sure of a girl and when there's a considerable doubt about it, so nimble and civil and wide-awake when he's on his promotion, so easy and lazy when he's got her safe and sound, and knows he can pop his finger down upon her at any time!"

"Yes," said Mignon, absently, for she had long ago lost the thread of Prue's argument, "but really it was very unlucky that Mr. Rideout did not put any beginning to his letter, for of course I could have put just the same to mine. I would not for the world be behind him in politeness or offend him—perhaps he would never write to me again, and that would be dreadful!"

Prue threw up her hands in despair.

"Now what," said Mignon, "would you say to 'My dear Mr. Rideout?'"

"No 'my,'" said Prue. "'Dear Mr. Rideout.'"

"Keep that in your head while I get the things ready," said Mignon, picking up her desk from the ground and arranging it on her knee.

"Now, then," "Dear Mr. Rideout," she wrote in good, intelligible, round hand. On ordinary occasions she wrote a rather pretty scrawl, but on an occasion of such magnitude as this she instinctively fell back upon the obedient, careful calligraphy of her earlier years. "Now I should like," she said, "to tell him that I am sorry I ran up against him in that rude manner with Lu-Lu, or he may think I'm in the habit of doing such things. Don't you think it might be as well just to mention it, and start fair, Prue?"

"Pr'aps so," said Prue, considering; "though I should say that, on the whole, miss, it being such a very awkward little circumstance, the less said about it the better."

"First of all," wrote Mignon, "I must beg your pardon for nearly knocking you down that day in Bushey Park—I never did such a thing before in all my life, and I never will again, if I can possibly help it! I am very much obliged to you for the letter you sent me by Prue, and hope you will write me another one soon, as I am so dreadfully dull here, though, if it would not be a great trouble to you, would you mind making it a little longer?"

"Now, I should like," said Mignon, pausing in

her labors, "to say something nice and kind and complimentary about his personal appearance, for in his letter he called me—he actually did—'lovely!' Of course, he did not mean it, still I don't wish him to have all the civility on his side, so can you think, Prue, of any safe polite remark that one might make to a person with blue eyes and black hair, when one did not admire either the one or the other in a man?"

"No, miss, I can't. It's a delicate matter, and you might say the wrong thing; you'd best leave it alone."

"Oh, very well," said Mignon, looking disappointed; "but it does seem a dreadful pity to miss such a good opportunity!" "And if you would not mind telling me," she wrote, "I should like so much to know what made you take a fancy to me; nobody ever did before, or is ever likely to again! Was it because you thought I had nobody to care about me, and so you were sorry for me?"

"That'll never do, miss," said Prue, hastily. "It's a bad notion for a man to have, that he can either take or leave you because there's nobody else as is fond of you."

"Never mind the notion," said Mignon; "is it not the truth? And now for the ending up—I declare it's almost as bad as the beginning! He says, 'Your faithful lover;' now wouldn't you think 'Yours most affectionately' would do very well?"

"'Yours truly,' or nothing," said Prue in horror, "that's the proper—the usual way of ending a love-letter, miss."

"I don't see at all why I should be such a long way behind him!" said Mignon, discontentedly; "but, as you've written some for yourself, of course you know all about it. 'With love,' then, 'yours truly!'"

"No 'love!'" said Prue; "'kind regards,' miss!"

"'Kind regards,' then," said Mignon, sighing. "With kind regards, yours truly, Mignon Ferrers."

But on her own account she put in as P. S.: "I wanted to send my love to you, but Prue, who helped me to write this letter, would not hear of it; indeed, she has been so troublesome that I have a very great mind to write my next love-letter to you *all by myself!*"

## CHAPTER V.

... I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world."

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and the dusk was stealing on apace, veiling the trees and houses of Lilytown delicately and imperceptibly, as though it were loath to confess that the happy summer day was dying, and the shadowy, silent night creeping slowly into life.

There brooded over the place that strange loneliness which at nightfall ever seems to attend places that are neither town nor country, that, while missing the cheerful sights and sounds of the former, do not possess the careless freedom and security of the latter,

and the roads, planted at intervals with trees, were so absolutely deserted that it might have been a city of the dead instead of a suburb but eight miles away from the great Babylon, whose mighty heart throbbed and beat out yonder—the home of millions of toiling, sorrowing, suffering men and women, who jostled each other day by day and hour by hour in the giant city, yet knew each other not; the class that dies from over-feeding and the one that dies from over-hunger, velvets and tatters, gold and dirt—all these went to and fro yonder, but the echo of their voices and lives spread not so far out as lonely, forgotten Lilytown.

Prue, her shopping over, and basket in hand, set out on her homeward walk in a leisurely fashion, taking now and again a long refreshing sniff of the pure, fresh air, as though she liked it. She had not gone very far when footsteps, rapid and decided, came following after hers.

"*Him!*" she said, giving a little jerk of her head backward, and quickening her walk with that inborn contrariety that makes the famous comparison of a woman to a shadow one of the pithiest, truest things ever uttered.

"Ah! he's a bold one," she soliloquized; "a regular handful as ever I saw."

A tall, gray shadow stepped from behind a tree she was passing, and intercepted her. He came so swiftly and silently, that she half shrieked aloud, but, being strong-nerved, turned the hysterical cry into—"I beg you pardon, sir!" and passed on.

It gave her an odd sensation of doubt and fear when, glancing downward, she saw him still by her side, keeping pace with her step for step, and treading so lightly that his footfall sounded strange and ghostly in the stillness.

"Mrs. Prue," said the gray shadow, "you will not give the letter you have in your pocket to Mr. Rideout, who is now following us."

Prue stopped as though she had been shot, and for once in her life her breath literally went.

"And pray," she cried at last, peering into his face through the gathering dusk, "who may you be, and what do you mean with your *Mrs. Prue and letters?*"

"A friend," said the man in gray; "but we must move on, we shall be overheard."

Involuntarily she recommenced walking, compelled thereto, though unconsciously, by the strength of will of the man who addressed her.

"Mrs. Prue," he said, quietly, "you have a little mistress whom you adore. She is left under your sole charge, committed to your most careful and vigilant keeping, yet you have conveyed to her a letter written by a man whose real name you do not know, at whose antecedents you cannot possibly guess, and, misled by you, and betrayed by you into a clandestine correspondence, she has replied to that letter. Her answer lies in your pocket at this very moment. In your own mind you have thought the matter out thus: 'Here is my young mistress without any relations, with next to no friends, who may at any moment, by the death of her benefactress, be

thrown penniless upon the world, and compelled to earn the very bread she eats; and here is a lover, young, rich, madly in love, who is able to take her out of all this doubt and uncertainty, and, by making her his wife, secure to her a home, and a certainly provided-for future.' So far, your reasoning (setting aside the young lady's own inclination) is good, and there is but one drawback to your plan."

"And that is—?" cried Prue, coming up, gasping from the cold bath of amazement into which his latter remarks, even more than any of the previous ones, had plunged her.

"That he is not at liberty to woo any woman honestly. Judge, then, what you are doing by promoting a correspondence between your innocent young mistress and this man, and remember that one encroachment paves the way for another—the next will be, his making his way into her presence."

"Good Lord!" said Prue, half aloud; "now I wonder who's to know which is the honest man, and which is the rogue?"

"If I were a rogue," said the man by her side, "I should scarcely be taking this trouble to serve your mistress, should I?"

"Your voice sounds honest," she said at last, "but I can't see your face, or I should know in a minute if you're telling me the truth. Anyway, I'll promise you this, he sha'n't have the letter till I've found out whether or not it's lies you've been telling me this night—there!"

Mr. Rideout, his patience thoroughly exhausted, actuated, moreover, by some suspicions that he was resolved if possible to verify, here took half a dozen hasty steps forward, and joined the waiting-woman and her companion.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Prue!" said he; "I hope I don't intrude?"

Paul Pry's famous phrase fell from his lips in so rollicking, dare-devil a fashion, that Prue, for all her fears, could not forbear smiling as she replied:

"No intrusion, sir; certainly not."

They were at the moment passing a gas-lamp newly lit, that plainly revealed the two men's faces to each other and to Prue, and the eyes of the former met in a sudden keen scrutiny, that hardened instantaneously—on Rideout's part at least—from inquiry into hostility. If such a thing were possible, I should say that from this moment they became enemies, with no one-sided enmity, as when one man hates another virulently, while the latter is too indifferent or peaceable by nature to return the compliment with vigor, but equally, with a thorough and hearty reciprocity of feeling that would enable them to fight each other well, if in the battle of life they came to be pitted the one against the other.

"So," said Rideout to himself, "sets the wind in that quarter? I must hasten operations a little, or he will be cutting in before me, and, heavily as I am handicapped by cursed ill-luck, no one shall win her but me—I swear it!"

Prue also had profited by the momentary opportunity afforded by the lamp, and in her own mind had drawn a comparison between the two men that

was surely unjust, seeing that the color of a man's hair or the shape of his features oftentimes affords no clew whatever to the qualities of heart, and mind, and brain, that he may possess.

Quickening her steps, for she felt about as comfortable as may he who is planted between two barrels of gunpowder that may explode at any moment, Prue suddenly discovered that the man in gray had disappeared from her side; that even as he came, so had he departed, in impenetrable silence and mystery.

"Well, I'm sure!" ejaculated Prue, staring alternately at the sky, the earth, and the trees, as if she expected them to inform her which direction he had taken. "I wonder am I bewitched to-night, or dreaming?"

"Dreaming," said Mr. Rideout, curtly, angry at what he believed to be her deceitfulness and double-dealing; "perhaps, however, you'll try and collect your wits sufficiently to answer me a question or two. In the first place, who was that man that left you a moment ago?"

Left her! Had he, then, disappeared by so prosaic a fashion as *leaving* her? To Prue's excited imagination he was hovering somewhere near to the atmosphere of brimstone, for who but the evil-one himself could have told her the thoughts, plans, and hopes, that she had locked in her own breast, nor ever breathed to any living creature?

"Do you hear me, woman?" cried Mr. Rideout; "who was that man?"

"That, sir," said Prue, with unexpected spirit (why does the accusation of being a woman ever carry to the female mind an intolerable sense of unmerited insult?), "is *my* affair."

"No," he cried, quick as light, "I am pretty sure that it is mine. Doubtless you are a very good woman, Prue, but I'll be shot if you're a handsome one, and that man is no lover of yours, but of—Mignon."

"He?" cried Prue, in amazement, and reassured at the notion of the stranger being anything so commonplace as a lover. "Why, I never saw him in all my life until to-night!"

"And he did not ask you to convey to her any letter or message?" persisted Rideout, who judged his neighbor by himself, and expected to find no virtues in him that he did not discover in himself.

"No, indeed?" said Prue. "On the contrary—"

She stopped abruptly.

"On the contrary—" he repeated.

With some men thought is naturally slow, the result of antecedent fact or cautious reflection; with others, instantaneous, and partaking of the character of intuition; and to the latter class belonged Rideout. Moreover, guilt, that marvelous quickener of the intelligence, had greatly intensified his powers of observation, so that it was in the manner of an assertion, rather than a question, that he cried:

"So he knows something of me; he *warned* you against me, did he?"

Utterly unable to discover the connecting link between her own hasty disclaimer and his apparent-

ly *mal-à-propos* remark, that yet, inconveniently enough, hit truth in the bull's-eye, Prue felt more than ever convinced that the devil was abroad to-night; and like the friar, surprised in the midst of a savory meal on a fast-day by a terrific thunder-storm, who could not imagine why there should be such a fuss about a little bit of bacon, Prue felt it to be something altogether beyond her philosophy that the innocent love-letter lying in her pocket should be the occasion of so general an upheaval of all things.

"Can't you *speak*?" he cried, impatiently.

His imperious tone, albeit such as he habitually used with his servants, was one to which Prue was by no means accustomed, so that it was with a certain dignity that she replied:

"Them as has got nothing to fear has no call to trouble themselves about what folks say about them, sir; and I'm misdoubting but I've done wrong in giving your letters to Miss Mignon, and I'll take no more, and oh, sir!"—her voice broke off suddenly—"how could you have the heart to try and deceive her so, and she so young and lonely and all?"

"Yes," he said, his voice altogether changing, "she is very young and very lonely. A man might as easily find the nerve to butcher a child in cold blood as to harm such as she; and you think me so bad as that?" he cried, turning suddenly round upon Prue.

In his voice, as in that of the man who had but now spoken with her, was a ring of honesty, that she, being so purely honest herself, could not fail to recognize and acknowledge. For a moment she hesitated; then, making up her mind more quickly than she had ever done in her life before—

"Sir," she said, "if you love my young mistress as she ought to be loved, and if you're still wishful to get her for your wife (as you told me the other night you were), then 'twill be no such great matter to wait for her till Miss Sorel comes back, when you'll be able to court her as ladies is used to be courted, not as if she was a poor serving-maid like me."

"I have seen your Miss Sorel," he said; "a cold, proud, handsome woman, who has outlived the memory of her youth; who will choose my little sweetheart's husband as she would buy her an instructive book or a useful gown; who will judge a man by his past history, not by the capacities he may possess for future good—"

He broke off, he had forgotten to whom he was speaking, and that this woman could not possibly understand him—how could she, when his heart was to himself a dark and bitter riddle that he had not yet solved?

"Sir—Mr. Rideout," said Prue, firmly, "if there's any reason why you shouldn't come after Miss Mignon, if it's the leastest wrong that you'll be doing her in trying to win her love, then, sir, let me pray you to go your ways and leave her in peace, for 'tis a precious young life, and there's trouble enough in store for her without any more coming to her through a sweetheart—and there's other beautiful young ladies in the world besides her."

"There is only one Mignon," he said. "Hark ye!" he cried, impetuously, "any man who tells you that I mean anything but honestly by her, lies, for God knows I love her too dearly to bring the shadow of sin or shame upon her innocent head; but there are things that, told you by a stranger, might make you believe me to be dishonorable and unworthy of her, and such things I charge you not to believe or repeat to her; she could never again be to me what she now is if one doubt or fear of me had ever tarnished the crystal purity of her mind—"

"And if it's the truth you've told me, sir," said Prue, touched, in spite of herself, "and if you love her so well as that, and are free to court her honestly, then I'll tell her no word agen you; but more than this I cannot promise, nor will I take any letters from you to her, nor from her to you."

"From her to me?" he repeated, rapidly. "Have you, then, given her a letter from me—has she replied to it?"

Prue, making no reply, quickened her pace. On one point her mind was made up—she would keep her word to the stranger, whoever he might be, and the letter should be given back that night into the hands of her mistress. For the rest, Rosemary was but a few steps away, and it was with a sigh of relief that she pushed open the gate and passed into the carriage-drive that approached the house in a circular form, having in its centre, and opposite the hall-door, a colony of thriving evergreens and shrubs. Was it fancy, or did she see, some distance ahead of her, a gleam of something white or gray? She could not be sure.

"Not so fast," cried Rideout, dashing after her. "You've not answered my question yet."

A dozen steps more would bring her to the hall-door, and she would be safe, or so she thought, having reckoned without her host, for he caught her by the arm, holding her so tightly that to move was impossible.

"Now," he said, "did your mistress reply to that letter, or did she not?"

The light from the hall-lamp fell upon Prue's ugly, perturbed countenance, and on the dark, reckless beauty of his.

"You are deceiving me," he cried, angrily; "I see it in your eyes. *What's that?*" For Prue's hand had involuntarily moved toward the pocket containing the letter, and his keen glance had instantly detected the gesture. "Ha!" he cried, "upon my soul, I do believe you are hiding something there—" With a dexterous movement of his sinewy hand, he wrenched hers away, snatched the letter from the pocket, glanced at the address, and then tossed hand and letter high above his head in triumph. "You fool!" he cried, scornfully; "so you meant to *cheat* me out of it—you thought yourself a match for Philip Rideout, did you?" Then his manner and voice changed all in a moment: "A love-letter from Mignon—my little Mignon!" he said.

A hand and gray-coated arm issued noiselessly from the laurel-bush behind him, a finger and thumb alighted like a butterfly on the lightly-held letter, closed on it, and vanished as noiselessly as they had appeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS.<sup>1</sup>

THE drama, in one form or another, is as old as the first dawns of civilization, and as universal as human society. We may be certain that long before Thespis set up his perambulatory theatre he and his comrades had been wont to amuse their fellows at home. The drama in all its manifold forms is meant to be a picture of some actual or possible phase of human life and character; and hence few books are more entertaining than those which treat of plays and players. It seems almost impossible to write about them with absolute dullness. If one tries very hard he can even pick out some pleasant bits from the Rev. Mr. Geneste's portentous ten-volumed "History of the Stage from the Restoration to 1830," albeit it is compiled from no livelier materials than play-bills stored away in the alcoves of the British Museum. The latest work of this class is Mr. Dutton Cook's "Book of the Play," which one may do much worse than to read, for the sake of much entertainment and some instruction.

It is well known how the modern theatre had its rise in the bosom of the Catholic Church, the history of which we need not here repeat. The first secular players were true Thespians, strolling bands who traversed the country, preceded by their couriers, who gave notice by sound of trumpet when and where performances would be given. Of course, these strollers had to rely for remuneration upon what the spectators were pleased to give, and we may reasonably infer that their vails were small, and that the passing around of the hat was usually the signal for the scattering of the crowd. But in course of time the players came to be a recognized class, with special privileges. In 1464 an act was passed by Parliament regulating the dress of different classes of the people, but "players in their interludes" were exempted from its operation.

Time must often have hung heavily upon the hands of the great nobles. They could not always be fighting and jousting, hunting and hawking. Let one do his best, he cannot pass all the hours of every day of the week in eating, drinking, and sleeping; and it is not easy to imagine what else a stout baron could find to do in his castle on a stormy day.

<sup>1</sup> A Book of the Play: Studies and Illustrations of Historic Story, Life, and Character. By Dutton Cook. London: 1876.



How he must have yawned for something with which to kill the time! A company of players, especially if the baron had instincts for something beyond bear-baiting, was just the thing to have among his own household servants. So thought the Duke of Gloster, not yet become King Richard III., who appears to have been the first English noble to maintain a company of players. It is almost a pity that this earliest patron of the English stage should be the man whom the stage itself has handed down to the deepest infamy. The quiet reign of Henry VII. gave opportunity for the development of the idea, and companies of players came to form part of many noble households. The penurious king himself maintained two companies—the "gentlemen of the chapel," and the "players of interludes."

When the gallant young Harry VIII. ascended the throne, men thought that the peaceful reign of Saturn had returned. Amusement and pleasure became the order of the day at court. The king's chamberlain was officially the director of the royal amusements, having special oversight of the hunting and hawking, the sports and games, the masques and revels. To aid him in the last department of his arduous duties, was a functionary styled "*Magister Jocorum, Revellorum, et Mascorum, vulgariter nancapatorum Revells et Masks.*" This office was one of considerable dignity, the first holder being Sir Thomas Cawardine, a belted knight and gentleman of the privy chamber. He had an assistant styled the Yeoman of the Revels, who appears to have acted as stage-manager of the company of eight players. This Master of Jollities, Revels, and Masques, finds his present representative in the English Licenser and Examiner of Plays, of some of whose doings we shall have to speak ere we have done.

In the troublous times which ensued the poor players fared roughly. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities came to the conclusion that dramatic representations were so conducted as to "tend to sedition and to the contempt of sundry good orders and laws;" and the Privy Council from time to time prohibited strolling players setting forth plays and interludes; and toward the close of the nominal reign of the Protestant boy king Edward VI. the prohibition was so far extended that even the players attached to noble households could not perform without special permission of the Privy Council. When the Catholic Mary acceded to the throne, matters became still worse for the players, for all dramatic representations, whether they did or did not touch upon religious dogmas, were prohibited; but nevertheless the authorities in some places encouraged miracle-plays designed to favor Catholic tenets. In 1556, however, the Star Chamber sent instructions to the magistrates of every county directing them rigidly to suppress dramatic representations of every sort. But in the following year, when Philip of Spain had come to England, the lovesick queen sought to render the stay of her unloving spouse a little less tedious by providing dramatic representations for his amusement.

Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and the drama began to show its head once more. The great nobles again became patrons of the stage, and the popular demand for dramatic entertainments became so great that about 1570 two playhouses were set up in London. Strolling players also perambulated the country; but their performances were brought to a stop in 1572 by a stringent act of Parliament, in virtue of which bear-wards, fencers, minstrels, and players in interludes, male or female, who had not obtained the sanction of a baron of the realm, or "other honorable person of higher degree," were declared to be rogues and vagabonds. For plying their vocation they were, on the first offense, to be "grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his or her roguish kind of life." A second offense was declared to be felony; and for the third offense the penalty was death, "without benefit of clergy or privilege of sanctuary."

Strangely enough, the direct result of this cruel law was the creation of the regular British drama. All players of any ability sought to escape the brand of roguery and vagabondage by finding a place in some company under noble patronage. One such company deserves special mention. Their leader, or, as we should say, their manager, James Burbadge, was under the powerful protection of the Earl of Leicester, who in 1574 procured for them a royal patent by which they were designated as the "Earl of Leicester's players." The patent authorized them, "during the queen's pleasure, to use, exercise, and employ the art and faculty of playing tragedies, comedies, interludes, and stage-plays," throughout all England. During the summer season they performed in the Globe Theatre, on the riverside, which was open to the sky except that the stage was covered. About 1576 Burbadge, who was something of a capitalist, built a permanent theatre in the "Liberties" of the Blackfriars, so called because it was held to be without the jurisdiction of the mayor and aldermen of London. The civic authorities had set themselves strenuously against theatricals. Such entertainments, they averred, caused the poorer sort to waste their time and money, corrupted the youth, and "withdrew people from public prayer and the worship of God;" and, moreover, the great crowds which were drawn together were likely to bring about the plague. They petitioned that the players should be allowed to perform only in private houses, at weddings, and like occasions; or, if in any case they might be suffered to perform in public, it should be only after the entire death-list of London should have been for twenty days less than fifty a week; that they should not perform on Sundays, and on holidays not till after evening prayer, and that the play should always close in time that the audience might get home before sunset. This petition was summarily disposed of by an order from the Privy Council, two days before Christmas of 1579, by which "it is ordered that the Playeres of the Erle of Leycestre be

not restrained, nor in any wise molested in the exercise of their qualite at the Blackfriars or elsewhere throughout the Realme of England, so that they be enabled the better to performe before her Maiestie for her solace and recreation this Xtenmas."

The civic authorities made several other attempts against the players, notably one in 1589, upon the ground that some companies had meddled with affairs of state. The players presented a remonstrance to the Privy Council, denying that they had ever "given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes maters of State and Religion vnfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lowde spectators." This remonstrance was signed by sixteen of "her Maiestie's poore playes, all of them sharers in the blacke Fryers playehouse." Among these are James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge his son, and a certain William Shakespeare, a young man who had found it expedient to leave his native Stratford-upon-Avon, had come up to London, and joined the company two or three years before.

Another attempt was made in 1605, two years after the death of Elizabeth. The magistrates averred that the "plaiers at the Blacke Fryers have again not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall, and to the lessening of their authority," and prayed the Privy Council that the playhouse might be removed or pulled down. The peril was now imminent, and there was need of strong influence in favor of the players. Two of them went to the chancellor, Lord Ellesmere, bearing a letter of introduction signed with the initials of the accomplished Earl of Southampton, beseeching for them "the protection of their most graceous Maistre and Sovereigne in this their tyme of trouble."

"The bearers," says this letter, "are two of the chiefe of the companie: one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humbly sueth for your Lordships kinde help, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, the word to the action most admirably. The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer, in the same, and writer of some of the best of our English playes. This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your Lo. gravitie and wisdom to resort to the places where they are wont to delight the publike eare."

Shakespeare had been in his grave wellnigh half a century before the first English-speaking woman appeared on the stage, although in 1629 an attempt had been made to bring out some French actresses at Blackfriars. This was obnoxious, not only to such severe censors as Prynne, who denounced these women actors as "impudent and shameful monsters," but even to the mob in the pit and galleries. "Glad I am to say," writes one of the spectators, "they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not think they will soon be ready

to try the same again." Subsequently, women seem to have been allowed to appear in singing and recitative parts. But on Saturday, October 8, 1660, "Othello" was performed at an obscure playhouse, kept open in spite of the absolute prohibition of theatrical performances. Among sundry other new features was a "prologue to introduce the first women that came to act on the stage in the tragedy called 'The Moor of Venice.'" Tom Killigrew, the manager, was more than apprehensive as to the reception of this novelty. The prologue begins:

"I come, unknown to any of the rest,  
To tell the news: I saw the lady drest—  
The woman plays to-day; mistake me not,  
No man in gown, or page in petticoat!"

It goes on apologetically to intimate that a virtuous woman might play on the stage—a thing, indeed quite customary in France. The gentlemen in the audience were begged to think modestly and respectfully of the actress; and, above all, "not to run to give her visits when the play is done." The usual deficiencies of male actors in female parts were dwelt upon. They were—

"... defective, and so sized  
You'd think they were some of the Guard disguised:  
For, to speak truth, men act—that are between  
Forty and fifty—wenches of fifteen;  
With bone so large, and nerve so incontinent,  
That, when you call 'Desdemona,' enter 'Giant.'"

And, finally, so far was it from the purpose to demoralize the stage, that they were intent to purify it. The drama was to be thoroughly purged from everything offensive:

"And when we've put all things in this fair way,  
Barebones himself may come to see a play!"

a promise but ill kept, for the Restoration came the next year, with its debauched comic drama, which, we trust, will never be seen on the stage again.

A play of Shakespeare, presented under his own supervision at the Blackfriars, could owe little to stage illusion. Of scenery there was as nearly as possible nothing. There appears to have been a kind of balcony which did duty in turn for a city wall in "King John;" the top of a turret in "Anthony and Cleopatra;" an upper chamber in "Romeo and Juliet," and so on. A bit of tapestry at one side of the stage would serve to hide the body of *Polonius*; but we suppose that the blasted heath of *Fores*, the green woods of *Arden*, the *Rialto* at *Venice*, and the silken-sailed galley of *Cleopatra*, were visible to the spectator only in the mind's eye. The costumes were doubtless splendid enough; but we suppose the same suit would serve for *Macbeth* and *Othello*; for *Laertes* and *Benedic*; for *Mercutio* and *Horatio*. *Brutus* and *Cassius* on the stage, we presume, were habited much as *Bacon* and *Raleigh* would have been in the auditory; and the garb of *Leicester* would have been thought quite proper for *Julius Caesar*. The utmost accuracy in costume has indeed little to do with dramatic effect. "Macbeth" was probably never more effectively played than by Garrick, who in the bat-

the-scenes was accustomed to wear a sort of Spanish costume, with slashed trunk-hose, breastplate, and high-crowned hat, which in other scenes were replaced by a court suit of scarlet and gold, with a full-bottomed wig which would have done credit to a baron of the exchequer. A portrait of him as *Lear* represents him in a short robe of velvet, trimmed with ermine; white-silk hose, lace ruffles, and high-heeled shoes with diamond buckles, which would have become Sir Peter Teazle. In the inventories of the wardrobes of Henslow and Alleyn, the latter a noted actor of Shakespeare's time, and founder of Dulwich College, we find such items as "Tamburlane's breeches of crimson velvet, and coat with copper lace;" "Juno's frock;" "a scarlet cloke with two brode gould laces, with gould down the same, for Leir;" "Priam's hoes in Dido;" "blew damask cote for the Moore in Venis;" and "spangled hoes in Pericles."

Splendor rather than correctness of attire seems to have early become, and long continued, a great point. Thus in 1595 the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge applied to the Lord-Treasurer, Burghley, for the loan of the royal robes in the Tower, to be worn upon occasion of the presentation by some young gentlemen of the university of certain comedies and a tragedy, in which "sondry personages of greatest estate were to be represented in ancient princely attire, which is nowhere to be had but within the office of the robes of the Tower." Mr. Cook gives several instances in which actual royal garments were worn by mimic monarchs on the stage. For the due representation, in 1662, of Sir William Davenant's play, "Love and Honor," King Charles II. "gave Mr. Betterton his coronation suit, in which he acted the part of *Prince Alvaro*; the Duke of York giving Mr. Harris his, who did *Prince Prospero*; and my Lord of Oxford gave Mr. Joseph Price his, who did *Lionel*, the Duke of Parma's son. Mrs. Barry played the part of *Queen Elizabeth* in the coronation robes of James II.'s queen, who had before presented the actress with her wedding-robes; and Mrs. Bellamy played *Cleopatra* in a silver-tissue 'birthday' dress which had belonged to the Princess of Wales; and a suit of straw-colored satin from the wardrobe of the same illustrious lady was worn by Peg Woffington in her performance of *Roxana*. Among other royal robes that have descended to the stage was the coronation dress of Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV., of which Mrs. Mowatt, the American actress, became the ultimate possessor." Munden, the comedian, had a black-velvet coat which had once belonged to King George II., and another which had been the property of the Duke of Bedford, who wore it at the Prince of Wales's marriage. This last "had originally cost one thousand pounds; but then it had been fringed with precious stones, of which the sockets only remained when it fell into the hands of the dealers in second-hand garments; but even in its dilapidated state Munden paid forty pounds for it." Elliston claimed that when he appeared at Drury Lane in the spectacle of the "Coronation of George

IV.," he wore the actual coronation robes of that revered monarch; but Mr. Cook says: "Those were not probably the originals. These became the property of Madame Tussaud, and long remained among the treasures of her wax-work exhibition. A tradition prevails that Elliston's robes were carried to America by Lucius Junius Booth, who long continued to assume them in his personation of *Richard III.*, much to the astonishment of the more simple-minded of his audience, who naively inquired of each other whether the sovereigns of Great Britain were really wont to parade the streets of London in such attire."

The English law has long looked sharply at plays and play-actors, and usually in anything but a benignant spirit. In 1737 a bill was passed for licensing playhouses, limiting their number, and placing the stage legally under the control of the lord-chamberlain. No mention was made of his deputy, the Examiner and Licensor of Plays. This important personage has always considered it to be his function to look out for the morals and politics of the stage. The first licenser found early occasion for two odd exhibitions of his power of prohibition. Henry Brooke, whose memory Charles Kingsley sought to resuscitate a few years ago by the publication of his novel "The Fool of Quality," had written a pompous play called "Gustavus Vasa," extracts from which are sometimes yet spouted by schoolboys. The astute licenser detected some passages which seemed to favor popular liberty, and forbade its performance on the stage. The public were anxious for a taste of this forbidden fruit; the tragedy was published, and found to be dull to the last degree, but not until the lucky author had cleared one thousand pounds by its publication. James Thomson, the fat and lazy bard of "The Seasons," also made himself obnoxious to the lord-chamberlain's deputy, by his tragedy of "Edward and Eleanor." Thomson was a kind of poet-laureate to the insignificant Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. Unluckily for the poet, Fred and his father, George II., were at bitter feud, and held what were almost rival courts. Thomson had made the heir-apparent in his tragedy slighted by his royal father, and had said some hard things of the "smiling traitors" who had misled the monarch and deprived him of "his people's love, the genuine glory and the noblest aim of kings." Kings and ministers, though dead for half a millennium, were not to be spoken of in this way on the stage, though everybody was saying and printing much bitterer things against the living George and his minister, Lord Bute. So the performance of the play was interdicted.

But, of all the licensers, commend us to George Colman, the younger. He had been one of the least reputable boon companions of the disreputable prince regent, and had written several plays of at least questionable character. When the prince came to be George IV., Colman was made licenser, and he, of all men, took it upon himself to care for the strictest morality on the stage. It was a time of fearfully hard swearing, but nothing which savored

of irreverence must be lisped before the curtain. If an unthinking playwright wrote such exclamations as "Oh, lud!" "Heavens!" "Hell!" or the like, the censor's red-inked pen was dashed through the unseemly expletives. A lover might not upon the stage call his mistress an angel. "An angel," said Colman, "is a character in Scripture, and must not be profaned on the stage by being applied to a woman." Some aggrieved author showed Colman his own plays, which fairly bristled with oaths, and which his predecessor in office had allowed to pass. "That is of no consequence," was the rejoinder. "I was then a writer of plays; I am examiner of plays now. If my predecessor failed to do his duty by my plays, that is no reason why I should not do my duty by yours." Colman magnified his office in one way. Besides his salary of four hundred pounds, he was entitled to a fee of two guineas for every work which he licensed. He interpreted this to mean for every separate production, and decided that every new song, prologue, or epilogue, was legally a separate production, and must be paid for accordingly. It was computed that his fees amounted on an average to six guineas a night.

Dramas have been prohibited for all sorts of reasons. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy" the king is killed by his mistress, *Evadne*. After the Restoration, the play was prohibited because "the killing of the king in the play, while the tragical death of King Charles I. was so fresh in the people's memory, was an object too horrible and impious for a public entertainment." The courtly poet Waller undertook to alter the catastrophe so that the monarch's life was spared. Still permission for the performance was refused on the ground, as men began to whisper, that "the example set by the heroine would be a dangerous hint to other *Evadnes* then shining at the court of Charles II. in the same rank of royal distinction." The performance of the first act of Colley Cibber's version of "Richard III." was prohibited on the ground that the distresses of King Henry VI. would be likely to put people in mind of the ill-fortunes of the deposed King James II., then an exile in France. After George III. became insane, the performance of "King Lear," at Covent Garden, was stopped, because it was indecorous that royal insanity should be represented on the stage. As late as 1808 the performance of "The Wanderer," an adaptation of the German of Kotzebue, was not allowed, for the reason that it was founded on the adventures of the Young Pretender. Just before the marriage of Queen Victoria, license was refused for an English version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," because it was thought that certain passages might be construed as reflecting unfavorably upon the proposed marriage of the queen with a foreigner. Still more recently, Mr. Shirley Brooks had an idea of dramatizing Disraeli's novel "Coningsby," but was officially notified from the lord-chamberlain that the representation would not be permitted on account of the political bearing of the novel. One can hardly see why what is allowable in a novel should be forbidden on the stage; or suppose that

a man who was to become prime-minister, and to be raised to the peerage for reason of his eminent political services, could have written a work so politically dangerous as to bring it even indirectly within the scope of prohibited works; and, if it would be scandalous on the stage, it surely could not be less so in a novel.

Among the most curious things connected with plays and players are the attempts to evade the prohibition of dramatic representations in London, except at the regularly-licensed theatres. It was held that this prohibition did not apply to performances to which there was no charge for admission, and not given in a theatre. At one time it was advertised that "at Cibber's Academy, in the Haymarket, will be a concert, after which will be exhibited (gratis) a rehearsal in form of a play, called 'Romeo and Juliet.'" The "concert" was, of course, only the ordinary overture, which the audience must pay for hearing; and if any of them chose to remain for the "rehearsal," they were quite welcome to do so. The famous Macklin opened the unlicensed Haymarket for the purpose, as was announced, of "instructing unfledged performers how to act." Money was not to be taken at the doors, but "no person will be admitted except by printed tickets, which will be delivered by Mr. Macklin at his house in Bow Street." Of course, a professor could not be prevented from giving lessons, and it would be hard if he could not invite the friends of his pupils to be present now and then, without charge, in order to judge of his capacity as a teacher; and if they chose to buy a bit of printed pasteboard of him, whose business was it? Foote, the most impudent of actors, tried innumerable dodges. At one period he would publicly invite his friends to the Haymarket "to drink a cup of chocolate with him; and he would do his best to make the visit a pleasant one." Such and such persons—naming characters in his farces—had promised to be present and assist him; and special cards of invitation could be had at such and such a coffee-house—for a consideration, of course. When the hour came, Mr. Foote was extremely sorry that the chocolate was not quite ready; but, while it was preparing, he would, "with the kind permission of his friends, proceed with the lesson which he was giving a few of his friends, whom he happened to be instructing in the pleasing art of acting." Of course, nobody waited for the forthcoming of the chocolate. Then, in order "to accommodate several persons who were desirous of spending an hour with Mr. Foote, but found the morning inconvenient," his friends were politely invited "to drink a dish of tea with Mr. Foote, at half-past six in the evening;" cards of invitation to be had as before. Of course, the tea was as mythical as the chocolate had been; and of course there were young players to be instructed, or something of the kind.

Mr. Cook gives numerous anecdotes, many of them quite new to us, of the shifts, expedients, and incidents in player-life. Theatrical rows figure largely. The theatrical license bill was very unpopular; the



first play performed under it was hissed off the stage, and the poor author, who had been so wicked as to have his piece licensed by the lord-chamberlain, narrowly escaped a sound drubbing. Another play was subsequently ventured, and disturbances were anticipated. Half an hour before the performances were to begin, the pit was in an uproar; but the author was equal to the occasion. He had prepared a prologue pitching into the French, the natural enemies of the English, by which the mob were put into good-humor, which was raised to wild delight by the play itself, in which "the excellence and virtues of English beef were extolled, and it was maintained that it was owing to the qualities of its juice that the English were so courageous and had such a solidity of understanding, which raised them above all the nations in Europe; and the noble old English pudding was far beyond the finest ragouts ever invented by the greatest geniuses that France ever produced." John Bull, who had come prepared to uphold the ancient liberties of the British stage, by hissing down the play, was wild with applause at the abuse lavished upon the French; and we are told that "from that time the licensing law was executed without the least trouble."

The "make-up" of actors is a matter of no little consequence. It is not very difficult for a young actor to disguise himself so as to look old; but, until the fountain of immortality or the elixir of life is discovered, we apprehend that the converse will not be so easy, at least for female performers. Perhaps the nearest approach to this was made by Mademoiselle Guimard, a famous French opera-dancer, who used to have her portrait, painted in early youth, always upon her dressing-table, and every morning she used to paint herself up so as to correspond with the picture, and for many years was marvelously successful. At last her face would look young no longer—although her limbs were as nimble as ever—and she retired from the stage; but when verging upon threescore-and-ten she was persuaded to give a final exhibition of her art. The curtain was lowered so as to conceal the head and shoulders of the dancer; "and then," says her biographer, "it was impossible for the spectators to see anything except the play of the limbs, of which time had respected the agility, and their pure and graceful shape." There could, of course, be no mistake as to the "agility," although one may be permitted to suspect that the "pure and graceful shape" might owe something to art as well as to the forbearance of time.

The exigencies of a company not unfrequently require that one actor should sometimes take several parts in the same play. This is easily enough managed when the different characters do not appear in the same scene. Now and then an actor, from some whim, or perhaps to make a hit at his benefit, undertakes two important parts in a piece. Elliston once played *Richard III.* and *Richmond* in the same performance. There was no special difficulty in most scenes. He had only to make his exit

as the humpbacked tyrant, slip off his hump as though it had been a knapsack, don a bit or two of pasteboard armor and a new helmet, and in an instant come back as *Richmond*, and *vice versa*. In the combat-scene, when both must appear, *Richmond* was represented by a supernumerary, who was simply directed to "hold his tongue and fight like the devil." *Richard* killed, and borne from the stage, and the temporary *Richmond* departed, Elliston had only to reappear as the victorious Tudor prince, and deliver the closing lines of the play.

Conversely it sometimes takes several persons to represent one character; as, for instance, when the principal performer has to make a desperate leap, perilous fall, or extraordinary athletic feat. In such case this is usually performed by a trained gymnast, for great histrionic ability and unusual physical power are not often combined in the same person. Thus, in the pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk," little Miss Povey, who played *Jack*, refused to make the perilous ascent from stage to ceiling, and there was no person in the company who at all resembled the slight young actress, and could also climb the beanstalk. Luckily, the manager had seen a young street Arab, who called himself Sullivan, amusing his playfellows by dexterous tumbling. He was taken into the theatre, and, after a little training, succeeded in doing the climbing part successfully; and when properly dressed, no one in the audience could distinguish between him and the veritable *Jack*. The boy remained upon the stage, and, in course of time, went to Paris, where he became famous as Monsieur Silvain, ballet-master and principal dancer of the Académie Royale.

Mrs. Mowatt played the part of *Ariadne* in the English version of Corneille's "Ariane." The catastrophe consists in the heroine's leaping from a lofty precipice into the sea, while the ship of her false lover is seen sailing away in the distance. To accomplish the illusion, three *Ariades* were required, all resembling each other in dress and appearance. The heroine was seen pacing the shore in agony at her desertion. An instant after, in the shifting of the scene, *Ariadne* was seen high up a lofty cliff, voicelessly straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of the receding sail of Theseus. For an instant she is hidden by a projecting rock, and then makes the fearful leap from the very ceiling down into the sea. The *Ariadne* on the shore was Mrs. Mowatt; that on the rocks was an agile ballet-girl; the one who apparently made the leap was merely a lay figure, properly attired. So perfect was the illusion that, as Mrs. Mowatt records, "on the first night of the representation, when *Ariadne* leaped from the rock, a man started up in the pit, exclaiming in a tone of genuine horror, 'Good God! she's killed!'" Mr. Cook, however, hints that it is possible that the horror-struck man in the pit had been stationed there by the astute manager for that very purpose.

The stage, like everything human, has its times of progression and retrogression, real or apparent. Unfortunately, if any generation of play-goers may trust its predecessor, acting is always going back-

ward. The bright days of the stage are never in the present, but exist only in the memory of the past and in the dreams of the future. "There are no such actors now as there were when we were young," is an old cry. When we speak of Booth, our seniors tantalize us with laudations of Macready; his admirers had Kean and Kemble flung in their faces; and they were in turn commiserated by those who remembered Garrick. Pope was a great admirer of Garrick, but thought that he did not come up to Betterton; yet he acknowledged that those who had seen Hart also thought him superior to Betterton; and in Hart's time old men used to talk of "the giant race before the flood"—actors who played be-

fore the great wars of the Commonwealth, who were as far beyond Hart as he was beyond Betterton. And we dare say that, if the missing links in the long chain of play-goers were supplied, we should have it upon equal authority that no man ever enacted *Hamlet* so nobly as did Richard Burbadge, "the man famous as our English Roscius," who had been taught by Shakespeare himself how in that part to "suit the action to the word, and the word to the action." At all events, whether Burbadge played *Hamlet* like Kemble or Fechter, like Kean or Booth—or quite possibly like neither of them—he must have played it as Shakespeare meant it to be played.

## DICK HALLIDAY'S WIFE.

BY NORA PERRY.

"O RICHARD, I'm so glad you've come! Where *have* you been?"

Richard laughs, a small laugh—not of pleasure, as one might suppose, at these warm words of greeting from an uncommonly pretty woman, but a queer little laugh, perfectly good-natured—Richard Halliday is seldom moved from this easy good-nature of his—perfectly good-natured, but the kind of laugh that falls from a person's lips in involuntary recognition of a peculiarity.

"Well, you needn't laugh, Richard, for I've been so nervous about you!"

"I only laughed at your question, Lizzie, 'Where *have* you been?' It reminded me of a similar question in Dow's Flat, 'Where *have* you been?'"

But if Mr. Richard Halliday thinks to turn his wife's attention from the point—*her* point—by this very flimsy remark, he is mistaken.

"I didn't say, 'Where *have* you been,' Richard; I'm not so careless of my pronunciation as that, I hope;" and Mrs. Richard tosses her head a little, entirely oblivious of her husband's humor. "But where *have* you been, Richard?" she still persists.

"I've been to the Mountains of the Moon, my dear; and, as I made a call at each of the smaller planets on my way home, I am a little late."

As Mr. Halliday delivers himself of this nonsense with great gravity, he stoops for a moment to unbuckle his overshoe, that movement bringing his head on a nearer level with Mrs. Halliday, who is rather of diminutive stature.

"Richard!"—sniff, sniff—"I smell"—sniff, sniff—"I smell brandy or whiskey, or some dreadful stuff! O Richard, you've been with those horrid Raymonds at that hateful club!"

"I told you, my dear, I'd been to the Mountains of the Moon. They're always extremely hospitable and social up there, specially on cold nights—and it's uncommonly nasty out to-night."

Mrs. Halliday remembers the story of the husband who returned one night somewhere in the small hours sufficiently sensible of his libations to en-

deavor to conceal his breath-betrayal by a generous use of cloves, but who betrayed his wandering wits at the last by replying to his wife's question concerning such an extraordinary pungency of odor, that he had *been to the Spice Islands!* Remembering this, Mrs. Halliday, who is quicker to take a suspicion than a joke, immediately fits the case of wandering wits to Mr. Halliday, whose wits never wandered under any conditions. As this new suspicion enters her mind, she starts back with the peach-bloom fast fading from her cheeks, and utters one exclamation: "O Richard!"

There is such a depth of pain in this exclamation that her husband, for the first time since he has entered the room, looks at her seriously. His first impulse is to laugh, but he checks the impulse, and for a moment is silent; then, as he seats himself before the fire, he puts out his hand.

"Lizzie, come here." Lizzie obeys, and allows herself to be drawn, with a little half-resentful protest, to her husband's knee. "My dear child, did you ever see a man in his cups—I mean a little drunk—before to-night?"

"No, never—that is, not near enough to tell."

The laugh that Richard Halliday has restrained now breaks out. Mrs. Halliday reddens with a consciousness of being ridiculed. She hasn't the faintest sense of "the situation."

"Never near enough to tell, eh? I thought so, my dear, else you would have known that you had yet to make acquaintance with that interesting phenomenon—a man a little drunk." The clear eyes that look into her eyes, the cool hand that holds her hand, and, more than all, a certain dry tone of the usually pleasant voice—a caustic note which is not pain or anger, but a tone of assertion—quiet but derisive—all these indications suddenly disclose to Mrs. Halliday the very foolish blunder she has made. Perhaps she never admires her easy-going husband so much as when he rouses himself sufficiently to assert himself in this masculine fashion. In a moment, then, she droops her small, bristling wings and

is at his feet, in spirit—in reality, she hides her ashamed face against his waistcoat. Presently the waistcoat-wearer says:

"Where's the evening paper, Lizzie? I'll look at it a moment, and then we'll have a game of chess; it's early yet, only half-past nine."

Only half-past nine! Mrs. Halliday reddens again, but this time out of shame-facedness; and this shame-facedness keeps her silent. The question of "Where have you been, Richard?" is not put again. The little lady sees she has made a foolish mess of it—that is, she sees that Richard thinks so, and, half angry, not exactly at herself, but at the world in general, and with a great sense of self-pity, she longs to weep a little weep upon her husband's shoulder, to say her small say of sorrow at her mistake, to promise all manner of lovely things for the future, while she wedges in a plaintive excuse for herself.

But Mr. Halliday has had so many "little weeps" on his shoulder, has heard so many promises of lovely things for the future which the future never fulfilled, that it is not strange, I suppose, that he should fail to encourage further demonstrations of this kind.

So the "little weep" goes off in a few long-drawn sighs against the waistcoat, and then the waistcoat-wearer is left to read his paper, which is never a very long operation with him, and then the game of chess follows. In the midst of this, Mr. Halliday suddenly says: "I met Kate to-day, and she wanted to know why we hadn't been round lately. I told her we'd drop in to-morrow night, perhaps."

If Dick Halliday had been looking at his wife's face he would have seen a ripple on its smooth surface. For ten days Mrs. Richard has been in the undisturbed, the *unshared* possession of her husband's society. The ripple which passes over her face says, very plainly:

"Why should Dick want other society than mine? I don't want other society than his." But after a minute she replies:

"Of course, Dick dear, if you would like to go, we'll go."

It is, doubtless, impossible for Mrs. Richard to conceal the fact that she is simply acquiescing in her husband's request from a sense of duty merely; but Mr. Richard, either wise or unobservant, makes no comment, and the subject drops without any of that dangerous discussion which might have taken place if Mr. Richard had been of the same manner of mind as Mrs. Richard. To explain a little: the Kate of whom Dick speaks so familiarly is the wife of his cousin Tom—Tom Halliday. Before there was any Mrs. Dick, or Mrs. Tom—when it was Lizzie Harrison and Kate Lane—there had been a good deal of girlish intimacy; but since the two had become united a little closer by marriage the intimacy, instead of becoming closer, had rather subsided. People said that Mrs. Dick was very "domestic," and that Mrs. Tom was more given to the gayeties of life. Perhaps this was the reason of their seeing less of each other. Mrs. Dick had been heard to say several times since her marriage that she was afraid Kate was beginning wrong, that her ideas of a home were

not the right ideas; which goes to show that, doubtless, there were very decided reasons on one side at least for the gradual decline of the intimacy. Going in the next evening to Mrs. Tom's parlor, Mrs. Dick's "domestic" sense received a fresh shock. Instead of the gas being turned on to a bead in an upper burner and only the drop-light in operation, as was her own economical plan, two or three upper burners were in full blast in both back and front parlor, and Kate and Tom were enjoying themselves in their different ways: Kate at the piano practising one of Robert Franz's songs with a young gentleman who was not her husband, and the young gentleman who was her husband smoking his pipe over his newspaper. This was not Mrs. Dick's "way." Her way was to devote herself to Dick, to sit near him with some light evening work, while he read the news—to her as well as to himself. And, afterward, it was generally her plan to play two or three pieces on the piano; Kate Halliday, who was a genius at music, denominated them "little tunes," like those of Jack's wife in Miss Thackeray's story. And strict truth compels me to say that Dick usually went to sleep during this domestic music. They had been married now about five years. In the first year or two this little domestic programme was quite closely adhered to, but since that time Dick's business-calls had become so much more absorbing that the evenings had been very often intrenched upon to such an extent that both the newspaper-reading and the music had become very hurried matters. But, to return to Mrs. Tom and her different ways: She springs up, as she sees Mrs. Dick, with an outstretched hand and a cordial "How-de-do?" and the young man who is not her husband turns about and discloses the face of one of those Raymonds of Lizzie's detestation. Tom rises a little less alertly than Kate, great fellow that he is, and comes forward, pipe in hand. His wife slips behind her visitors, and goes to making frantic and mysterious signs to her husband. But Tom is notoriously the dullest fellow in the world to take hints, however broad, and therefore overwhelms his wife with confusion presently, by saying:

"What are you winking at me so for, Kate—is anything the matter with my clothes?"

"Stupid!" cries Kate at this, red and laughing and exasperated, as she runs up to him and seizes the great pipe that is smoking like a chimney.

And Tom, suddenly remembering, shouts out:

"Bless my soul, it's the pipe!—I always forget you don't like a pipe, Lizzie. And Kate read me a lecture not two hours ago on the subject. 'Mind,' she said, 'you put your pipe out when Lizzie comes.' And, I declare, I forgot all about it!"

Lizzie, of course, begs him not to put himself or his pipe out for her and other civil speeches follow—polite lies *de société*, which end, of course, in the pipe's banishment.

"Does tobacco make you sick, Mrs. Halliday?" asks Jack Raymond, in his pleasant, interested way, at this crisis.

"Oh, no, not at all; it is disagreeable to me, I suppose, because I don't approve of it," Lizzie an-

swers, with the air of a missionary enlightening the heathen.

Raymond looks at her a moment with a puzzled expression, as if a conundrum had been proposed, and, a moment after, he moved over to Mrs. Tom, as if he gave it up.

After this, the talk gets into divided channels, the gentlemen falling into politics, and the ladies soaring into the region of feminine high art—dress—which is the only region, Kate has been heard to declare, where Mrs. Dick doesn't carry her principles, though Mrs. Dick, without doubt, would stoutly deny this charge, and perhaps be able to prove that careless Mrs. Tom entirely mistaken. But, however it may be, the talk goes on with animation until Jack Raymond breaks up the political discussion by taking his departure. Mrs. Tom laments this going greatly, and launches forth into voluble praises of the departed as the door closes.

"Nicest fellows in the world, those Raymond boys, both of 'em," declares Tom, heartily.

"Aren't they rather—fast?" asks Mrs. Dick.

"I don't know—are they, Tom?" responds Kate—a response that shows a hardened indifference to morality, which is appalling to Mrs. Dick.

And then Tom:

"Fast! no, not what I call fast. They're bright boys, invited everywhere, and spend a good deal of money; but they're honorable, upright fellows, gentlemen always, and with a good deal of judgment to keep the balance, I should say."

"They're very nice, anyway," remarks Mrs. Tom here, with that careless optimism which distinguishes her.

"Mr. Marsh used to speak of them as fast," Mrs. Dick returns, with an air of one playing a trump card.

"Marsh!" ejaculates Tom Halliday, with great contempt. "Marsh is a prig, continually setting up his notions of propriety or morality as a standard."

"You don't know the Raymonds," interposes Mrs. Tom, pleasantly; "if you did, you'd be sure to like them." The scale of Mrs. Tom's judgment is generally a scale of more or less agreeability. Then, as if suddenly struck by a very bright thought—a suggestion which in the following out will settle the whole vexed question: "I'll invite you all round to dinner together some day; there's nothing like a social dinner for making people better acquainted."

"Thank you, I don't care to be better acquainted—I don't like men who belong to clubs," retorts Mrs. Richard, with calm decision. A very queer look passes over Tom Halliday's face.

Kate is beginning, hastily: "Why, Lizzie, how can you say so, when"—but is suddenly arrested from further speech by a warning glance from her husband. All this time Dick Halliday sits imperturbable, with the blandest expression of indifference to the whole subject upon his impassive countenance. And Mrs. Dick, who has caught neither the queer look nor the warning glance pleases herself with the thought that her last remark has told. It has, indeed, but in a different

direction from that which she so complacently suspects. Conversation flags after this, and, in the lull, the two visitors depart. Alone with her husband, Kate Halliday flings up her hands in expressive pantomime. Tom laughs.

"Well, Kate, that was what I call a pretty close shave. I never knew you blunder like that before."

"And I never knew myself blunder like that before; but the idea of her not knowing that Dick is a club-man. It did not occur to me that she was ignorant; I thought her little speech was a snap at Dick. I should think Dick would be the last person to conceal anything. I must say, Tom, it looks rather cowardly in him."

"I think any man would be just such a coward, then. He doesn't want to be preached at all the time."

"How she does nag him!" cried Kate, half laughing.

"Nag him! I should think so. Kate, if you were like that woman, I'd get a divorce."

"I've no doubt you would, sir; you haven't the easy temper of your cousin Dick. How you did fly at her about the Raymonds!"

"Fly at her! The little canting pussy-cat quoting that fool of a Marsh."

"But Lizzie is very good—really, Tom. Don't you remember how kind she was to me when I was sick, and how she nursed Dick through the varioloid last winter?"

"Yes, I remember; and I'm very much obliged to her, but if I were in Dick's place I shouldn't be; I should a great deal rather trust my chances in the next world than be nursed back to pass my life with her."

"But you're not Dick, sir."

"No—thank Heaven!"

While this talk is going on, Lizzie Halliday is quietly congratulating herself on the stand she has taken. And, as the season progresses, and she hears of dance-parties, euchre-clubs, and music-matinées, at the town-hall, with such men as the Raymonds for the principal figures, she congratulates herself still more upon her "stand." And this stand is that of avoiding all this emptiness and folly, as she calls it, and the substitution of something solid and substantial, something that is intelligent and elevating—pleasure and profit combined. In pursuance of this plan, she organizes a Shakespeare Society and a reading society. At the latter, the subject for discussion was given out at each meeting for the coming meeting, so that each person might be prepared. Tom Halliday hears of these elevating enjoyments, when the winter is nearly over, from one of the "members"—a young girl rather of his wife's proclivities, but who has been pressed into Mrs. Dick Halliday's "evenings" by an aunt who is of Mrs. Dick Halliday's mental and moral kith and kin.

"And is Dick a regular attendant at these intellectual treats?" asks Tom.

"He comes in at the latter part of the evening.



His business, he says, does not allow him the pleasure of coming earlier."

"His business?"

"Yes; Mrs. Halliday says he is very much devoted to his business;" and little Sally McClane turns up to Tom Halliday's face a very bright pair of eyes with a very keen expression in them.

"What does he do when he is there?" asks Tom.

"Do! Why, what do you suppose he does? He behaves himself like a gentleman, as he is."

"Oh! Does he read in the plays—Shakespeare, you know?" persists Tom.

"I've never heard him."

"Does he talk in that conversation-bout?"

"Well, yes, he talks a little."

"Oh, he does! What are some of the subjects, Sally?"

"The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man' are all I remember now."

"Sally, do you mean to tell me that Dick Halliday talks to those people about 'The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man'?"

"No, certainly not. I never said he talked to those people."

"Whom does he talk to, then?"

"Well, he talks—to me."

"Oh, he talks to you!"—and Tom laughs so loud (he is on the street, walking with Sally) that the passers turn and look at him. "And what are my cousin Dick's views on those abstruse subjects, Miss McClane?"

Sally laughs now, and then repeats certain witty and humorous remarks of Dick's in such good imitation of Dick Halliday's quiet manner that Tom laughs another loud laugh; and, going home, he tells Kate the whole story.

"The little cat!" cries Kate. "All the while she has been refusing our invitations, she has been engineering these headachy talks and things, and never gave us a chance at 'em! Why, Tom, she must consider us hopeless cases. But only to think of Dick there! Do you suppose, Tom, she is bringing him round to like such things?"

"Well, I should say, my dear, that there was about as much chance of bringing me round; but, lord! you never can tell what a woman will do with a man," Tom winds up, in a disgusted manner.

"And about the business, Tom, which absorbs him so?"

"I should say that was one of Dick's ways—one of his white lies. Dick, though, may enjoy himself more than we think. He has an enormous amount of humor, and the way he goes on to that little McClane girl shows that he is getting what he can out of it."

"But I wonder if that's all he has? Where do they go? We scarcely ever see them at the theatre, and never in our old set at parties."

"He's with men a good deal, I fancy. Oh, Dick'll manage to amuse himself somehow, never fear," answers Tom, carelessly.

And all the time Mrs. Dick is congratulating

herself on the success of her plans. She is curing Dick of his idle, frivolous tastes by offering him something better. His business habits, too, are improving so much. She does feel a good deal disappointed that he cannot have the benefit of her "evenings;" but "business before pleasure—that is as it should be with a rising man," is her sage little conclusion. And so in this apparently satisfactory state things go on for the rest of the winter. Mrs. Tom Halliday, coming home one day from her spring shopping, speaks her mind about this state of satisfaction:

"You never saw anything like it, Tom! That small woman thinks, I verily believe, that she has succeeded in plucking Dick, like a brand, from the burning, and has inducted him into the straight and narrow paths of virtue—to wit, the company of that fossil old set where the discussion of the pre-Adamite world is considered a great deal safer occupation than the society of the nineteenth-century man, who has to do with the world and the flesh—to say nothing of the devil. Just fancy Dick being led into such very narrow ways!"

"Some other woman ought to pay her out somehow!" exclaims Tom, viciously, as he wrestles with a new tie before the mirror.

"Hadn't I better get up a smart little flirtation with Dick for that laudable purpose?" cries Kate, laughing lightly.

And, Tom responding in his careless, jovial way, they make merry over the matter after their fashion. Only a few months later with what different emotions do they both recall these jesting words!

This is March. At the end of May, as Lizzie Halliday is riding down-town in a horse-car, one of those garrulous women, who make all the mischief in the world pretty much, accosts her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Halliday? Haven't seen you for an age to speak with you, though I've seen you driving with Mrs. Claymer lately several times, and I thought then that you might get time to return my call."

"Driving with Mrs. Claymer! You are mistaken, Mrs. Deane."

"Well, now, I declare! Do you mean to tell me that I didn't meet you last night—and, let's see, Wednesday night, too? You didn't see me, but Mr. Halliday did, and raised his hat to me."

"What! Dick?"

"Why, of course; and you had on that very peculiar gray-and-white shawl. Oh, I knew it was you, my dear, by your light hair, though you are so vain as to cover your complexion from these east winds by a blue veil. I told Louisa that I didn't know whether you meant to cut me or not."

"I'm sure I didn't see you, Mrs. Deane," answers Lizzie, with great presence of mind, though the floor of the car seems to rise before her. Fortunately, Mrs. Deane arrives at this crisis at her destination, and Lizzie is left alone to face the situation. Dick—~~her~~ husband—driving with Mrs. Claymer, and another lady, who is not his wife, despite the gray-and-white-striped shawl!

Mrs. Claymer is a fashionable woman, with a background of family and a prestige of wealth. She was one of Dick Halliday's bachelor acquaintances, and had exchanged calls once with his wife. Lizzie always speaks of her as "that very worldly Mrs. Claymer."

But the other person in the gray-and-white striped shawl?

Going on and on in the car, Lizzie puzzles over this enigma in a little fire and fury of jealousy and mortification.

"What can it mean? Who can it be?" she queries.

All at once her mind clears. *Kate Halliday has the duplicate to her gray-and-white-striped shawl; has, too, light curling hair like her own!* That Kate, a few months back, did not know Mrs. Claymer, was nothing; Kate was always making new acquaintances. With this conclusion, which to Lizzie is a revelation, everything in the past seems to come back to her with a new meaning. She recalls all Dick's admiration of Kate. She recalls, too, the business-engagements which this recreant has pleaded for the last six months. And, as hour by hour goes by, as in the solitude of her own room she goes into every detail of the case, the dumb pain and confusion that at first assailed her give place to indignation and a desire to take swift reprisals.

While this turbulent caldron of trouble is brewing at the Dick Hallidays, at the Tom Hallidays the state of the atmosphere seems to be in its usual serene condition. Mrs. Tom, tired of her new novel, has dropped it in her accustomed careless fashion upon the floor, and stands at the window singing a little air, and waiting for Tom to come in to dinner; and, waiting for Tom, she sees Cousin Dick going by. It is a warm night in the latter part of May, and the window at which she stands is wide open. Dick stops a moment to chat.

"You'd better come in," urges Kate; "we shall dine in two minutes—and *such* a salad! I made it myself."

Dick laughs, confesses the salad is a great temptation, but declines. At that point Tom comes swinging round the corner.

"Ah, there you are!" cries Mrs. Kate; "and here is Dick dying to taste my salad. Make him come in, Tom; he hasn't been here for an age."

Dick, beginning to yield, says something about going home.

"But it isn't your dinner-hour, and half an hour later will do as well," urges Tom, who also vows it is an age since Dick has crossed their threshold.

The result is foreseen. Dick weakly yields, and enters the house, while his host innocently and trustingly gives him over to Mrs. Kate, and limps upstairs to relieve himself of a pair of tight boots.

It is at this moment that the servant ushers in another visitor.

"Such a bother!" begins Kate; "the soup will be spoiled." But the next moment she recognizes this visitor.

"Lizzie! How fortunate! Here we have just

beguiled Dick in to eat a most wonderful salad of my making, and you're just in time to join us. It's an age since either of you have been here. Now, you needn't say a word. You're going to take off your bonnet and stay;" and, on hospitable thought intent, Mrs. Tom steps forward to assist in the removal of the bonnet. But Lizzie Halliday's hand, Lizzie Halliday's voice, arrest this hospitality at once.

Kate looks at her with an expression of puzzled astonishment. What is that she is saying about Mrs. Claymer and a striped shawl? And who is it that has been a treacherous friend? From the wife Kate glances to the husband. She is startled at the change in Dick Halliday's placid face. The eyes that naturally droop a little on ordinary occasions are wide open enough now, and the pleasant-tempered, handsome mouth has got a straight, hard line in lieu of its usual smiling curves; and on his cheeks there is a spot of red that seems to concentrate and make more vivid the fire of the eye, and to emphasize the compression of the mouth. There is a little pause as Lizzie Halliday concludes her rash speech; and then, in a particularly quiet, low-toned voice, Dick Halliday makes answer:

"You are laboring under a mistake, Mrs. Halliday. The lady with whom I have been seen driving recently was not Kate, whatever may have been the resemblances. It was Mrs. Draysel, Mrs. Claymer's sister."

"Dick!" A tone of horror is in Lizzie Halliday's voice, a white dismay in her face.

"We will not discuss the matter here, if you please," he continues. "We have already to beg Kate's pardon for what has occurred, and after that I think we had better go."

When Tom comes down, a moment later, he finds to his amazement his wife alone and in hysterical tears. The salad waits, the soup gets stone-cold, while Kate recounts what has just taken place. At first Tom is furious at the insult to his wife; but, when Kate comes to the end, when she says, "Who is Mrs. Draysel, Tom; and why did Lizzie look so horror-struck at the mention of her name?" his brow relents, and he exclaims:

"Good Heaven! she has got paid out. Do you remember Lizzie's brother George?"

"What! 'handsome George,' as we used to call him? Of course I do."

"Well, it was Mrs. Draysel and her husband who led him to his ruin. Jordan Draysel, after ruining himself, took to ruining other men for a living. His wife acts the part of the alluring spider—"Will you walk into my parlor," etc. And, as she is the original siren, there is generally no lack of victims at the little four-in-hand games in her drawing-room—games which she would innocently tell you were 'Jordan's euchre-parties.' The only woman who believes in her is her sister, Mrs. Claymer; and it is the Claymer respectability that keeps the Draysels on the surface of society. They have been abroad for several years, and now are back, I suppose, at their old business."

"And, in trying to keep Dick from our mild dis-

sipations, which have always come under the most rigid law of respectability, Lizzie has driven him into that trap!" cries Kate, a little spitefully. And presently, after a little pause: "Tom, I want to apologize to somebody for my injustice to Dick. I called him a coward once. I take it all back. I think his courage is positively chivalrous. Most men would have lied it out; vowed it was some Mrs. Smith or Jones or other, and left me to suffer from the lie; for Lizzie would have believed nothing less than this. She *knew* that this was truth."

"Yes, she knew that, from such an ease-loving fellow as Dick. But it's pretty hard on Lizzie. She's to be pitied, I must say."

"She?" Kate cries, with sudden, angry heat. "Well, I don't know; I pity Dick; for Lizzie, I believe it serves her right!"

Tom looks into the flushed face and laughs.

"Oh, you women, you women!" is his bantering comment.

"But to insult *me*, Tom, with such suspicions!"

"I know, Kate, but she is such a little fool; and she's awfully hard hit now."

Kate muses a moment; and then, with renewed energy: "Tom, she'll get the best of it yet. She'll come off in flying colors somehow before the year is out. You'll see!"

Before the year is out, it is no secret in society that Mrs. Dick Halliday is an injured and long-suffering woman. She is generally spoken of as "that poor little Mrs. Halliday." "Did everything, you know, for that worthless fellow—tried to reform him and elevate him in all possible ways, and now sacrifices herself to him, bears everything with such patience, is such a devoted wife," etc., etc., etc.

There is a handful of people, Dick's few special friends, who make a different judgment. But what are these to the great multitude who applaud Lizzie Halliday as she goes about with that *resigned face* "which tells its own story, you know," who crown her as a model wife, while they turn their backs upon "that worthless fellow" who has blighted her life!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is not surprising to find the recent calamity at the Brooklyn Theatre seized upon by the pulpit and the religious press as an occasion for arguments against dramatic amusements. As a rule, the utterance upon the subject has been more just and moderate than it would have been half a century ago. There have been so many disasters in churches, and at other gatherings the innocence of which no one disputes, that it was clear the interpretation of the Brooklyn calamity as an expression of Divine reprobation of theatre-going would be too transparently illogical and presumptuous. But none the less the sad event has afforded good opportunity for questioning the usefulness and the moral influence of the stage. It seems to us that many of the arguments against the theatre are rendered effective by the erroneous attitude of its defenders. Is it not obvious that dramatic entertainments cannot be explained nor excused on the ground or within the domain of morals? If the purpose of the theatre is to inculcate ethics, then, as one writer cogently says, it is far too expensive and cumbersome a device for the end in view. The church, the Sunday-school, the printing-press, the lecture-platform, can each accomplish much more in the direction of morals with far less expenditure of force. The mission of the theatre seems to us to be of another nature altogether. It is an art the influences of which are limited to the sphere of aesthetics, and its defenders might claim that there is no more reason why the drama should be expected to inculcate moral lessons than that painting, or sculpture, or poetry, or music, or decorative art, should be required to do so. Acting appeals almost exclusively to the imagination and the sensibilities: it embodies painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and epic action, and it may be affirmed that it has no mission to

transcend as a whole that which any of its parts were created to fulfill. Of course, in a certain sense all things are within the sphere of ethics, having directly or indirectly a harmful or a wholesome influence. Beauty itself, which it is the great purpose of art to illustrate, has in some of its presentations ennobling purity, and in others the stain of human passion. But, just as man may feel delight in a well-painted landscape, or in a finely-carved group of sculpture, or in some thrilling story of human life told upon canvas, or in the melodious numbers of the poet, or in the forms and tints of porcelain, so may the stage rightfully entertain him solely on this aesthetic side of his nature. The drama, in justice, should stand or fall with all the other arts. If it is wrong in the theatre to captivate the senses with splendor of color and beauty of form, if it is hurtful there to stir the emotions and thrill the imagination, then it is wrong and hurtful to do these things in the passionate lines of the poet, the glowing colors of the painter, or the glorious forms of the sculptor. It would really seem as if the only consistent people on this question are the Quakers, who exclude music and color from their places of worship and their domiciles, studiously resisting everything that charms or allures the senses. Their ground is the only tenable ground. If it is conceded at all that imaginative art in any form has a right to exist—if, in this world of temptation, sin, and human frailty, it is right to indulge the imagination with pictures of beauty and ideals of life—then assuredly the drama has every justification for its being that each of its sister arts has.

But it has been said that the stage is peculiarly pernicious, that no other art is so gross and harmful in its influences. The friends of the theatre must admit that

the stage is sometimes evil, but can justly affirm that the drama is the only outcome of imaginative genius that is persistently judged by its worst rather than by its best achievements and influences. No one thinks of denouncing poetry because there have been licentious poets. Painting has never been condemned because it has given the world many sensuous and pagan productions. It is not usual to put music under ban because of Bacchanalian songs and Offenbach airs. If literature were judged solely by the number of vile and wicked books that have been produced, public sentiment might well demand the breaking up of the printing-press, and the consignment of letters to a place among the lost arts. Now, it is only just to ask that the theatre be judged with the fairness and discretion shown toward other human performances. In estimating the theatre, the "Black Crook" and French plays—which are always assumed in advance to be black sheep—come up on every occasion for illustration. The thousand admirable dramas, the innumerable pure and delightful productions with which art and genius have adorned the stage, are usually wholly ignored. And why do we hear so much of the immoral French stage, but so little of sensuous French painting? How is it that, in everything else but the theatre, people select the best for enjoyment and praise, and consign the bad to neglect? Good romances are read by scrupulous people, who cautiously select those that are pure in tone. As these people do not banish from their houses the entire world of fiction because of some bad examples, nor deny themselves the pleasure of reading Tennyson because Swinburne is improper, they have no moral right to subject the theatre to a test to which nothing else of the kind is brought, and which nothing else of the kind could successfully stand.

There is much that is strange in the history of the stage. Bitterly as it has been condemned, evil as it is supposed to be, it has yet given to the world some of the highest and most exquisite creations known to art—the most perfect ideals of womanhood, the noblest portraits of men, the sweetest idyls of love, the best types of heroism. What strange and subtle quality is there in an art which, under obloquy and evil, blossoms into so many beautiful forms? The masses who attend the theatre are often rude enough, and one wonders how the rough assemblages at the old Blackfriars Theatre could ever have prompted the creation or enjoyed the portraiture of *Rosalind*, *Miranda*, *Imogen*, and others of those delightful Shakespearean women. However it has come about, the stage in this particular is unique: the most persistently condemned and deplored of every imaginative art, it has taken a foremost place in the creation of beauty, and has given to mankind a group of men and women that the world could almost less afford to lose than anything else art or imagination has endowed it with.

WHENEVER we are all ready to admit frankly our full responsibility to those around us in all our comings, goings, and dealings, we shall be less disposed than

we are now to attribute the consequences that spring from our mistakes to the mysterious thing called fatality. The human race has occupied the world long enough to have learned the conditions that surround it, the phenomena of the forces of Nature, and the inevitable consequences that follow certain causes. It knows, for instance, the materials that are combustible, the force and destructive character of fire, and the circumstances that either modify or intensify it; it knows from long experience and many calamities in what way danger arises from this element, how it operates, what precautions should be taken against it, under what circumstances it is certain to become most formidable and dangerous. The race is in possession of every fact necessary to a perfect knowledge of the subject. There is here no uncertainty, no lack of experience and observation, nothing that the average intellect does not know and cannot master. As we are thus in possession of all the conditions of fire, how is it that we permit ourselves to be so frequently defeated by it? It is a very singular obtuseness which believes that casualties among men are not in an immense majority of cases preventable. It is as certain as day that, having the knowledge of the conditions out of which accidents and calamities arise, we have only to make use of this knowledge in order to prevent them. It clearly cannot be denied that we have the knowledge; what we really lack is forethought—such a pre-apprehension of a danger as will lead to an adequate preparation for it. This preparation can be so thorough as in almost every conceivable case to avert the threatened calamity. The sea has its innumerable dangers: but when the ship is really staunch and strong; when it is thoroughly and adequately equipped; when it is well manned and well officered; when it is navigated with suitable caution and experience—when all these conditions are supplied, it is, we venture to assert, *certain* to reach its port of destination. This, we are well aware, is unpopular doctrine. It is more agreeable to shift responsibility to Fate, or Providence, or the elements, or to any cause that is mysterious and remote. Yet is it not evident that effect has exact relation to cause? If every ship in all its details were subjected to examination by a keen and instructed observer, he would be enabled to place his finger on the point—either in the ship itself, its equipment, its officers, or its discipline—where, in case of great stress of weather, mischance would come.

Of course, the truth here asserted is partially recognized by every one, but only partially, and in some minds very vaguely. Unknown causes, unlikely and unprecedented combinations of causes, unpreventable contingencies, the interposition of a mysterious will—these are supposed to more or less modify the preparations and paralyze the forethought of men. Now, what we wish to affirm is the belief that they do not—that man has sufficient knowledge of the operations of Nature, sufficient mastery of the conditions that surround him, to secure, if he will but use his knowledge, a very general immunity from what is called accident. We can be masters of our fate much more generally than we are, if



we do but resolve to be so. It is simply monstrous that two railway-trains should be dashed into each other, that a bridge should give way under the weight of its traffic, that a theatre or a church be so constructed or so managed that its visitors fall victims to fire or falling floors. It has been predicted thousands of times that in case of a fire in any of our theatres or public assembly-rooms it would be impossible for the people gathered therein to escape: yet with every fact known, with complete knowledge of the inflammable nature of stage-scenery, of the panic that always takes possession of a crowd in an alarm, of the necessity of ample precautions against fire, and of ample means to release an audience when in a fright—with all this foreknowledge existing, we have seen it in a recent case wholly neglected, and, as a consequence, a disaster of the most appalling magnitude. We may be sure that knowledge and forethought are factors that, if rightly used, will do away with thousands of the calamities that work so much disaster upon the world. They cannot do away with earthquakes nor tidal waves (they can, however, do much to avert the consequences of even these), but they are competent to deal with all or nearly all the other dangers that beset us; and it is quite time this fact should be acknowledged and acted upon.

How or when Mr. Anthony Trollope finds time to elaborate didactic lectures, is rather mysterious to those who, as they lay down what they suppose to be his last novel, have their breath taken away by the appearance of a yet later product of his brain. He is one of those writers, whom other and more painfully working authors may well envy, who go serenely on from year to year steadily spinning and weaving fancies of mild narrative, and who, in the course of a busy life, create a "library of fiction" which fills a moderate-sized bookcase. Yet Mr. Trollope does occasionally come out of his hive to say something in public. The something is always said pleasantly, and gracefully, and mildly, just as his books are written; he is never epigrammatic, much less dramatic.

His latest public appearance was as a lecturer before the School of Art, in East London, where he addressed a company of young men, who work hard for a living, on the rather hackneyed subject of reading. He took, indeed, a phase of this subject which is not only one on which he might be expected to talk *con amore*, but which is less insisted upon, perhaps, than it should be. Leaving it to Lord Bacon to show the vast benefits arising from reading as a means of acquiring useful knowledge, and aiming at a less ambitious end than to show his hearers how, by reading, they might become "full men," the genial novelist spoke of the benefit to be derived from books, merely considered as a means of recreation. Mr. Trollope was too modest to say, "Why not, instead of passing your evenings in dance-halls and public houses, or even in second-class theatres and variety-shows—why not stay at home and regale yourselves with the gentle pleasures to be derived from following the fortunes of 'Phineas Finn,' and the vagaries of 'Lady

Eustace?'" But he did evidently mean to persuade the assembled cockneys that the reading of healthy fiction—and what could be more so than the works of Mr. Trollope?—was a taste not only easily acquired, but one which would grow and become permanent, and was in itself good and beneficial. Reading as a recreation, he is sure, has only to be tried to be appreciated.

But it is not, after all, a very common talent, this of being able to read with real pleasure. The average hard-worked and only ordinarily educated young man finds it a by no means easy task to sit down by his fireside and take a book and become absorbed in it through a long winter's evening; or, if he does, the book itself is too often of a sort that he had best leave alone. In an age "when boys find 'Ivanhoe' tedious, and girls fall asleep over 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,'" when the press groans with garishly-painted pictures of startling crimes and heroic monstrosities, the wearied young mechanic and dress-maker are fain, if they must read, to resort to too highly-spiced productions as a substitute for the excitements which they know are at their command out-of-doors. If the reading of this class could be supplied from the harmless shelves whereon the long rows of Mr. Trollope's works, and those of authors as gracefully innocent, are arranged, the result would no doubt be excellent. But the "blood-and-thunder" novel, which is to be found in the public libraries as well as at the cheap book-stalls, is certainly as bad in its effects as many of the popular recreations of other kinds.

The class which Mr. Trollope addressed sadly needs the advice of persons whom it respects to point out what to read and how to read; for there are thousands who really wish to read, and do not simply because they are ignorant where to begin or what to choose. The vastness of the book-world puzzles the scholar, him who lives within its circle; no wonder the man and woman who are absorbed in bread-getting find it a maze in which it is hard to strike upon a path which leads from or to anywhere. They do not even know that there are books that tell about books; catalogues are only a hopeless enigma. If there were somebody to tell them that in Scott and Dickens there are scenes as soul-moving, that in Trollope and Howells there are situations as interesting, and that in all there are a tone and style far more robust and refined than in the lurid fictions they now so eagerly devour, a short distance, at least, would be cleared before them, which would lead to longer paths in the right direction. This Mr. Trollope has sought to do in his lecture, and in so far he has done a good thing. If, at the same time, he has been inferentially recommending his own works, we need not accuse him of self-advertising, but may take it for granted that he really believes they are better—as they are—than the tawdry romances now read, or the dissipations in which toiling humanity so often strives to banish dull care.

We are told that "savagism in civilization" still survives among us in a more or less latent state, breaking out now and then when provoked by occasion, but

usually hiding itself beneath the proprieties. That this savagism is not wholly untamable, however, may be seen in the instance of a certain once-famous Thomas—usually called "Tom"—King, who, having won his laurels as a prize-fighter, has become a professional cultivator and vender of those emblems of peace and love, flowers and shrubs. Upon him the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of pugilistic war have palled, and he finds a compensation, for the fierce joy of victory in the ring, in the chaste delights of hot-house gardening and the scientific grafting of choice fruits. Nor is Mr. Thomas King the only example, in the history of pugilism, of a Cincinnatus-like retirement from the belt-championship to honest and thrifty labors. There was a Mr. Gully, who, after pummeling the knottiest "bruisers" of his generation into so many lumps of black-and-blue jelly, threw aside his belt, put on a respectable suit of blue coat, buff breeches, and top-boots, and walked with all meekness and modesty into the British House of Commons, where he magnanimously refrained from striking out at any honorable gentleman who charged him with "prevaricating," and never once was "named" for disorderly conduct from the chair. We do not forget, either, what a model Congressman, in the matter of judicious silence and entire propriety of conduct, the late Mike Walsh made—he, who was once the terror of ambitious but less muscular professors of the manly art; while in Mr. John Morrissey, who has not only been in Congress, but has aspired to be a sort of republican Warwick, or President-maker, we have another instance of physical prowess lying fallow for his country's good.

On the whole, however, Mr. King's change of life is the most notable; for to pass from the prize-ring into a legislature is only to change the mode of battle, since in the one place, as in the other, the spirit of pugnacity is kept aflame. Mr. King renounces all conflict, except that gentle and commendable sort which arises from competing bulbs, and the endeavor to win the rewards of horticultural virtue. There is something of pastoral beauty, of idyllic romance, in the strong man who is content to thus exhaust his muscles on "cut-blooms," the trailing of choice parasites, and the fond manipulation of lordly rhododendrons; who has so far subdued the old Adam as to glance down the columns of sporting newspapers with a serene smile, and turn with relief to the agricultural reports which sound his bucolic triumphs.

Yet, as we read this delectable story of Thomas King, a paragraph meets the eye, containing the announcement of a gentleman that he is "an artist who paints black eyes." New vocations are constantly being invented, as the competition of crowded countries becomes more sharp and bitter; but this is a little puzzling. Does he mean the commonplace trade of decorating the female eyebrow? Evidently not; if the truth must be told, this enterprising person proposes to restore eyes that have become black-and-blue to an artificially natural color. "When a lady or gentleman," he says, "has been so unfortunate as to suffer from discoloration of the

visual organs, caused either by the percussion of the cork of a soda-bottle, or by the unkindly contact of the human fist," he is prepared to satisfy the vanity and conceal the cause of the patient's humiliation, by the short and simple process of skillful pictorial art. From this it would appear that all the "bruisers" have not vanished with Thomas King, but that the "savagism in civilization" which he so notably exemplified is still now and then sufficiently rampant to give an "artist who paints black eyes" a livelihood.

NOBODY undertakes to write about the Frenchman without speaking of him as "volatile." This trait was discovered at least as long ago as Agincourt, and has been harped upon by every tourist, whether prince, envoy, cockney, or nabob of Oilopolis, ever since. Yet this volatility of the French, which seems to have developed more and more with the lapse of time, on the Darwinian principle of natural selection, is something ever novel and full of surprises; and at each fresh exhibition of it we cannot but smile, and repeat to ourselves what an odd freak of Nature this sprightly and sparkling people is. How easily is the Parisian public mind turned from grave to frivolous subjects; how readily they will set aside a real peril to chatter about trifles; what whiff of gossip, what breeze of sensation is there that cannot divert the whole current of public thought there from one channel to another!

An amusing instance of this recently took place. All the French world were fuming and fretting over a "ministerial crisis;" besides, there was the heavy shadow of the Eastern nightmare brooding over Europe, and casting somewhat of gloom, at least, over France. Yet one morning Paris woke to hear a bit of news which completely drove Dufaure and Gambetta, czar, sultan, and Bosphorus, completely out of its head. Some fanatic—or wag—had stolen into the Luxembourg, and had cut out the eye of Napoleon III., as represented in one of Meissonier's charming pictures. What hubbub and scandal there was on the boulevards, in the *salons*, and *cercles*, and Bonapartist clubs, in consequence! People wondered whether Louis Blanc, or some other radical, in anti-Bonapartist frenzy, had not committed the sacrilege; others conjectured that it might be a deep Bonapartist plot to enlist sympathy. At least, there is the emperor, without his eye; and Meissonier's picture, irremediably mutilated; and Paris becomes a seething vat of bubbling curiosity and boiling talk.

We are reminded of several similar instances of the ease with which the French mind hastens to change the subject of the excitement which is evidently necessary to it. Just before Sadowa, when it seemed to depend on the toss of a sou-piece whether France should fight with Austria against Prussia or not, the whole situation was forgotten when it was learned that a man had chipped the nose off the statue representing "Lille" in the Place de la Concorde. Everybody talked about it in high indignation; and the next moment fell to laughing, when the man pleaded, in his defense, that "Lille" bore an ex-

asperating resemblance to his wife, from whom he was divorced. The Parisians even forgot the agitations which so seriously threatened the empire in its later days, on being provided with a subject to gesticulate and gossip about by a crazy fellow who threw a bottleful of ink over one of Carpeaux's statue-groups in front of the new Opera. "Il faut s'amuser;" and the French are happy in being able to amuse themselves on such slight material in the midst of dark days and lowering dangers.

It would really seem as if some of our ideas of value—of what is real and sustained, and what transitory and unsubstantial—needed a little revision. The world has embodied its estimate of permanence by classifying all lands and tenements as "real" estate; but recently a number of circumstances have shown that, instead of this kind of property being specially entitled to this designation, it rather belongs to effects that "solid" men have been apt to look upon as little more than "airy nothings." That the fancies and pigments of a painter, the conceptions that grow into form and color in the studios of impractical dreamers, should have steadfastness in their market value at the very time when stocks are collapsing, merchandise falling in price, and houses and lands are almost unsalable, is something to make men of substance to open their eyes. We have not even fully described the conditions when we say that paintings are steadfast; they are far more—they increase in price when other things are shrinking; they maintain, in face of unusual financial depression and business uncertainty, a

value that has little relation to their real cost. Of course, this is only true of paintings of genuine worth. It must be remembered, however, that the value or price of this excellence is almost wholly one of mental estimate—it is, so far as cost of labor or cost of material is concerned, very nearly fictitious; it is simply what men agree to value a production the sole purpose of which is to excite pleasurable sensations in him who looks upon it. The surprise is, that this purely mental estimate, this mere idea of value, should have more weight and permanence than things in themselves substantial and necessary. At Goupil's Gallery, in New York, there has been recently exhibited a painting of a Paris flower-market, by Firmin-Girard, which is declared to have been sold for nearly twenty-three thousand dollars. The newspapers have reported the large prices that many of the pictures brought at the great sale of Mr. Taylor Johnston's collection in December last. Among the most noteworthy was twelve thousand five hundred dollars for Church's well-known "Niagara," which was, we believe, some four or five times the price originally paid for it. These instances, occurring in these dark times, and in face of all our political apprehensions, are full of strange matter for reflection; they evince the power of ideas, and show how potent a thing imagination is, even in the world of dollars and cents. They force us to revise some of our ideas of what is substantial, and fairly make us wonder whether the palace of Aladdin is not more "real," as a value, than the corner-lots we have hitherto rested so confidently in.

## New Books.

WITH only one volume of what promises to be an elaborate work before us, it would be premature, perhaps, to record a definitive judgment upon the merits of Mr. Van Laun's "History of French Literature;"<sup>1</sup> but in this first volume are laid down the principles which will direct the author in his work, and, to a great extent, the method in which he will apply them to the actual literary annals, so that we shall probably not go very far astray in speaking of its character and quality with some confidence. Mr. Van Laun is chiefly known as the translator of Taine's "History of English Literature," and has confessedly undertaken to do for Englishmen, in regard to French literature, what Taine did for Frenchmen in regard to English literature. For this reason it is natural to institute a comparison between the two works, or rather, as Mr. Van Laun's work is incomplete, between the two writers. It becomes evident, in the Introduction in which Mr. Van Laun elucidates the plan of his history, that he substantially accepts Taine's critical method—that is, he considers an author and his work not as an isolated phenomenon, but as the natural outcome of "the three primordial forces of race, epoch, and surroundings"—but he accepts it, not as a disciple, but as one who sees the many qualifications with which it must be hedged in, and the danger in particular that too rigid an adherence

to the formula may betray us into a superficial and incomplete estimate of men and things. He thinks that, under cover of this too narrow formula, Taine has taken too little account of innate individual genius; that he "has valued too cheaply the paramount influence which the political, perhaps also the social, history of a generation exerts upon an author and his works;" and that "he has passed too lightly over the immeasurable reflex influence which literary productions have upon political and social history."

That Mr. Van Laun has here touched upon a real defect of Taine's method will be admitted, we think, by all who have attentively studied the otherwise admirable "History of English Literature;" and one of the characteristic excellences of Mr. Van Laun's own work is that he makes this reciprocal relationship between history and literature too prominent to be overlooked or ignored. His book might be almost as accurately described by calling it a literary history of France as by calling it a history of French literature. The reader will obtain from this first volume a far clearer idea of the origin of the French people, of the successive barbaric migrations which resulted in such a mixture of races in the population, of the circumstances and effects of the Roman conquest, and of the process by which a rude confederacy of tribes was crystallized into the French monarchy of the middle ages, than can be obtained from most of the professed histories; and he will also get an altogether new conception of the fact that the literature of a country is in a

<sup>1</sup> History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vol. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 342.

genuine and very important sense the history of that country; and, conversely, that the literature of a nation is the spontaneous product of the national soil and the national history. The songs of the Troubadours and the Trouvères, so difficult to understand if dissociated from the events of the times, are furnished by Mr. Van Laun with the necessary historical background; and we are enabled to realize, as never before, how Rabelais, and Montaigne, and De l'Hôpital, and Calvin, were but different expressions in France of that great movement of the Renaissance which gave birth to the modern world.

The present volume leaves us at the end of the Renaissance period. Of course, the greatest difficulties of the author's task are yet to be faced, but he has already afforded evidence that he will give us a most useful and instructive if not altogether satisfactory work. Far inferior to Taine as a literary artist, and with less plausibility of method and brilliancy of style, Mr. Van Laun yet impresses one as having an equal mastery of his materials, a sounder judgment, and a wider grasp of the philosophy of literature.

THAT John Locke, one of the greatest names in the literary annals of England, should have gone to our day without any adequate biography, is surely a surprising fact, but he is fortunate in finding even at this late date so excellent a biographer as Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne.<sup>1</sup> Only those perhaps who are in some sense disciples of the author of "An Essay concerning Human Understanding"—and he is the father of the modern utilitarian school of philosophy—and who may, consequently, be expected to feel interested in the most minute and apparently trivial details of his life, will care to read everything contained in Mr. Fox Bourne's two bulky volumes; yet, in spite of its over-elaboration, there are few biographies in the English language more interesting on the intellectual side, and fewer still so morally wholesome and bracing. Locke was even greater as a man than as a writer, and doubtless Mr. Fox Bourne enables us to see the full proportions of his character far more clearly than he revealed himself to any of his contemporaries. We learn for the first time why he, who apparently led a life of leisure and study, produced so little as an author—the reason being partly that he took infinite pains with everything that he intended to commit to print, but chiefly because, as the intimate friend and associate of several of the leading statesmen of the time, he was more or less constantly engaged in public affairs. We learn also the methods which he pursued in the preparation of his famous "Essay," and the various influences which contributed to give that work the shape that it now bears.

Besides the meagre materials hitherto published, Mr. Fox Bourne has brought to light an immense amount of new matter, of which he makes liberal use. The "Shaftesbury Papers," the State Papers in the Public Record Office, the manuscript collections of the British Museum, Bodleian Library, and Lambeth Library, and the Remonstrants' Library at Amsterdam, have all yielded up new and valuable treasures; and by them, in addition to their independent worth, altogether new light is thrown on most of the information that is not actually new. The characteristic of Mr. Fox Bourne's work is thoroughness. The style is lacking in animation, and he has probably disdained the attempt to render it popular, but it is admirably lucid, and a perusal of the volumes will furnish the average reader with all he cares to know of either Locke or his writings.

<sup>1</sup> The Life of John Locke. By H. R. Fox Bourne. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 488, 574.

If we have appreciated correctly the somewhat obscure design of Mr. St. George Mivart's "Contemporary Evolution,"<sup>1</sup> it is to discredit the modern interest in and enthusiasm for the discoveries of physical science on the ground that they are simply a revival of the old pantheistic Nature-worship, and that the most trusted exponents of contemporary thought in the fields of metaphysics and philosophy are leading the race back to that Paganism which Christianity for a time dispossessed, but has never succeeded in destroying. It is hardly to be believed, of course, that Mr. Mivart can seriously pretend to have discovered any real analogy between a vague sentiment engendered by man's ignorance of physical laws, and that hostility to speculative and sentimental creeds generated by a patient examination into the constitution and course of Nature; but his present work—unlike his previous ones, which have maintained at least a quasi-scientific character—is addressed chiefly to "the faithful," and with them it will be almost as effective to inspire them with the idea that scientific men are pagans and pantheists as it has long been in the theological world to stigmatize a doubter as an atheist. For the rest, there are several chapters purporting, with much display of argumentative ingenuity, to show that all things in the contemporary world of politics, science, and philosophy, are tending to bring about the speedy and final triumph of Roman Catholicism; but, to the secular mind, the most interesting feature of the book is the reiterated proof which it affords of the essential, ineradicable antagonism of "the Church" to modern civilization. Adroit and able as Mr. Mivart is in tempering his theology to the latitude of Britain, he makes no attempt to disguise the fact that he looks upon what Hallam calls "the long night of the middle ages" as the culminating period in the history of mankind, and that his faith in the beneficence of the social evolution now in progress is based upon the expectation that it will result in the reestablishment, in a slightly-modified form, of the mediæval theocracy. The past four centuries, in his view, have been simply a great pagan Renaissance, whose cycle will soon round to its close by conducting vagrant mankind back into the Papal fold; Science having voluntarily surrendered its weapons, and Herbert Spencer and the rest of the "Sensist school" having been brought, by the manifest impotence of their own speculations, to accept the traditions of the Scholastic Philosophy from the hands of the Jesuits!

It may seem ungracious to say it, but there can be no doubt that the reputation of "Deirdre"<sup>2</sup> was injured by the amount of preliminary puffing that heralded its advent. Some of us were led thereby to expect something that would dispossess Tennyson, Longfellow, and the other favorites of two worlds; others, more cynical or more experienced, were prejudiced against it before it came into their hands; and all were misled as to the real character of the work. "Deirdre" is very far indeed from being "the greatest poem of our time;" but, in spite of a too obvious imitation of William Morris, it is a very strong, interesting, and striking piece of work, especially when we consider that it is the author's first performance. It is a purely narrative poem, purporting to be of the olden time when Ireland was under the sway of numerous local kings, and having for its theme or "argument" the life, adventures, and death, of a

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary Evolution. An Essay on Some Recent Social Changes. By St. George Mivart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 354.

<sup>2</sup> No-Name Series. Deirdre. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 362.



woman who was so bewitchingly fair that, as one of the characters says—

".... No eye

Could look on her unmoved to win or die.

'And whereso'er,' he said, 'they wandering go,  
War's fires shall burn, and valiant blood shall flow,  
For love of her bright eyes and beauty rare!'"

The subject is somewhat similar to that treated of by William Morris in his "Lovers of Gudrun," but in this case the woman is as good as she is fair, and much of the genuine pathos of the story arises from the hold which she secures upon the reader's respect and affections.

The fact that "Deirdre" is so palpably inspired by certain of the work of William Morris must necessarily influence the critic's estimate of its merits; but it is only fair to say that in several respects the author has improved upon his model. He is more purely objective and natural in his treatment, his local color (both of time and place) is more truthful and effective, and he is free from that introspective self-consciousness which, in spite of the studied archaism of its language, renders "The Earthly Paradise" one of the most characteristically modern of poems. As to style, not a few will prefer the vigor and picturesque vividness of "Deirdre" to Morris's exquisite but somewhat monotonous cadences.

Two other volumes of poetry<sup>1</sup> we discuss together partly for convenience and partly because they serve as a sort of foil for each other's merits. "Flower and Thorn" is a collection of Mr. Aldrich's later poetical work, including three poems of considerable length and about threescore shorter ones; and nearly all of them possess the characteristic qualities of his verse—delicate play of fancy, and exquisite finish and precision of language. Mr. Aldrich has heard more subtle tones than any other American poet, and not even Tennyson has a keener feeling for the artistic side of verse. No doubt many of his words and epithets and phrases are happy inspirations, but it is impossible to read even the simplest of his poems without seeing that, aside from the idea or sentiment which it embodies, infinite pains have been bestowed upon the mere expression, and that a faulty metre or an inharmonious syllable would shock the author's ear like a false note in music. Another prominent characteristic of Mr. Aldrich's verse is its compression. The material which most poets, and especially young poets, would expand into an ode he puts into a stanza, and what would serve them for a lyric he compresses into a quatrain. Some of the quatrains in this volume, indeed, are marvels of forceful and concise expression—they scintillate with thought as a jewel of many facets with the light.

Mrs. Piatt, as a poet, belongs to quite a different school. With her, the thought is everything, and the expression a matter of minor importance. Provided her metre is fairly correct, and her rhymes not too halting, and her similes tolerably apt, she is content, and evidently gives her attention to *what* she sings rather than to *how* she sings. And doubtless it is in the vigor and intensity of her conceptions that her poetical power lies. When an idea or an emotion possesses her, it possesses her wholly, and the expression which she gives it, if somewhat crude and rugged, is almost certain to strike deep into the consciousness of the reader. It is impossible, for example, to read without genuine pain the poems

in the present volume which are grouped under the general title of "That New World." They consist of reflections upon the problems of death and futurity, and were inspired apparently by a personal loss on the part of the author, to whom are denied the consolations alike of religion and of Nature, and whose anguish finds utterance in the language of that passionate despair which is apt to be engendered in strong minds by the first onset of a great grief. The truthfulness of the utterance in this instance and its power are indicated by the shock which it imparts to the reader's mind and by the manner in which it stirs his own emotions. Of the other poems in the collection there are few that exhibit any very striking qualities; but here is a little gem, of which the idea might have been furnished by Mrs. Piatt and the language by Mr. Aldrich:

"MAKING PEACE.

"After this feud of yours and mine  
The sun will shine;  
After we both forget, forget,  
The sun will set.

"I pray you think how warm and sweet  
The heart can beat;  
I pray you think how soon the rose  
From grave-dust grows."

Those who are familiar with Rhoda Broughton's previous novels will have a fair conception of the character and quality of "Joan"<sup>2</sup> when we say that it is as interesting, as piquant, and as vivacious as any that has preceded it, and perhaps a trifle more audacious. The author has contented herself with a somewhat commonplace plot and hackneyed situations and incidents, but the method of treatment is fresh if not original, and the style has all her customary vigor, rapidity, and archness. The society to which the novel introduces us can hardly be called agreeable, even when it is composed of people who have "ancestors;" but Joan is the most pleasing of all Miss Broughton's heroines, and compensates in a measure for the aggressive vulgarity of her relatives. She escapes being a prude without becoming a hoyden—a distinction which the author has not always been so successful in maintaining—and the sustained power with which she is drawn shows that, however disposed as a general thing to accentuate the eccentricities of her sex, Miss Broughton is able both to conceive and to depict "a most womanly woman." The audacity which we have mentioned as one characteristic of the book is exhibited not in the covert innuendoes, veiled suggestions, and "prurient pruderies," of a certain school of novelists, but in the author's determination under all circumstances to call a spade a spade—there is no taint in the thought, though the language is sometimes plain enough for Truthful James. Miss Broughton evidently has small respect for the conventional proprieties, and she does not hesitate in portraying human conduct to recognize impulses and influences which polite society has agreed to ignore.

READERS who have been attracted to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "My Winter on the Nile" by the notice in our last number will find his "In the Levant"<sup>3</sup> a continuation of the same journey. The present volume takes up the narrative where the other left off, and conducts us along the Syrian coast from Port Said to Jaffa;

<sup>1</sup> Flower and Thorn. Later Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 149.

<sup>2</sup> That New World, and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 130.

<sup>3</sup> Joan: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 216.

<sup>4</sup> In the Levant. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 374.

from the latter point to Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and other points in Palestine; back to Jaffa, and thence to Beyrout and over the Lebanon to Baalbek and Damascus; "through summer seas," by Rhodes, Cyprus, and the Ægean Islands, to Smyrna and Ephesus; thence to Constantinople; and, finally, *vis* Athens and the gulf of Corinth, to Brindisi, on the opposite coast of Italy from that at which the six months' journey began. The narrative presents much the same literary qualities that we mentioned as characterizing "My Winter on the Nile," but the material is less fresh, on the whole, and now and then we seem to see the labored efforts of the book-maker rather than the spontaneous record of unhackneyed impressions. None of its faults, however, prevents the book from being one which "stay-at-home travelers" will read with pleasure and profit, and which the tourist in the Levant will do well to assign an easily-accessible position in his satchel. We should add, perhaps, that, while the two volumes thus coupled are complementary to each other, they are also independent works, and may be read separately without confusion.

IF Mr. Stoddard's object in compiling his "Anecdote-Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley"<sup>1</sup> was to demonstrate anew the impossibility, with existing materials, of preparing a satisfactory life of the most unique and baffling of English poets, he may certainly be congratulated on the completeness of his success; but if he addressed himself to the task in the hope of overcoming the difficulties which lie thickly in the path of Shelley's biographer, we are constrained to say that the result hardly justifies the effort. We have no doubt that he has made the best use of such materials as were accessible to him, and, by clustering those from different sources, he has secured on certain points a greater comprehensiveness of view than can be found in any previous memorial; but this does not save his book from being meagre and unsatisfactory. It is unfortunate that he should have based his work chiefly on that of Mr. Hogg, which impresses us, not as it impresses Mr. Stoddard, as "a masterly example of eccentric biography," but as an unspeakably offensive exhibition of fantastic caricature and cynical egotism. The only portion of the volume that is specially pleasing is that containing the excerpts from Captain Trelawney's "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron;" but even these are tantalizingly fragmentary. The book contains a portrait of Shelley, with a facsimile specimen of his handwriting, and an excellent portrait of Byron.

THE Rev. W. W. Capes's history of "The Early Roman Empire"<sup>2</sup> is one of those books which the critic can praise in the heartiest terms without incurring the danger of exaggerating its merits. It narrates in exceed-

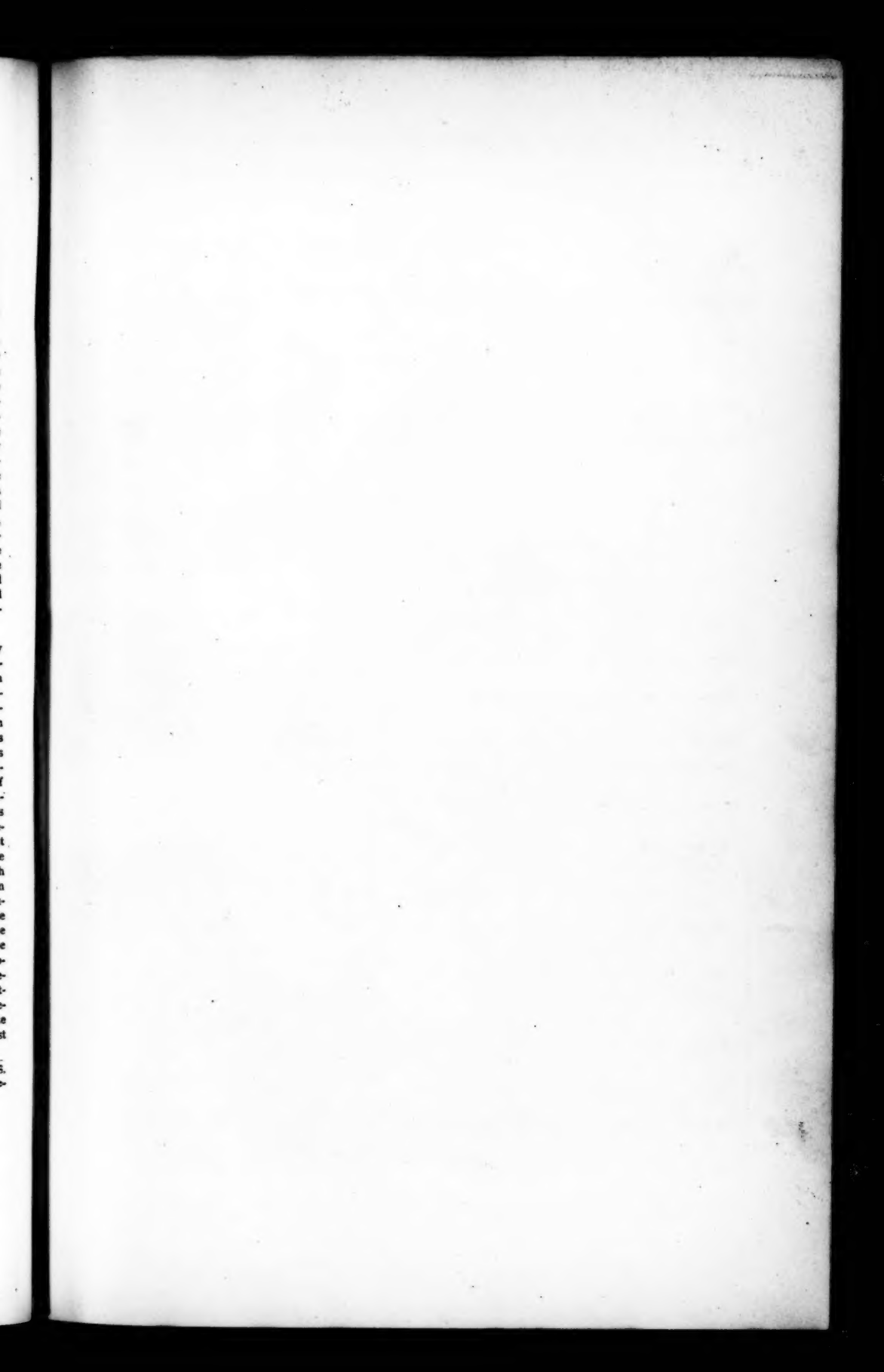
<sup>1</sup> Sans-Souci Series. Anecdote-Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 290.

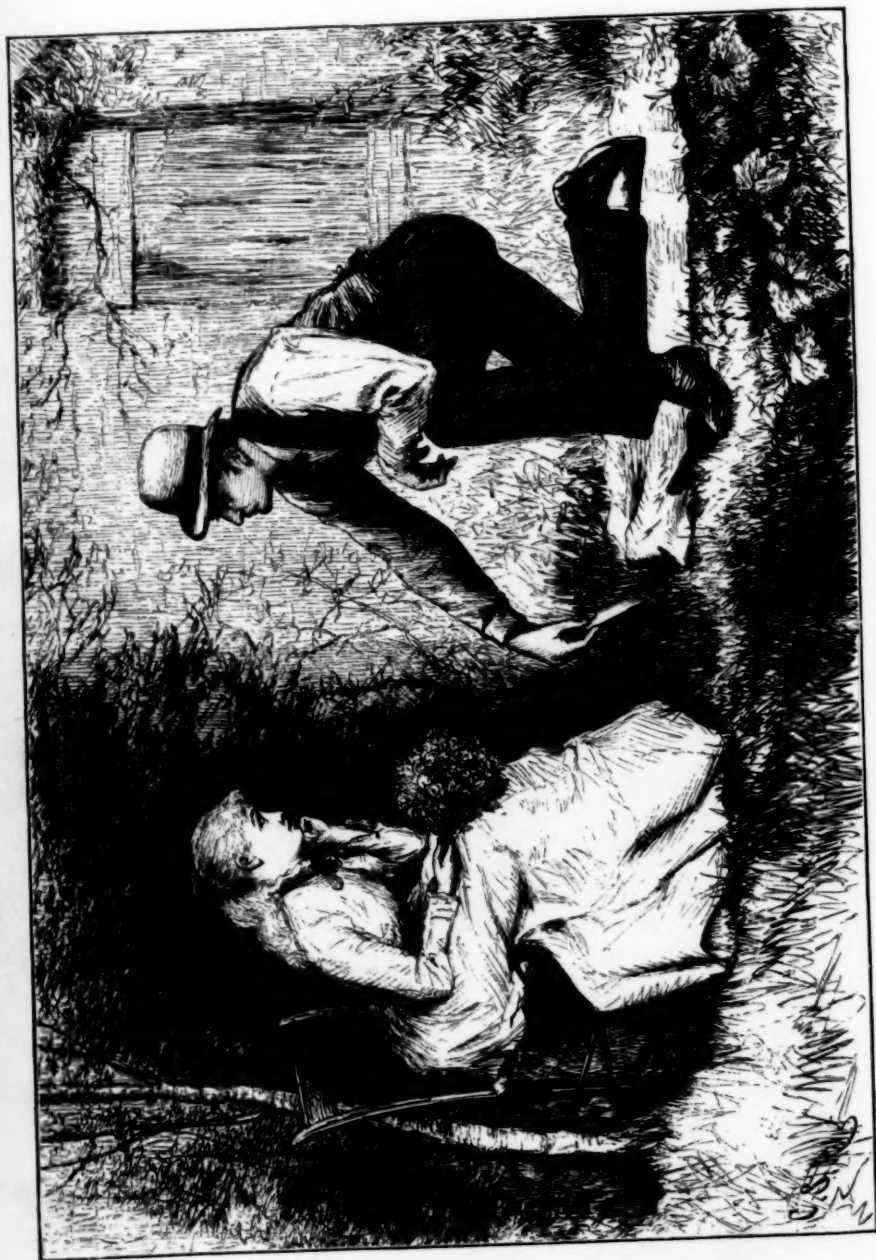
<sup>2</sup> Epochs of Ancient History. Roman History: The Early Empire, from the Assassination of Julius Cæsar to that of Domitian. By W. W. Capes, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 240.

ingly brief compass, and in a clear, animated, and pleasing style, the lives of the Roman emperors, from Augustus to Domitian; explains with admirable precision the transformation which the Roman government underwent in the substitution of imperial methods for the ancient forms of the republic; and, finally, in a series of striking chapters, defines the legal position of the emperor and the rights of Roman citizenship, and describes life in the provinces, the state of trade, the growing depopulation of Italy and Greece, the frontiers and the army, the moral standard of the age, and the revival of religious sentiment. These closing chapters, on general subjects, are of very exceptional excellence, and they make it clear that from its very beginning the empire carried within its bosom those seeds of decay which in the fullness of time germinated in the terrible catastrophe whose details Gibbon has related in his memorable work. The only portion of Mr. Capes's little book that seems defective is the beginning, which is rather abrupt, and takes too many things for granted. There is a brief preliminary chapter, it is true, summarizing the history of Rome from the death of Julius Cæsar to the battle of Actium; but a few pages explanatory of the conditions which rendered the Roman world ripe for imperialism, and of the causes, partly political and partly personal, which enabled Octavian to triumph so completely over Antony, would have rendered the succeeding sketch of Augustus and of the inauguration of the empire much more intelligible and satisfactory. The volume contains two useful maps, and is fully equipped with index, marginal notes, and genealogical tables.

THE acrimonious controversy aroused in this country by the preface to the third edition of Dr. Tyndall's treatise on "Sound" ought not to divert public attention from the valuable contributions which it makes to the science of acoustics. Whatever may be thought of the doctor's strictures on Professor Henry and the Washington Lighthouse Board, or the validity of the conclusions reached by him as the result of his elaborate experiments at South Foreland, there can be no question as to the exceeding importance from a scientific point of view, or of the high practical value of the facts and suggestions embodied by him in the chapter describing his "Researches on the Acoustic Transparency of the Atmosphere in Relation to the Question of Fog-signaling." If he has not succeeded in demonstrating his own theory as to the causes which affect the transmission of sound through the atmosphere, he has at least completely overthrown the theories hitherto received, and has, besides, accumulated such a number of authentic data as ought to enable scientists speedily to reach a satisfactory conclusion. The account of the investigations referred to constitutes the new matter of greatest importance that has been introduced into this edition; but the entire work has been carefully revised, and various minor defects of style and matter amended. As to the book as a whole, it is only necessary to say that it has long ago taken its place in the literatures of nearly all civilized nations as by far the best popular treatise on sound that has yet been written.

<sup>1</sup> Sound. By John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 448.





"Adam," said Mignon, "have you got a sweetheart?"

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. IX.